VANITY FAIR

SEPTEMBER
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The magic transformation of a Cinderella room

When Crane illustrations and new fixture designs first proved the possibilities of bathroom beauty, this room threw off shackles of unadorned usefulness and took its true place in charming homes. Every Crane suggestion since has added something to the transformation. For example, the room above, in English cottage style, introduces a new fixture... the Marshall bath... Another real service is the Crane Budget Plan, under which any home can have plumbing quality and pay in small monthly sums. To select materials, write for the book, *Homes of Comfort.* Your architect will help you plan. For installation, see a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a registered or licensed master plumber or heating contractor.

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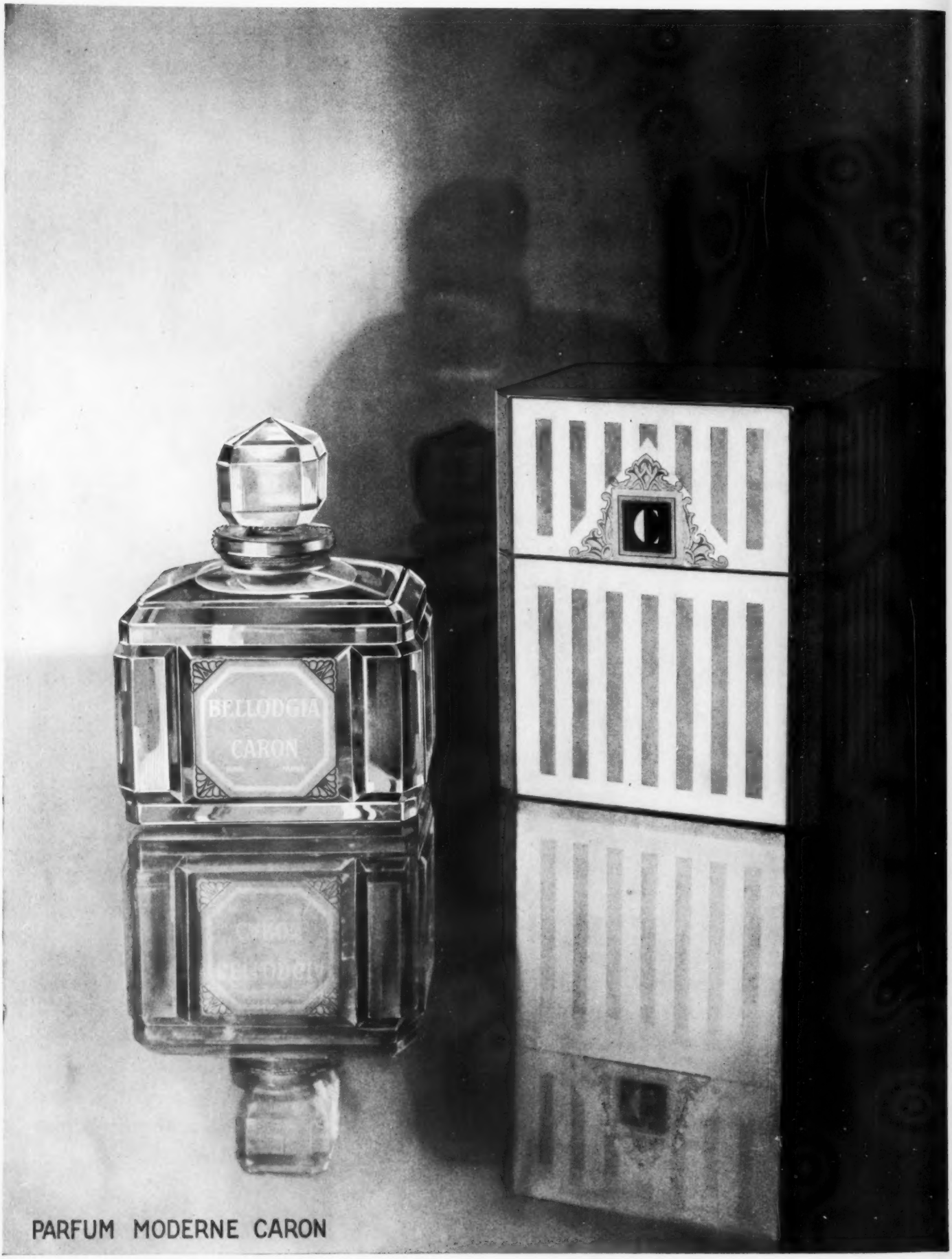

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
September, 1930

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Vol. No. 35. No. 1

B. ALTMAN & CO.

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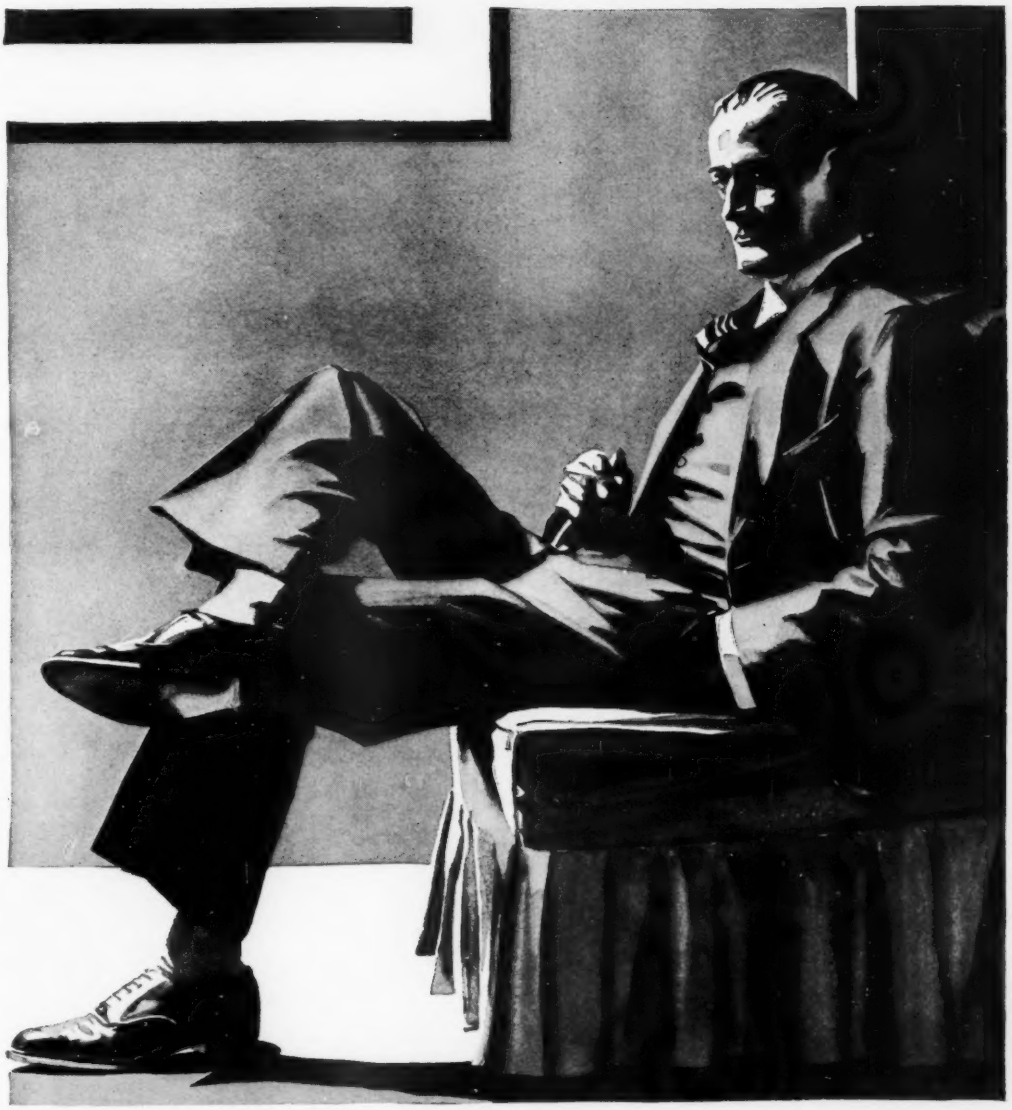

No matter how one judges an Altman Suit —by fabric, by cut, by tailored detail—there is but one verdict: as fine a garment as can be offered at its particular price. Altman Suits for Autumn are carried out in the traditional Altman Manner.

Large assortment priced from $50 to $95

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GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING
ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

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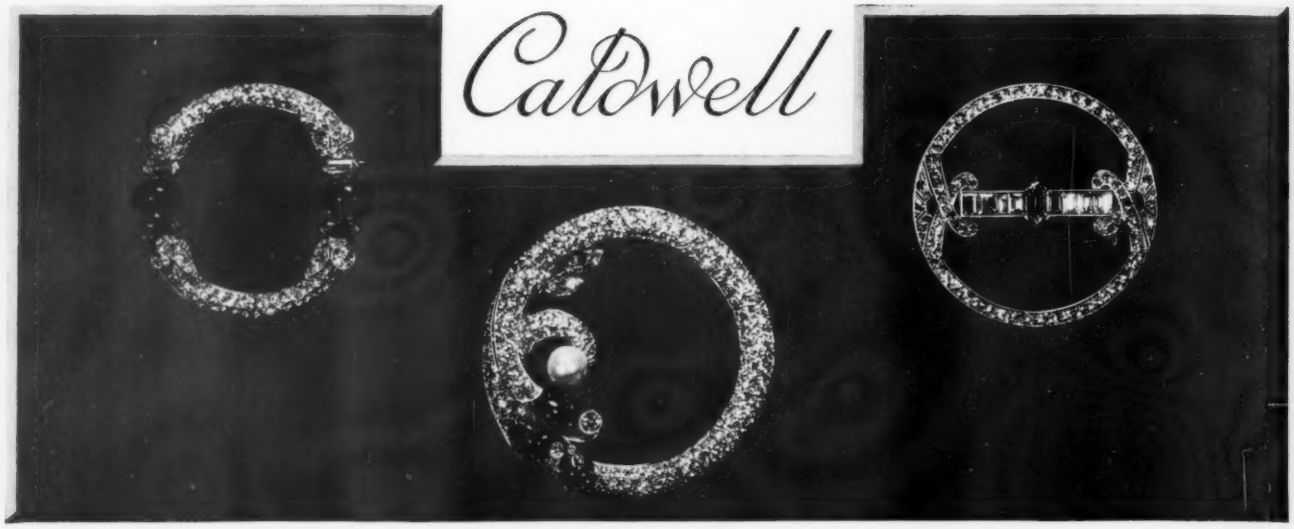
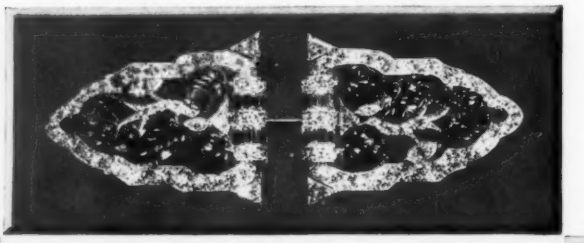
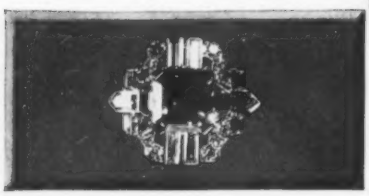
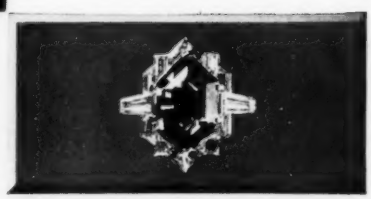
Caldwell



THE experience and resources of nearly a century bring to this House, from world-wide sources, rare gems of unusually fine quality. ⁂ These lovely creations are representative of a collection of great importance.







Interesting and beautiful variations of the circle brooch. Left —emeralds with diamonds; centre —a pearl, diamonds, and carved sapphire leaves; right—a charming effect in diamonds.

Carved rubies, emeralds and sapphires furnish the color motif for this new bracelet.

A jeweled clip of carved rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds. These new clips serve as brooch, jabot pin or hat ornament.

Two sapphire rings—one emerald-cut, the other lozenge shape —of corn-flower blue color, in mountings of modern tendency.

J. E. Caldwell & Company
Philadelphia

Away at school, a gift can mean so much . . .

IT IS A SOURCE of gratification to a student at school or college to realize that good friends, perhaps a thousand miles away, still take an interest in him. A word of encouragement . . . a note from one who understands . . . a gracious remembrance . . . to a young man or woman alone for a time, these things may well be priceless.

With many, it has long been the custom to give some gift to those about to leave for school. And among people of taste and judgment, such gifts are frequently of fine leather. A collar case, in ostrich . . . a Florentine book-cover . . . a desk set or a diary . . . there are many lovely things from which they choose.

And in the great majority of cases, their selection is governed by the presence of a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint, placed upon every piece of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is an infallible warrant of quality.

It comes with a sense of pleasure to many of these people to reflect that the same House which now supplies the exquisite gifts they buy, has furnished articles of fine leather to their families for several generations. . . . This establishment was founded eighty years ago. The fair and honest principles responsible for its growth are still steadfastly upheld by members of the family.

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C . . . A diary, for five years, equipped with lock and key. It may be had in a wide variety of leathers and colors.

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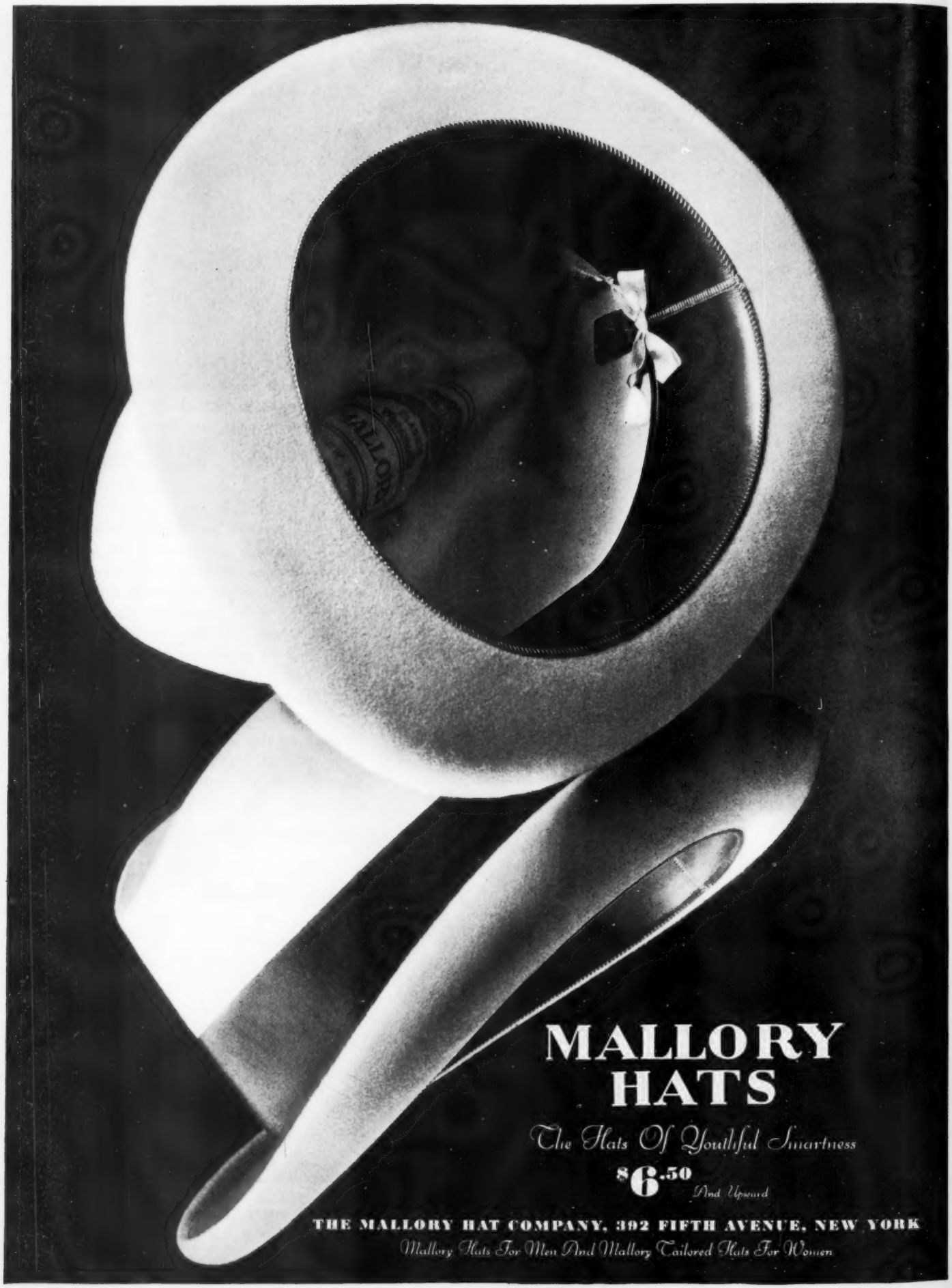
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$6.50 And Upward
THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Mallory Hats For Men And Mallory Tailored Hats For Women

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SHOES OF FINE QUALITY FOR MEN « « » » MADE BY THE GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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TODAY—
is somebody's birthday!

— and somebody is pretty sure to be pleased — if he is remembered with some good-looking ties.

There are Cheney Cravats — for every type of day-time and evening wear.

CHENEY
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MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

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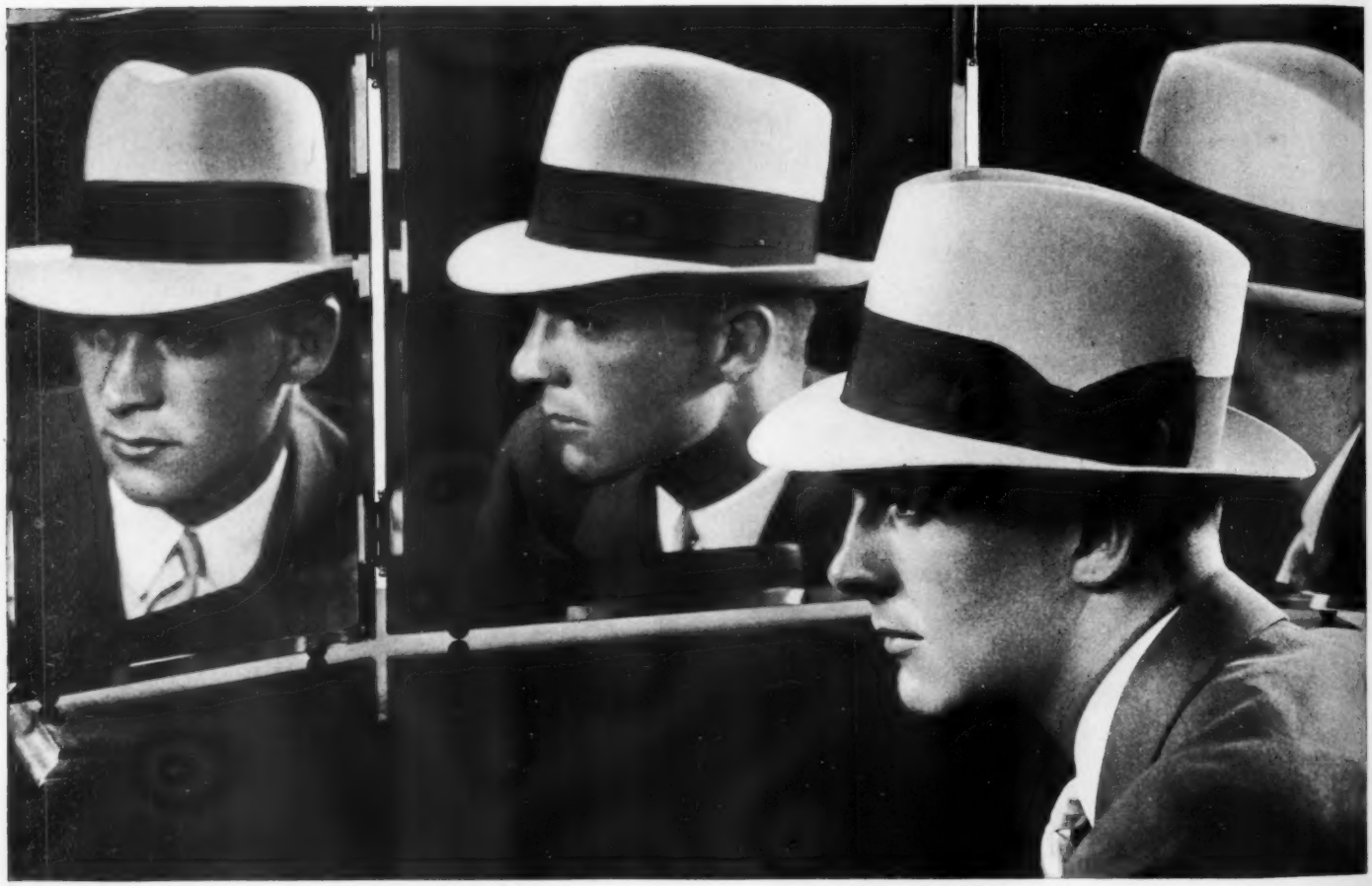
Men who care about their personal appearance do not regard Stetsons as "high" in price. They buy them because in a Stetson hat they get qualities no other hat gives, they refuse to be content with anything less, and they know that in dollar-for-dollar value, Stetson stands alone.

They know that Stetson styling is authentic—that the right people choose Stetsons to start fashions. They know that the traditional quality in Stetson hats insures their upstanding, outstanding rightness through rain or shine. It is certainly true economy to get a hat that will continue to look well. And as far as the name is concerned—you know yourself that a Stetson is the hat a man is glad to hold so that the trade-mark shows . . . just a little.



The rightness of this new Stetson snap-brim, the "Avenue," is so apparent that we expect to see it widely copied. That doesn't worry us. We know from experience that most people will want the original. It has a higher tapered crown, and the brim is slightly flared, giving a good deal more style than the average snap-brim. $10. Stetsons now start at $8.

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1929—American Open—36% of the field and the Winner. American Amateur—40% of the qualifiers.

4 of the 1930 U. S. Walker Cup Team

Winner of the 1930 British Amateur

Winner of the 1930 British Open

*33% of the entire field and The Winner of the American Open wore

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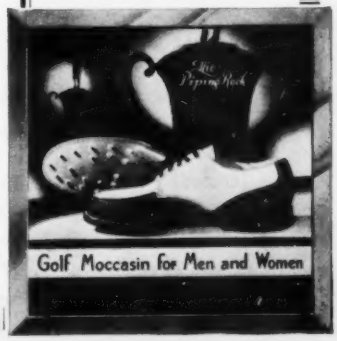

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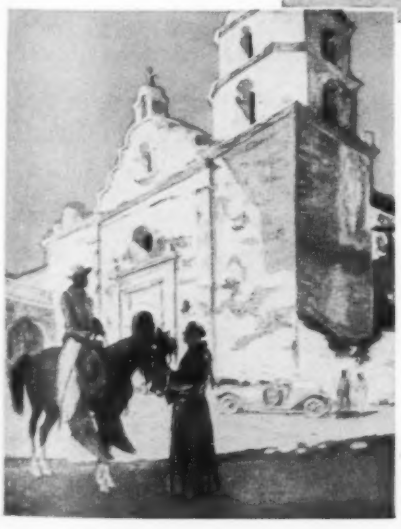
In 1908, even America's finest automobile had scarcely begun to crowd the horse out of the picture—as the Pierce-Arrow painting below evidences. Twenty-two years later, another artist gives his conception of the same scene, alongside—and the relative importance of today's Pierce-Arrow.



PEOPLE who regard automobiles as accessories to luxurious travel—as distinguished from the great democracy of "motor tourists"—are apt to exercise a nice discrimination in the cars they drive, the places they visit, whom they meet.

It is more than a coincidence that among such people, the well-bred presence of Pierce-Arrow owners is usually to be remarked.

The preference which belongs to Pierce-Arrow is no social whim, but rather a recognition of that patrician quality which has for years been inherent in *America's finest motor car.*

Today's Pierce-Arrows are endowed with a grace and a modishness, and a luxuriousness of appointment, which the most distinguished designers of Europe must envy—and do, indeed, emulate.

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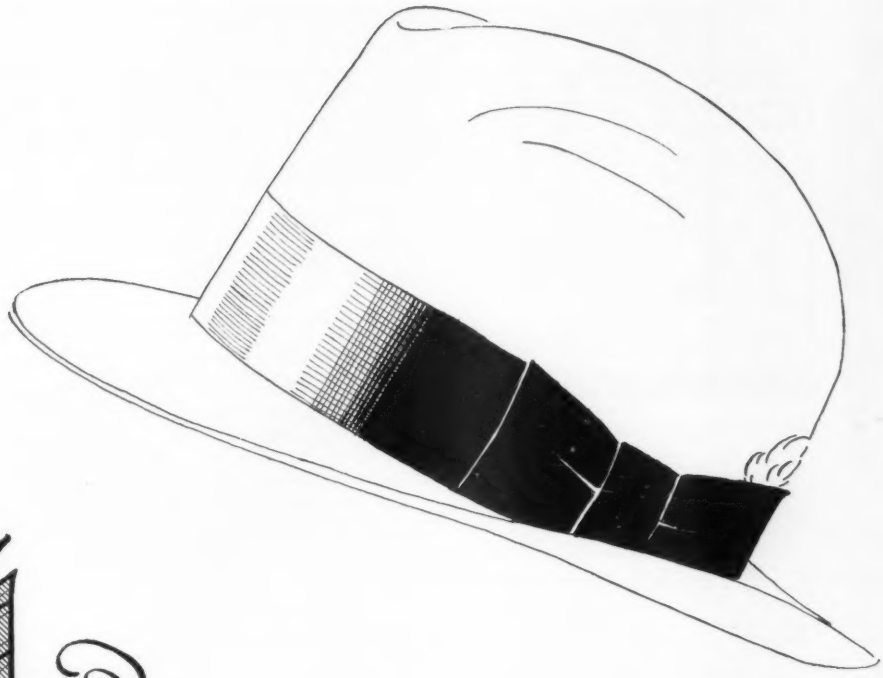

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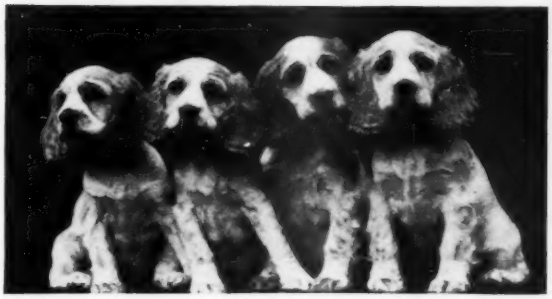

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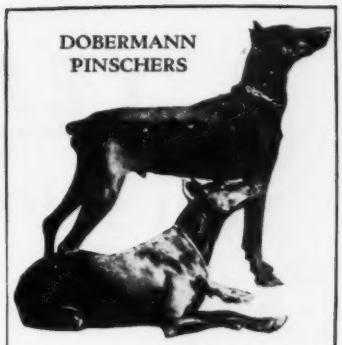

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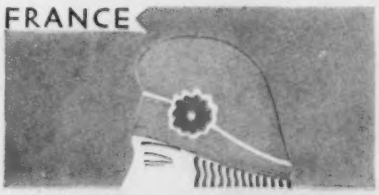

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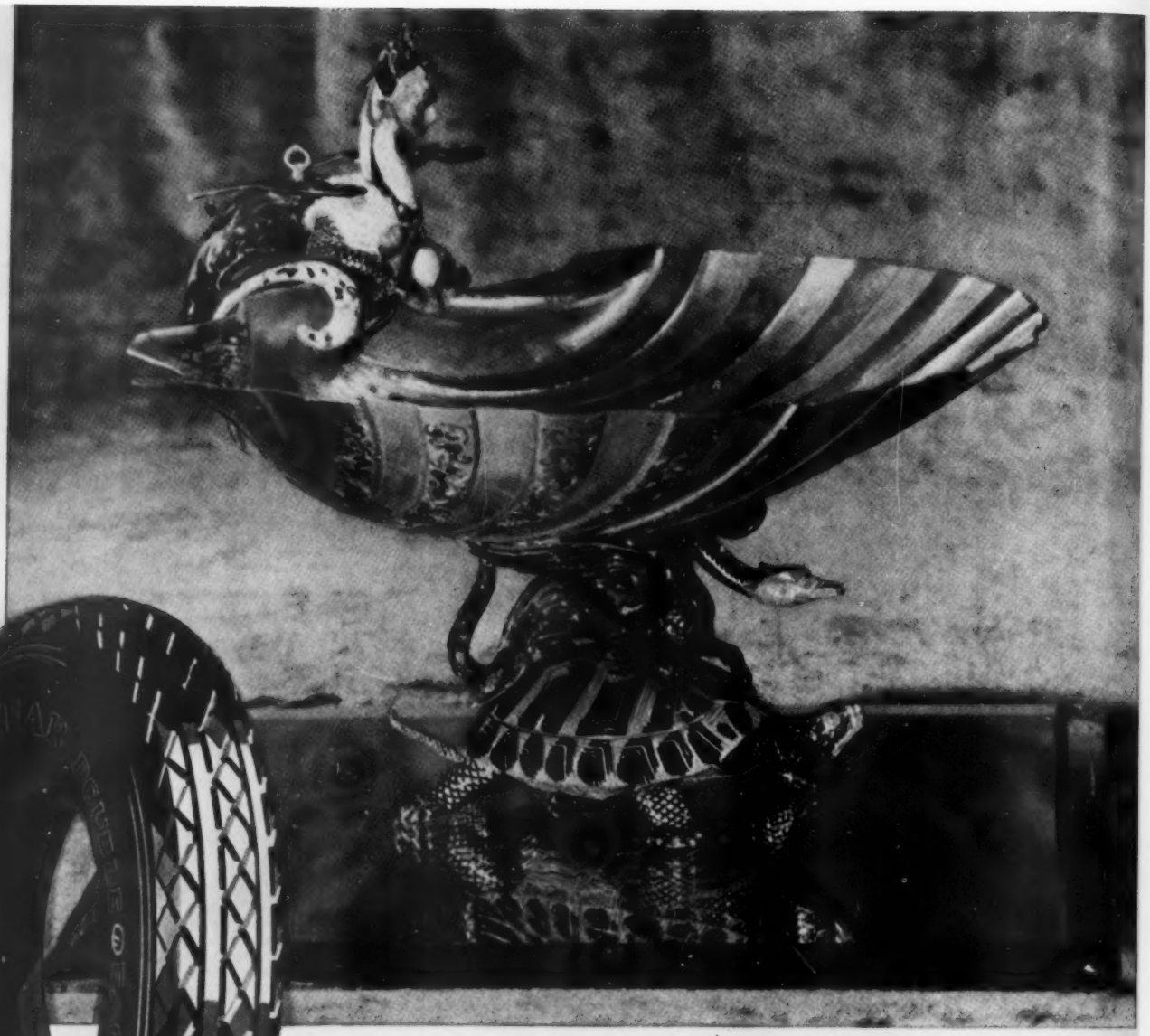

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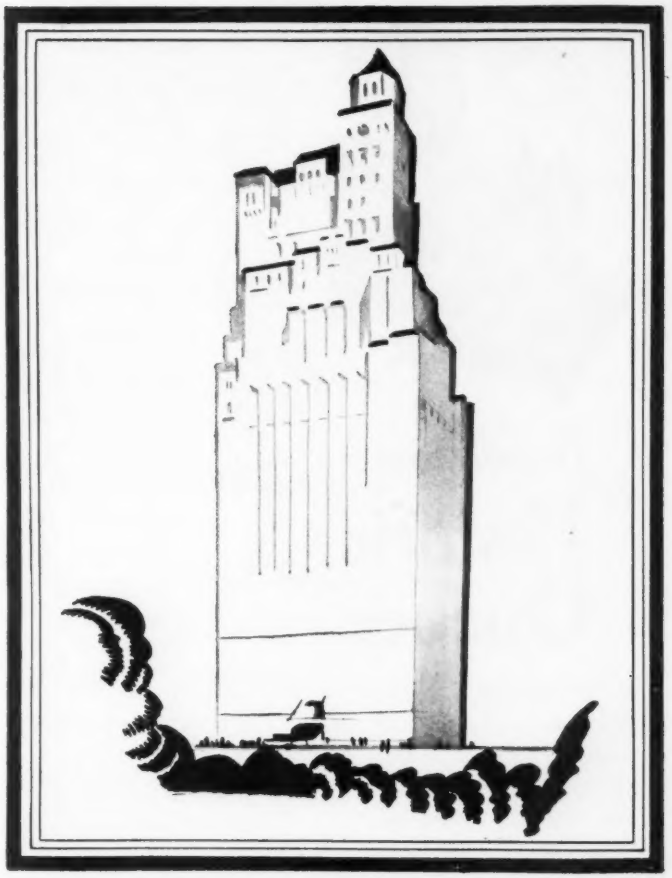

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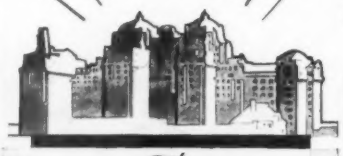

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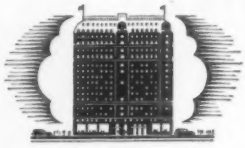

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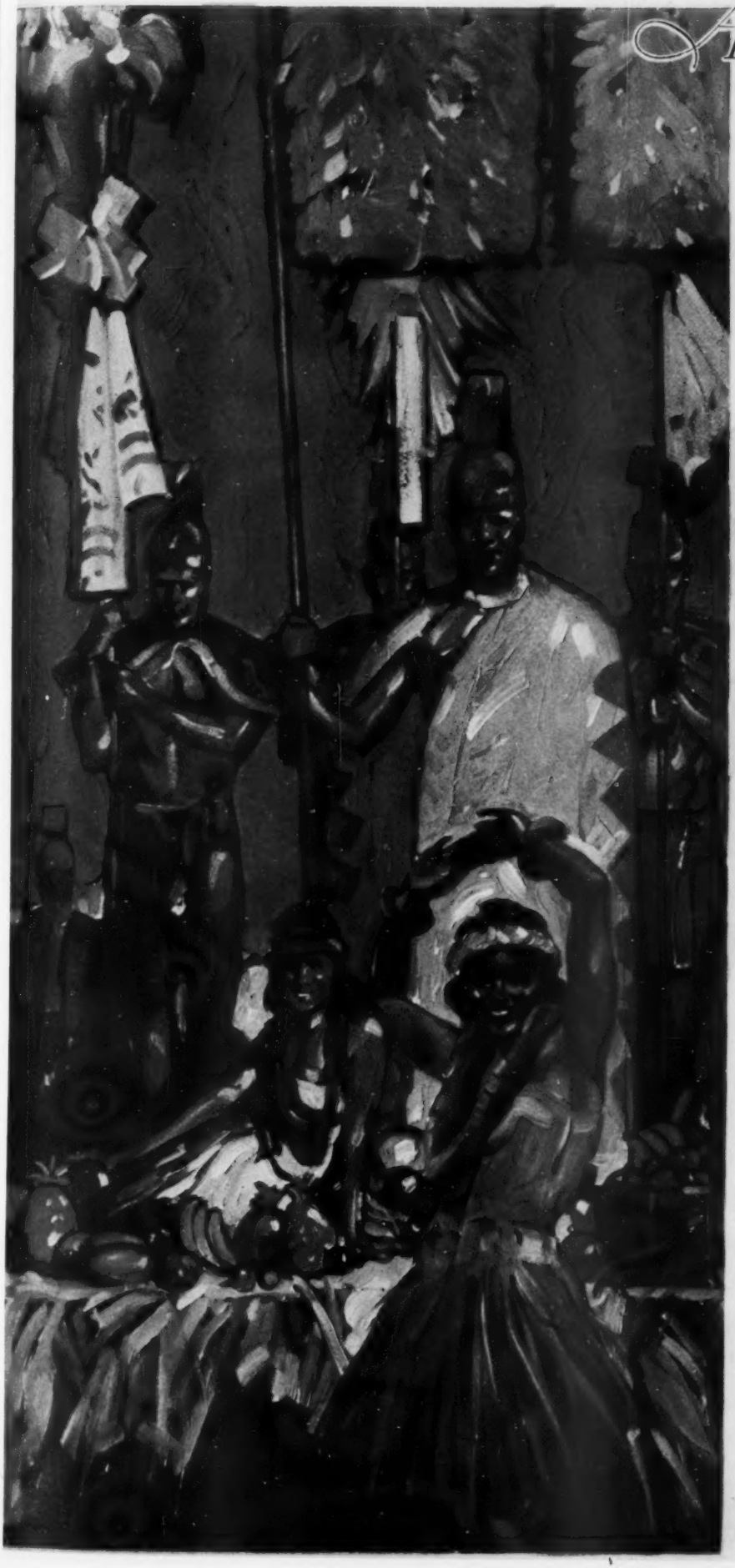

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Fall is Festive Time in Hawaii . . . November, a month of mellow glory set apart in ancient days for tests of valor and recital in vivid drama of stirring tales of frail canoes on trackless seas . . . of gods and goddesses who painted Hawaiian skies or turned slumbering mountain giants into fiery lava forges . . . of epic Autumn nights woven of the wonder of rippling velvet waters touched with the gold of a rising tropic moon.

Time has not stilled the voice of Old Hawaii. It spans the oceans with the winds and lures in Fall a definite class of followers eager for a glimpse into Hawaii's historic past . . . for living pictures of regal splendor . . . for the staccato beat of split bamboo and the sluff of bare brown feet . . . for a succession of exotic pageant events spread over idyllic weeks when the Isles of Unbelievable Beauty borrow the peace of a placid ocean and radiantly bask in their rainbow tints.

There will be no regret for Summer's passing if you plan your Fall in Hawaii . . . November and December are bright with the verve of Spring. There is no reluctant leave-taking of fading flower or blossom . . . no autumnal chill to dull the zest of splashing spray or dim the sparkle of the morning round of golf. There is no icy threat of winter in the caress of fragrant South Sea breezes . . . just the whispered lure of a lovely land that bids the traveller "Linger!"

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"O, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA..."

Wednesday—Manila. Nobody laughs now when the waiter speaks to me in Spanish! I already know 50 words. Manila's a great place. On the go every minute since we arrived last Friday. Plenty of Spanish atmosphere! We took a two-wheeled, four-footed "Calesa"—the native taxis of Manila and jogged over to Intromuros—the old Spanish walled city. Built in Magellan's time—1500 something. Moorish type houses with grilled windows, of translucent oyster shells instead of glass. Fragrant acacia trees and magnolias shade the courtyards. The great Cathedral is as inspiring as any we saw in Italy. Visited the University of Santo Tomas—founded before anybody ever stepped on Plymouth Rock. That's a long time... Even the Aquarium is built in an old stone vault. Interesting, too. Black crocodiles, wicked sharks and green-eyed turtles wink at us.

The outside walls of Intromuros are 8 feet thick. Concealed iron-spiked gates ready to drop on the enemy... but no enemy now. Everybody smiles. Black-eyed native girls with balloon sleeves made of pineapple cloth. Their favorite fruit is a long black cigar. They lure us into their hat shops. Didn't know there were so many hats in the world. Many are woven by hand under water—so fine. And only a few pesos apiece. (A peso is 50 cents in our language). Then we shopped at all the lace and linen places. Exquisite convent embroidery on pretty voile frocks.

Sunday—To the Naval Station at Cavite. O-O-O-o-o—such big guns! On the way back, played a tune on the bamboo pipe organ at Las Pinas. Only one of its kind in the world... saw where Admiral Dewey made a name for himself. Drove to Fort McKinley for tea and stopped at the ruins of Guadalupe. Enormous monastery built in 1601... Came back by way of Bilibid prison. Saw them weaving wicker things. Handsome carved chests and furniture.

Tuesday—One more feather in our caps! Now, we've shot the rapids of Pagsanjan. The hectic tourist traveler doesn't know what he's missing. What luck that we stopped over two weeks. That's a grand advantage of the President Liners. Early in the morning we motored to Pagsanjan. Through deep tropical forests with monkeys chattering in the trees. Wild cockatoos. And bunches of bananas hanging upside down, to *our* surprise. Passed jumbled native villages. Down at the river we climbed into little dug-out canoes called *bancas*. Then up the narrow 3-mile gorge, 500 feet deep. To the falls. Now, down we go—with a whirl and a splash. Zoom! At times completely lost in spray. But not a canoe topples. Another cataract—and another. What thrills. The fastest ride of my life. A fitting climax for a *high* week-end. (We're certainly having a lot gayer time in the Orient than we had in Europe last summer).

Ten days later—Who *would* have time to write a diary in Manila? Last three days we've been in that cool Elysium of Baguio. Nine hours by motor straight up into the hills. Everybody we know is at Baguio... Tonight our farewell party at the Polo Club and tomorrow we sail for Singapore and Java on the S. S. President Johnson. No wonder we love Manila—with its grandee hospitality. Red hibiscus and white orchids on our dinner table. Set on the lawn with candle light. Iced persimmons and salted pili nuts to begin with... Abalone, crab and all the trimmings... A tropic night we'll always remember... And little echoes in my heart of a funny song I'll never quite recall... that goes something like this—

"O, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga—
They were bitten off by whales in Zamboanga..."

That ... is Manila!

Note: This is the fourth of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing Dept. 4-C of nearest Passenger Office listed below.

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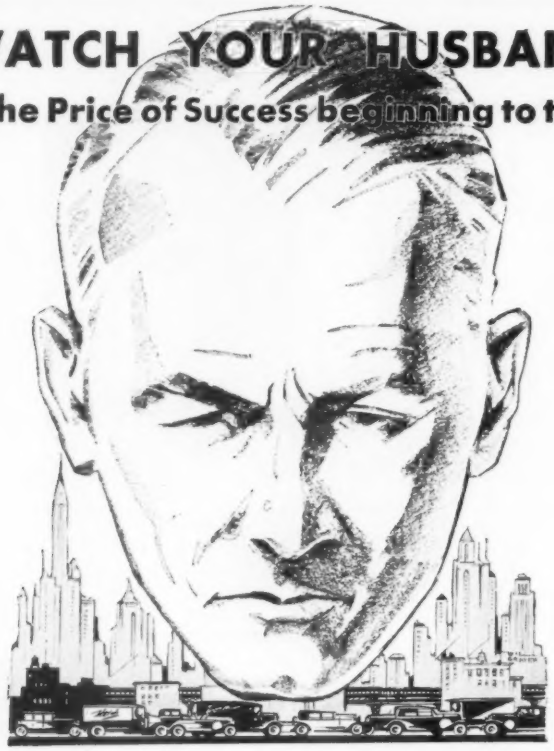
WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

Is the Price of Success beginning to tell?



The path to achievement is lined with the headstones of men who *couldn't stop work.* Earnest, unselfish martyrs to the modern fetish of material success.

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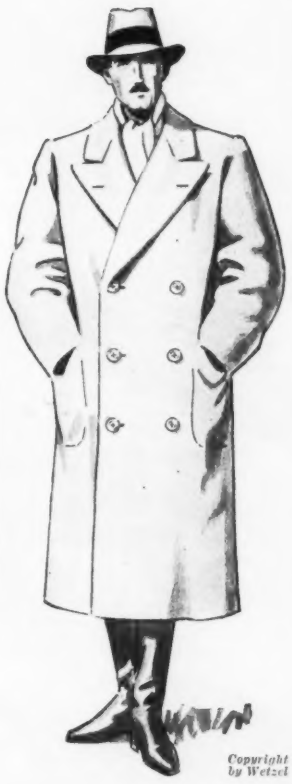

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There are also various bulletin services on market news and general economic conditions issued by banking firms and brokerage houses to their clients.

For your convenience, we are listing some of the better-known services offered to the public on a subscription basis by firms specializing in market analysis:

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in

VANITY FAIR

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Forget-me-nots

Taking an editorial holiday from our usual forward-looking attitude, we happened the other day, in a reminiscent mood, to look back 15 years and dip into the pages of the 1915 issues of *Vanity Fair*:—

Tipperary was the most popular song of the decade. . . . Jack Judge and Harry Williams appeared in the Hall of Fame, as its composers. . . . Mrs. Vernon Castle was the *dernier cri*, and pictures of her appeared in nearly every issue. . . . The first prose work of Anita Loos and Robert Benchley was being published by *Vanity Fair*. . . . The youthful sensation of *The Passing Show* was Marilyn Miller. . . . Photographs of Phoebe Foster, Alice Brady, Ruth Chatterton, Madge Kennedy, and Vivian Tobin were presented as possible stars of the future. . . . Elsie de Wolfe, Mary Pickford, Margaret Mayo, Eva Tanguay, Maude Adams, Marguerite Clarke were each earning $50,000 a year. . . . *Vanity Fair* suggested that George Jean Nathan and Alexander Woollcott were young dramatic critics with futures. . . . In spite of adverse criticism, *Vanity Fair* advocated the genius of Meštrović, Cézanne, Segonzac, Picasso, Matisse. . . . Ouimet and Travers were the big guns of golf.

Professor of Art

PETER JULEY

Dr. Mehemed Fehmy Agha is the young Russian whose artistic direction of the Dorland Agency in Europe was responsible for a part at least of the revolution in modern commercial art. A student of Oriental languages, he speaks five tongues beside his own, and knows as much about the graphic arts, typography, decorative composition, and advertising as any other art director in Europe and America. It has been Dr. Agha's influence and advice which have brought about such radical changes in the format of the American and French Vogues, House & Garden and *Vanity Fair*.

Hollywayward

Frank Tuttle, whose article *You've Got a Great Story* appears in this issue, is a comparatively young man. Nevertheless, today he is the dean of the Famous-Players directors. After he left Yale, he joined the editorial force of *Vanity Fair*, and became its Managing Editor.

He left his post because of the greater urge of the movies and although at the beginning he knew nothing whatever of them, in only three years' time he became a scenario writer, an actor in the films, and a director as well. During the past four years he has directed some of the most successful pictures that have come out of the Hollywood studios.

Pathfinders

Dear *Vanity Fair*:—For the past few years I have lived a good deal in Europe—France, Italy, Germany and England. It has long been recognized in those countries that certain great painters and sculptors are now living in France and creating masterpieces there. Everybody, for instance, knows that Maillol and Despiau are sculptors of the very first order—that Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Segonzac are not merely *modern* masters, but masters for all time.

Vanity Fair seems to be the only magazine (among the vast welter of American periodicals) which, for five and more years, has been fully awake to the genius of these masters, aware of their special qualities, and far-sighted enough to publish their works regularly.

My congratulations!

(Mrs.) John S. Schuyler

Woman scorned

Dear Sirs:—Last month I read a very offensive article (*Marriage for Profit*) by Harold Nicolson, in your magazine, in which the author took great pains to point out what inferior creatures women are. I do not wish a magazine in my home which advocates woman's marrying for money, or holds her in such disrespect. Kindly cancel my subscription at once.

(Mrs.) Albert R. Pillsbury

Stringing us?

Bewildered and confused by the seriousness of the question which the following letter raised, the editors felt that they could do no better than turn it over to that well-known student of sociological problems, Mr. Corey Ford.

Gentlemen:—From time to time I have discussed with shoe clerks in stores whether it is correct to have the shoes laced straight across or criss-cross.

I should also like to know whether it is more correct to have this opening laced as closely as possible, forming a parallel line, or whether it is considered *de plus rigeur* to have a considerable open space at the top, forming a V-effect down the front of the shoe.

Wilson Burr

There is no doubt that the social problem you have raised in your interesting letter is distinctly moot. Authorities on podalic style differ widely on the criss-cross *vs.* horizontal lacing. Some experts are strongly in favor of the diamond pattern, which consists of crossing the shoe lace from the first eyelet of the left shoe to the second eyelet of the right shoe, thence back to the fourth eyelet of the left shoe, an effect which will not only imitate the geometric pattern from which it derives its name but will deposit the wearer in a neat heap in the center of the ballroom. Other schools are in favor of putting on the shoelace first, and threading the shoe on the lace afterwards, in any design your fancy dictates. Perhaps, in your dilemma, you will find it safest to use a zipper.

Student in murder

Edmund Pearson was for many years associated with the New York Public Library. His earlier writings were about books, for instance *The Librarian at Play;* and he also wrote a successful biography of Roosevelt. But of late years he has forsaken his peaceful and meditative occupation and devoted himself solely to books

about murders and strange crimes. *Studies in Murder* and *Murder at Smutty Nose* have had great success. *Instigation of the Devil*, a new collection of these popular and gruesome tales (many of which have appeared in *Vanity Fair*) will be published by Scribner's in the autumn. Mr. Pearson is a mild-mannered man with twinkling blue eyes, a hearty laugh, and a passionate fondness for tennis and Americana.

Knockout

Dear *Vanity Fair*:—I must felicitate you on having finally discovered Paul W. Gallico, my favorite writer on sport. Gallico has now been writing outstanding sport stuff for the past five *(Continued on page 90)*

PORTRAIT OF MR. JOSEPH SHOVLIN

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VANITY FAIR

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Editor DONALD FREEMAN—Managing Editor

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WIDE WORLD

SIR RONALD LINDSAY

His Excellency, Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States of America is a welcome addition in diplomatic circles

▪ H.E., the Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Lindsay, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.V.O., P.C., is more than a series of cabalistic initials; he is an able diplomat and a jolly good fellow in the bargain. He will be the first occupant of that cross between a country club and a Tudor manor, on Massachusetts Avenue, known as the New British Embassy, and he has taken pains to reverse his predecessor's policy of going dry with Hoover.

Sir Ronald's lineage goes back to 1143 A.D., and his brother, the 27th Earl of Crawford, is the Premier Earl of Scotland. This is his third diplomatic invasion of Washington, where he served as Second Secretary in 1905-1907 and as First Secretary and Counsellor in 1919-1920. Since the war, he has been Ambassador to Turkey and to Germany and gave up the important post of Permanent Undersecretary at the London Foreign Office—the plum of the British diplomatic service—to represent his King at Washington. He has been twice married, both times to Americans. Sir Ronald is a welcome addition to the political village on the Potomac, where a mere "Home, James!" brand of British diplomat would be at a tremendous social discount

VANITY FAIR

LOW TIDE ON THE POTOMAC • BY JAY FRANKLIN

■ It is low tide on the political Potomac. The prestige of Hoover's huge majority of 1928 has ebbed away, and now the most prominent vista from the White House is a great stretch of stagnant authority, with here and there an Administration policy stranded on its side. Groups of political clam-diggers dredge in the mire, bringing up now a tenpenny scandal and now nothing but a little spurt of luke-warm oratory. Out on the Executive breakwater a few Administration journalists perch hopefully, flapping their microphones from time to time and uttering shrill anticipatory invocations to unaccountable floods of popularity. Up at the Capitol wharf the Senatorial salts swap lies and study the almanac for guidance and support.

There has rarely been anything like it since the Athenians got bored with hearing Aristides called "The Just". "Poor Mr. Hoover" is the burden of the song wherever you go. A friend and admirer of the President's returned to the capital recently with the disquieting report that in no part of the country which he had recently visited on a grass-roots tour did he find anyone with a good word for the Administration. The engineer in politics appears to have been hoist with his own yardstick and the man who, two years ago, received the greatest popular and electoral majority in American history has become "poor Mr. Hoover". For people have stopped blaming the President; they have begun to pity him; and though pity may be akin to love it is not a sign of political power.

■ Every single one of the Administration's policies—both foreign and domestic—appears to be injured or discredited by the slump in Administration fortunes. Moreover, the President's prestige as leader of his party has been so seriously impaired that in many political circles his renomination is regarded as improbable. While this political nadir may represent only the swing of the pendulum and while two years of good crops, with reviving prosperity, may make hay of all defeatism, the real fault lies, not so much with Mr. Hoover as with the dual character of his position and his inability to adjust himself to its peculiar problems.

The President is the head of the Nation and is, as such, entitled to respect and support. He is also the leader of his Party, and is, as such, properly subject to criticism and opposition. It requires the nicest sort of political judgment to segregate the official from the partisan under such circumstances, to conduct affairs of state without direct reference to the demands of party expediency, and to run the Party without intruding partisanship upon national measures. And as a politician, Mr. Hoover is a good engineer. He is a man of such personal honesty and integrity that it has apparently never entered his head that measures which he recommends for the good of the nation, as he conceives it, should be interpreted as acts of political manipulation, or that his incalculable conduct of the Party's affairs is capable of reacting unfavorably upon his national authority. In Utopia or in a Detroit factory, the problem would not arise. But politics being the art of managing men with their own consent, it does arise in Washington, and it has stranded the Administration on the eve of the Congressional elections.

■ To begin with, the Administration now stands acquitted of all blame for the breakdown of prosperity. The present economic depression is world wide and would have come no matter who was in the White House. Not even partisan opponents accuse Mr. Hoover of having caused the painful unemployment, the sinking sensation in Wall Street and the Wheat Pit, or any other of the distressing pathological symptoms of our recurrent business chills-and-fever. On the other hand, Prosperity had been advertised so loudly by Candidate Hoover and his supporters as a Republican monopoly that he is politically answerable for the effects of the discovery that it is not. Moreover, the attempts to restore stability by artificial respiration, the recurrent and incautious statements that business conditions were fundamentally sound last autumn, the unanswerable series of Stock Market crises which followed recent optimistic statements by the President, the Immaculate Mellon and the adroit Lamont, have obviously shaken the confidence of the business community in the Administration. More than one banker and industrialist is counting the days until March 4, 1933, and more than one loyal Babbitt who voted for a perpetual boom in 1928 is wishing he had kept his fingers crossed.

It is when we come to an analysis of the Administration's policies that we discover the extent of the damage. The President was unlucky enough to describe Prohibition as a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive, which must be worked out constructively. Obviously, it is not so regarded by large sections of the American people. Stiffer penalties, multiplication of judges, courts and prisons, abolition of jury trial for certain categories of heretics, constituted the Administration's constructive work-out. Enforcement was transferred to the Department of Justice and George Wickersham was turned loose to report on all aspects of law enforcement, but the balance of the Administration's programme hung fire in Congress and an attempt was made to cut off Wickersham's funds. The *Literary Digest* Poll knocked the bottom out of the dry generalizations as to the concentration of wet sentiment in the "alien" cities of the East. Only five states voted for maintenance of enforcement, five cast a clear vote for repeal. Elsewhere there was evidence of a general surge for modification of the Methodist millenium. Dwight Morrow stood up for repeal in the Jersey primaries. One of Mr. Hoover's close friends and supporters was rushed to oppose him. The Ambassador was overwhelmingly nominated and the wets found a national leader for their cause. The Administration made a last-minute switch to endorse Morrow, which saved its face with the public but did not fool the politicians. So long as it is a President's first duty to get himself re-elected, no one blames him for decapitating pretenders to the throne. But now Morrow, willy-nilly, has become such a pretender on an issue diametrically opposed to one of Mr. Hoover's salient policies.

■ Farm Relief and a Tariff for the Farmer bulked large in the election, the Farmer—be it understood—being an agriculturist domiciled west of the Mississippi and north of the Sabine River who might be lured into voting the Republican ticket. A Federal Farm Board was set up with a credit of $500,000,000 to serve as a revolving fund for the relief of agriculture. The fund promptly revolved around the economic depression, like a moth around a candle, and with the same result in prospect. Its chief use was to enter the wholesale grain market in competition with private business agencies, and to use Federal funds, taxed in part from those agencies, to buy grain for more than it was worth and to withhold it from the market in expectation of a rise which never came. While this is good socialism, it does not harmonize with the sweet chorus of "keep the government out of business" which has been the Republican marching song since Wilsonism hit the skids.

Naturally, the Farm Relief racket is not entirely the President's fault. It represents the choice of the lesser of two evils, the alternative being the debenture scheme, and was necessary to head off a dangerous agrarian revolt which threatened to disrupt the Repub-

CARICATURE BY NICOLAS REMISOFF

A square engineer of a square country

lican Party. Both as President and Party leader, Mr. Hoover was wise to head off the Borahs-from-within in the ranks of the G.O.P. Even now, Chairman Legge of the Farm Board is being forced to repel boarders in bleeding Kansas.

The tariff is too recent, too painful and too unpopular to require elucidation. Whether it is a bad or merely an obsolete economic measure is beside the point. Unquestionably it was one of the worst-managed pieces of party legislation ever put through Congress. It was allowed to stew for nearly a year and a half of agitation, vituperation and propaganda, which has left it with few apologists and no friends. The best the Administration can say for it is that the flexible clause will permit the President to redress its inequalities, and *that*, as young Bob La Follette has reckoned, will consume forty-eight years under the complicated procedure enjoined upon the Tariff Commission. Unquestionably, the President would have acquired popularity and prestige if he had vetoed it, but the water looked too cold, and he decided to sign on the dotted line.

On the purely Administrative side, Mr. Hoover has admittedly made some valuable changes. He has cleaned up and reorganized the Augean Stables of the Harding Administration—the Department of Justice. He has put asunder those whom the Anti-Saloon League had joined together—the Treasury and Prohibition enforcement. He has secured more and badly needed funds for the orphan in the storm of patronage—the State Department. He prevented the Department of Commerce from attempting to take over the entire government. His diplomatic appointments have been open to criticism but are perfectly consistent: shrewd and thoroughly experienced men in the Far East, career diplomats in Latin America, deserving Republican Senators and industrialists in European posts. While the Supreme Court nominations have been too conservative, the rank-and-file appointments have been sound and reasonable. No party hacks have been allowed to mess up our foreign relations, which is a great improvement over preceding Administrations.

The President's two major foreign policies have not been fortunate. He advocated adherence to the World Court, by the Root formula, under the impression that ingrained American suspicion of the League of Nations had been circumvented by that adroit Elder Statesman. Then along came Ruth McCormick and trimmed Senator Deneen to a fare-you-well in the Illinois primary on a platform of uncompromising opposition to the Court and the League. The World Court issue is, accordingly, politically dead for the next few years.

The London Naval Treaty was a much better bet. We are a peace-loving and a tax-hating nation. We want naval equality with Great Britain, providing it doesn't cost too much, and we want a naval agreement with the British and the Japanese, provided it gives our peculiar naval requirements an even break. The Treaty of London tended to accomplish these things and there was every prospect of a nice international ideal to wave at the voters this fall. Having spent months and weeks in preparing the diplomatic end of the treaty, the Administration grudged a few weeks preparing the Senatorial end. Nearly every conceivable blunder that could be made was made in the domestic handling of the treaty. The Navy was not squared. When the Admirals were called on to testify as to a technical treaty they gave "sea-going" opinions and turned thumbs down. Preliminary political criticism was converted into active opposition by a point-blank refusal to permit the Foreign Relations Committee to study the circumstances of the negotiation. The Laodicean rank-and-file of the Senate was annoyed by a peremptory threat to call an extra session to compel the passage of a treaty which suddenly began to be regarded with suspicion, as not bearing investigation. Technical and other jokers were discovered in the document and what had originally been a sure thing became a fifty-fifty struggle between Administration stubbornness and Senatorial dignity, with hot weather and a quorum as the real adversaries. The Administration found it impossible to secure pledges from the majority of the Senate to stick Washington in July until the Treaty is disposed of. When it passes, after all the blunders which have been committed in its name, it will be because it is a relatively harmless measure rather than because of its actual and substantial merits.

■ The reason for this record of frustration and defeat is that "poor Mr. Hoover" has lost control of his Party. He was nominated and elected by a private extra-party political machine and no sooner had he climbed into the White House than he sawed the limb off after him. The list of his discarded supporters is impressive. Dr. Work, his campaign manager, was turned out to grass after yielding the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee to Claudius Huston, who is himself about to cross the Great Divide. Colonel Mann, who helped split the Solid South, was let out. "Wild Bill" Dono- *(Continued on page 96)*

Berlin on the loose

BY CHARLES G. SHAW

Casting an eye on the more popular gaieties and diversions of Europe's most modernized metropolis

■ Be it café or *kabarett*, dance hall or supper club, beer house or *tanz-bar*, there is no dearth of them in Berlin. What is more, the majority, even the costliest are packed—not with tourists from the wastes of Little Rock, or heights of bustling Bronxville, but with honest-to-goodness, flesh-and-blood Germans! It is true the whole town over. The fun halls of this kaiser city hang not on foreign patronage. But as Berlin nowadays works late (many of its offices doing business until 7 p.m. and after) the evening's start may be a trifle tardy. The show bewilders; so varied is the choice of entertainment.

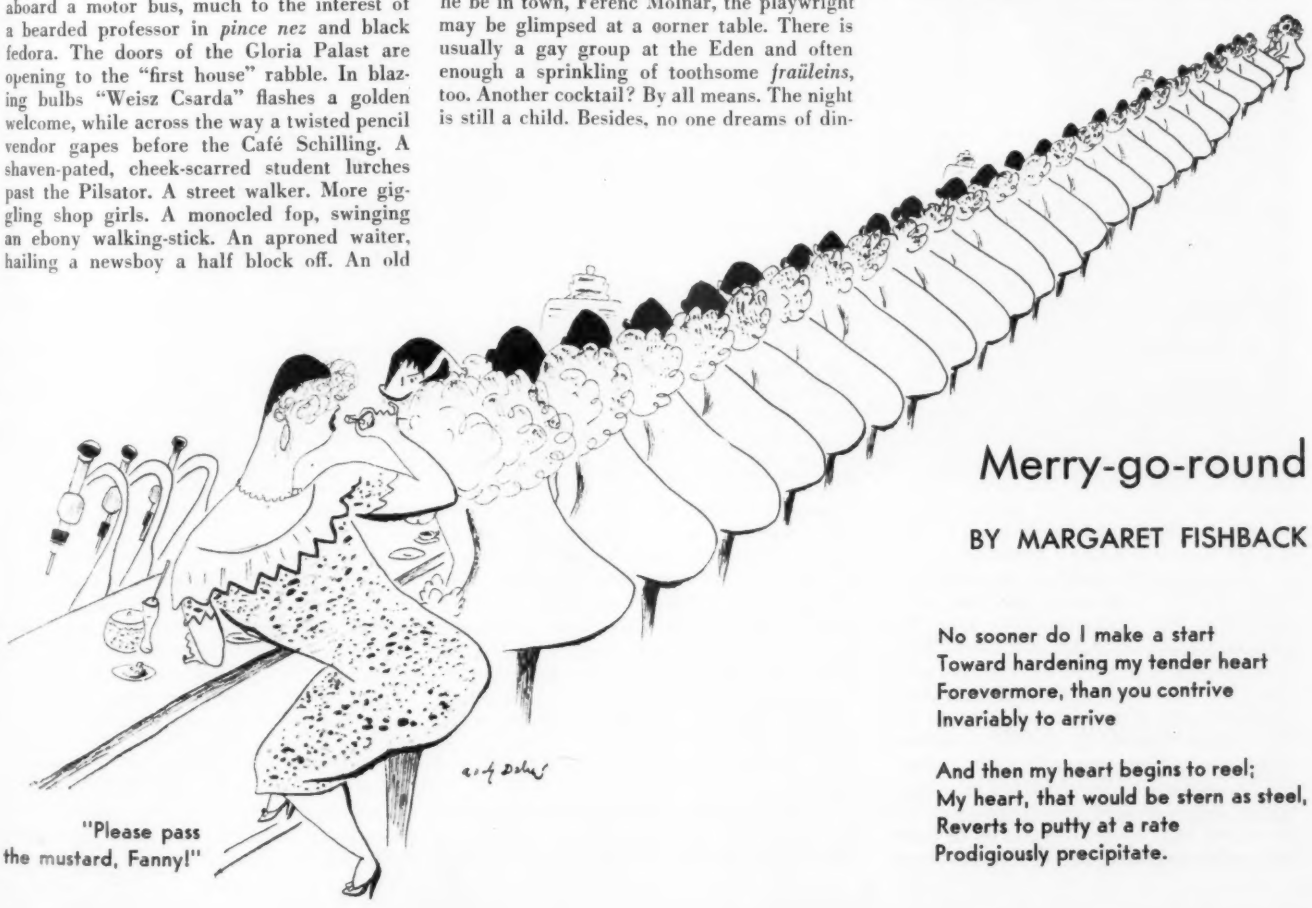
Down the Kurfürstendamm the laughing lights wink through the blue-grey veil. A trio of shop girls, breathless and giggling, pile aboard a motor bus, much to the interest of a bearded professor in *pince nez* and black fedora. The doors of the Gloria Palast are opening to the "first house" rabble. In blazing bulbs "Weisz Csarda" flashes a golden welcome, while across the way a twisted pencil vendor gapes before the Café Schilling. A shaven-pated, cheek-scarred student lurches past the Pilsator. A street walker. More giggling shop girls. A monocled fop, swinging an ebony walking-stick. An aproned waiter, hailing a newsboy a half block off. An old woman, in scrubby shawl, with a face like a baked apple. . . . But the cloak of twilight tightens. The smell of night draws nigh. Let us go to the Romanisches Café.

The Romanisches, a mixture of London's pre-war Café Royal, and the Dôme, is Berlin's literary café *par excellence*, as well as a favorite hangout for artists and composers. It flaunts a spacious *terrasse*, and from six to nine bubbles with the hum of gossip. To the right of the entrance, just around the corner, is its *stammtisch*, or "club table," meeting spot of the local intelligentsia. Here a hard-up poet sponges a beer off a somewhat less stripped playwright; there a theatre manager scans the evening paper. The blonde sitting opposite, in the patent leather boots, is a cabaret dancer; the red-head, with the amber cigarette-holder—a salesgirl. Art—and its sundry offshoots—is the chief topic discussed at the Romanisches, and coffee the principal beverage.

But perhaps you would prefer a cocktail. Good. Only a pretzel's toss away and you have as trim a bar as any you will lean against in a goodish spell. Its name: the Eden Bar. Location: amidships the Eden Hotel. Its specialty: champagne cocktails. A grill, as well, graces this cosy rendezvous, where, if he be in town, Ferenc Molnár, the playwright may be glimpsed at a corner table. There is usually a gay group at the Eden and often enough a sprinkling of toothsome *fraüleins*, too. Another cocktail? By all means. The night is still a child. Besides, no one dreams of dining in Berlin at this precocious hour. And there is much ahead of us.

■ There are cafés, for example, by the bushel. Cafés of every magnitude and kidney. The Café des Westerns, where Rupert Brooke wrote *Granchester* and cheese is served with two kinds of brown bread and a fine, fat radish; the Café Europa, that features tea-dancing and boasts a waiter who can balance seven coffee set-ups on a single tray; the Café Berlin, that numbers among its specials "Prasid Hoover Sundae Creme de Menthe" and pineapple-chocolate with rum; the Café Josty that a hundred years ago was a little Swiss pastry shop; the Café Moritz Dobin with the grandest *terrasse* in all the town; the Rheingold, with its baroque hall and fountain; the König, in *Unter den Linden*, filling two colossal floors and a whole flock of rooms; the Café Müller, that includes, for the price of a *kirsch*, the joys of a *cabinet particulier*. . . . But enough. The task is a staggering one. Let us turn, for the moment, to the more distinguished beer houses.

Naturally there is plenty of beer to be had in Berlin. In the hot summer months the noted "Weisse", an insidious *(Continued on page 86)*



"Please pass the mustard, Fanny!"

Merry-go-round

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

No sooner do I make a start
Toward hardening my tender heart
Forevermore, than you contrive
Invariably to arrive

And then my heart begins to reel;
My heart, that would be stern as steel,
Reverts to putty at a rate
Prodigiously precipitate.

Has the theatre a future?

BY PERCY HAMMOND

A protest against the sinister rumor that the talking pictures have murdered the drama

■ Since evidences abound that the Drama is disappearing it may be opportune for us to estimate what our loss will be after it has vanished. The drama has been so long an instrument of solace and instruction that in pondering its absence we are liable to become unduly morose. "What" we ask ourselves without thinking, "shall we do with our off-evenings after the theatres are shut? Whither shall we go in quest of Comedy's fudge and Tragedy's catharsis? How shall we be edified and entertained simultaneously when the Drama is no more, and upon its former habitats we see the sign, 'This Place Changed Hands.'"

Our despair, of course, is the thoughtless anxiety of those who writhe at every disturbance of existing conditions. The Theatre is not becoming extinct; it is merely in process of evolution as it has been ever since the first performance on any stage, in Attica, they say, when Thespis was a star. "Life is arched with changing skies" and the Drama, being its mirror, is subject to the same mutations and vicissitudes. For several seasons it has been moving upward from its pupa state until now it promises to come forth as a full-fledged insect, the Cinema. To fear that it is gone or going when it is merely advancing into a new and more glorious phase is to be blind to the inevitability of improvement.

■ The knack of mimicking, in public, the woes and gaieties of humanity, its foibles and sanities, its ferocities and tendernesses is, if the portents are dependable, on the rim of its greatest imitations. After the Cinema becomes supreme we may miss the hypnotic spells cast upon us by actors in person, but we shall gain the veristic influences of the camera and the megaphone. We shall have the same penetrating studies of character, the same sturdy conflicts of will against will, the same Fate brooding cruelly over the destinies of mankind. There will be a first act, a second and a third, with the usual intermissions. Faithful dramatists will arrange their works so that Life will be rhythmically distributed between "exposition", "development", "dénouement" and "catastrophe". Now there will be a happy ending, if it is justified by circumstances, and then a sad one. We shall retain all of *Polonius's* elaborate category of dramatic entertainments, but they will be magnified, extended and made more easily understandable and amusing to the average drama-lover.

Mr. Shaw in an essay once celebrated photography as an honest art. That was before it was able to speak, and he attributed the appeal of motion pictures to their silence. A player's spurious voice, when raised in elocution, said he, exterminates illusion and causes widespread disbelief in his utterances. Now that Mr. Shaw has heard actors' speeches, stripped of artificiality by the machines of Westinghouse and Western Electric, he may withdraw his dramas from exclusive performance by the Theatre Guild and assign them to Mr. Laemmle of Universal, or Mr. Zukor of Paramount-Publix. *The Apple Cart*, for instance, would have been a more important mirage if its allegories had been communicated to civilization via the batteries, cogwheels and amplifiers of the tongued Cinema. I predict that ere long Mr. Shaw will be waiting in Mr. Will H. Hays' ante-room to plead that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is no more immoral than *The Cock-eyed World*, and that it ought not to be disbarred from circulation. He will be saying, "put *Joan of Arc* upon the telegraphs with Clara Bow as the Holy Maid, and *Man and Superman* with Nancy Carroll and Ronald Colman, and we shall make the world safe for estheticism."

■ The breast-beating now in progress at the so-called death bed of the Drama is ill-considered. One of show-business's most intelligent organizations recently petitioned the Governors of these States, in conference assembled, to take action calculated to succor the Stage from oblivion. "Lest you help us", its chairman cried, "we shall perish. Give us a dole or a subsidy in order to preserve us from eclipse. Help us before we sink for the third and, possibly, the last time!" He did not realize that the Theatre now employs more bankers, managers, authors, directors, actors, mechanics, scientists, audiences and critics than ever before in its history. Where Mansfield and Maude Adams, Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, and John Drew played to $10,000 per week, the Garbos and Gilberts, the Swansons, Lon Chaneys and Harold Lloyds are taking sums beyond the dreams of avarice. Roxy's box-office statements make those of Daly, Palmer, Wallack, Frohman and Lederer look like picayunes. I am prohibited, by a passion for leisure, from attending the motion pictures. But I am informed by more industrious drama-lovers that such reproductions as *Journey's End* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* are masterly exhibitions of what machinery can do for literature and the Drama.

So I ask you, as one person comforting another in a crisis, to mollify your tremors and recognize that the Theatre, though subject to changing dynasties, is still the sole and unparalleled Theatre. Whether it springs from the laboratories of Warner Brothers or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer it may be trusted to carry the torch of Belasco, Winthrop Ames, William A. Brady and George C. Tyler. As long as the skies are sunny in Hollywood, Life will be photographed upon the Stage. The Cinema producers are rich and ambitious. They are also showmen, owing a divided duty to the intelligentsia and the ignoramuses. I am told that in Great Britain they are filming *Hamlet* in the best manner of Betterton and Sir Henry Irving, while giving the tragedy a necessary box-office touch. Every word of the Swan's musical ghost story is radioed to the auditors —from the frightened "Who's there?" of *Bernardo*, when the specter first appears at Elsinore, to the last line of *Fortinbras'*— "Take up the bodies." As an appeal to the sentimental a theme-song is interpolated for *Ophelia*. Thus:

Avenging prince, I love you,
As true as the stars above you:
And though I am sad, because you are mad,
Avenging prince, I love you.

The end of the Theatre has been predicted by many prophets including Anatole France, Walter Pater, William A. Brady, Nietszche, Maeterlinck, and H. G. Wells. Mr. Walkley, then of the London *Times*, prophesied that the fatal hour would come in 2270, A. D. At that date, he anticipated, the world would be tired of imitation adulteries, imitation assassinations, imitation romances and imitation actors, and would remove its attentions to arts more sterling. These oracles were unaware that in 1930 the studios at Schenectady, New York, and East Orange, New Jersey, would be incubating and producing substitutes equipped to refresh and renew the waning appetite of the playgoer. That in their output would be disclosed the Drama's rainbow end. "an exact knowledge of reality". It is hinted by confidential picture men that the wizards of electricity have enough up their sleeves to make the present "talkies" as passé as Congress gaiters or the Westminster catechism.

■ Being somewhat of a travelling man I dropped in on Singapore not long ago, a British possession populated largely by uninformed Orientals. In search of native Drama I asked my way to the nearest theatre and was directed to His Majesty's, a rococo playhouse in the centre of the town. There I found a large audience of heathen in rapt enjoyment of Bayard Veiller's *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, a Broadway play, performed by American actors in the American lingo upon a sounding screen. Not a word of it was understood by those present; the characters and their actions were foreign and (*Continued on page 98*)

VON HORN

Central Park Casino

Jean Barry and David Fitzgibbons, who return, this Autumn, to dance at the New York restaurant

▪ "If only the diamond bracelets at the Casino could talk!" Professor Walter Winchell of the Tabloids once wistfully sighed. Perhaps they could tell us nothing of the days, fifty years ago, when the first snowfall of winter brought the young bloods of the town racing up Fifth Avenue in sleighs for the prize of a magnum of champagne at the old Casino; but how those bracelets could chatter of the new Casino, brilliantly risen from the ghost of its old self to become one of the fashionable places in New York at which to dine! They might whisper of Mayor Walker's frequent visits to it . . . of the swift magic of Leo Reisman's music . . . and they would certainly tell of the nights they have glittered on white arms upraised to applaud Miss Barry and Mr. Fitzgibbons, the dancers who, in *The Blues*, —pictured on this page—have created that rare thing, a novelty in New York night life

Peter Ibbetson at the Metropolitan

TULLIO SERAFIN MISHKIN

WILHELM VON WYMETAL MISHKIN

STEICHEN

DEEMS TAYLOR

EDWARD JOHNSON MURAY

LUCREZIA BORI MURAY

CONSTANCE COLLIER CONNELLY

LAWRENCE TIBBETT VAN DAMM

■ *Peter Ibbetson,* George du Maurier's celebrated love story, after forty years, has found its romantic way to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where it will have its première in January. The composer, Deems Taylor, also wrote the libretto, which is his adaptation of the play by John Raphael, and du Maurier's novel. ■ It is unique in that it is bilingual, which is consistent with the fact that both protagonists in the story were brought up in Paris. Deems Taylor's score also makes liberal use of old French folk-songs. There are no waits for scenic changes, the music being continuous during the entire three acts. ■ Deems Taylor, who wrote the famous *Through the Looking Glass* suite and *The King's Henchman,* the first opera ever to be commissioned by the Metropolitan, which was produced there in 1927, is a musical critic, an author and a composer of international reputation. The music above is a preliminary sketch of his manuscript; and the art work, Mr. Taylor claims, represents "periods of mental struggle." ■ Tullio Serafin, the Metropolitan's veteran conductor, will lead the orchestra, and Wilhelm von Wymetal has been entrusted with the stage direction. Edward Johnson, the Canadian tenor who has long been one of grand opera's most brilliant stars, will sing the titular rôle. *Peter Ibbetson,* and Lawrence Tibbett, the young Californian baritone, *Colonel Ibbetson, Peter's* uncle. Lucrezia Bori, the glamorous Spanish soprano, as *Mary,* the *Duchess of Towers,* will essay her first rôle in English. Constance Collier, who did a great deal of work on the manuscript of the original play, is co-author of the libretto. ■ Several of the nine settings for the opera, all of which have been made by Joseph Urban, chief scenic designer of the Metropolitan, are conceived and painted in the style of Camille Corot, the famous French painter of the period of the middle '80's, who perhaps best expresses the tender, romantic and dream-like atmosphere of *Peter Ibbetson*

Five-o'clock

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

■ It was the crowded hour of twilight at the tea-room in the *rue Cambon*, and the rows of little cakes on the counter, delicately iced in pink and green and lemon-yellow, were disappearing before the glittering forks of hungry patrons like bright-coloured petals in the wind. Lucien de Fos, thrusting his fork with authority into a green affair topped with almonds, was conscious only a moment later that the girl at his side had chosen the same cake and that already her fork trembled in it beside his own.

"*Pardon, mademoiselle,*" he said, with a gesture discarding the cake of his choice. The girl laughed and shook her head and, sharing his sudden, acute politeness, chose a coffee éclair and took it to a small table at the bench that ran along the mirrored wall. But her quick smile as she passed him created a warmth all about Lucien so that, hesitating only a moment, he sat down at the table next to hers.

"I don't like the cakes with too much whipped cream on top," he said presently, in his accurate and musical English. "They look like dowagers."

The girl set her tea-cup carefully into the saucer; then she smiled again, reluctantly. "Like disappointed dowagers," she suggested, nodding sympathetically.

■ Lucien, with no small pleasure, surveyed her in the mirror on the opposite wall. She was very young, obviously American, dressed in Paris and a little bored, he decided, his eyes turning from her reflected image to the little radiance of warm light indicating the pearls that glowed against the dull green of her gown. They were small pearls, becoming to her youth, but perfectly matched in a good colour and, to Lucien—no amateur in these small matters of taste—esthetically pleasing. She sat silent, her charming eyes lowered to the burning tip of a French cigarette until he spoke again.

"Do you like Paris?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes!" she answered quickly, "I adore Paris. Of course—it's rather lonely." Her eyes were wistful now. "Don't you think that a person can be terribly lonely in Paris?"

Lucien moved swiftly closer to her along the bench. "*Terribly* lonely," he agreed, his voice achieving a note mellow with sympathy while he wondered privately if Paris had ever held a lonely American before. "I—I am lonely, too."

She laughed, a little hastily, and moved away an inch. "Goodness! I wonder what Mother would say if she knew I was talking to a perfectly strange young man in a public restaurant? I don't think she'd mind very much," she added at once, "if she knew how nice you are. Mother likes nearly everybody except fortune-hunters, and she even likes them a little bit, if they're nice ones." Lucien met her anxious gaze gravely. "You're not a fortune-hunter, are you?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," he said slowly, "I am a fortune-hunter. But the fortune that I seek is not gold. I seek my fortune in the crescent moon, in the April wind, in the warm petal of a flower . . . in the first drop of rain from a quiet sky. That is the treasure I seek—for it is these things that make me happy."

Her hands were clasped romantically, as if to cherish this exquisite thought, and her eyes were bright. "I love them, too," she whispered.

"And you love the sea—"

"Oh, yes!"

"And love-songs, and ice-skating, and apples warm with the sun—"

"Yes, and yellow tulips, and sailboats, and *marrons glacés* and Géraldy . . . but I hate snails," she confessed.

"So do I," he said complacently. The moment was perfect between them.

It was Lucien who ended it, delicately. "You are a rich young woman," he said, "and I am very poor. But . . . if I could show you, sometime, some of these things that we both love—in Paris . . ."

■ "Heavens, *I'm* not rich—only Father is."

She hesitated. She *was* lonely, and it seemed to her cruel that she should have to leave this enchanting young man, so attractive, so buoyantly tender beside her, never to see him again. "I'd love to," she said slowly. "I think I could arrange it. . . . I could tell Mother—oh well, I could tell her *something* reasonable." She smiled with the happy confidence of an American daughter of myopic parents. But Lucien was grave.

"But you know nothing of me," he reminded her, "of what sort of man I am—"

A little doubtful silence enclosed her—but only for a moment. Then she smiled. "Oh well, I know a way to find out all about *that!* I read about it in a French magazine the other day. Let me see your wallet."

Lucien's left shoulder described a faint arc, duplicated in his eyebrow.

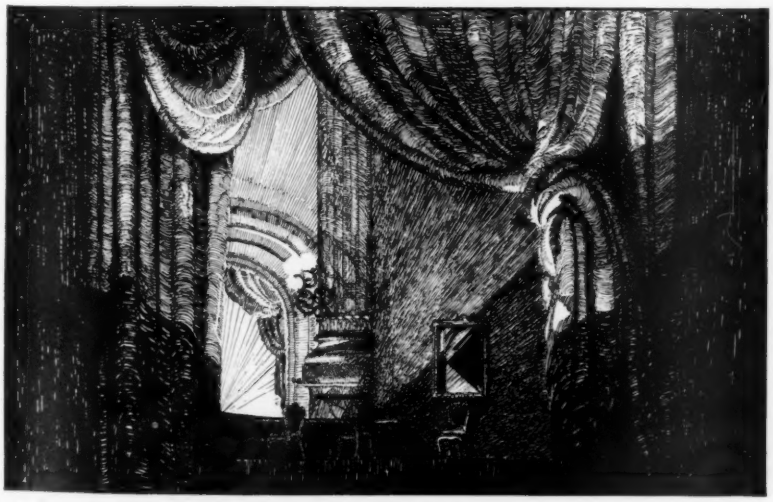
"Don't be afraid, I don't want to keep it!" she promised him, laughing. "The article I read said that you could tell all about a man by the things that he carried in his wallet. I've been crazy to try it out ever since. Please!"

Indulgently, he took from his pocket a case elaborately wrought in Russian leather and put it into her eager hands.

Her fingers ran quickly over its contents. "Let's see—money, letters, addresses—probably of beautiful and dangerous women—" Lucien's thin, mani- *(Continued on page 88)*

MISHKIN

JOSEPH URBAN



SCENE 4, ACT III OPERA BOX IN ST. PETERSBURG,—FROM "PETER IBBETSON"

Abraham Lincoln and the Lincoln Highway

■ The great Lincoln Highway will stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Lincoln statue shown here, already marks, in Lincoln Park, Jersey City, the Eastern terminus of that highway. The figure is twice life size. James E. Fraser, the author of it, shown beside it in his studio, is perhaps best known for his bust of Roosevelt, in the Senate Chamber at Washington: his Buffalo nickel; and his *End of the Trail*. He is now at work on an equestrian statue of Theodore Roosevelt, for the Roosevelt Memorial which is destined soon to face the Museum of Natural History in New York

Gentlemen, on guard!

BY PAUL MORAND

Why the modern mind is no longer tempered to the wielding of swords and romance of dueling

■ A wit once remarked: "Dueling benefits no one but the doctor and the undertaker." Dueling was the poetry of peace times. Today, with the triumph of the masses, this noble custom has disappeared. It has not survived the war which replaced individual murder and hand-to-hand combat with wholesale slaughter perpetrated by machines. But in spite of the many drastic edicts against it, dueling lasted many centuries. Religions are always strengthened and fortified by persecution, and dueling has also had its honoured martyrs.

However, dueling is not a human tradition; primitive barbarians have always been ignorant of it, and individual combats, legendary or not, were actually only the result of sudden quarrels or episodes in the rivalry of two tribes. David and Goliath, Hector and Achilles, the Horatii and the Curiatii are examples.

Curiously the origin of dueling, if not religious, is at least mystical. The fanatical faith of the Middle Ages held that in any armed encounter between a guilty and an innocent person the latter, even though the weaker, could not fail to triumph, because heaven permitted no injustice. (This was a rather optimistic and confident view of Divine Justice.)

In Germany during the Romantic era things were done with the proper funereal décor. Before the combat an open casket was placed in the middle of the field in front of which the accused and the accuser kneeled in prayer and meditation. Dueling then was a veritable theatrical spectacle. One was not even obliged to fight one's own battle. If a man were rich enough he could hire a substitute to appear in his stead, as was the custom in China in regard to criminal executions. In France, under Charles V, one duel became a popular legend, as recorded by the chroniclers of the period. It told of a battle between a dog and a man: Aubry de Montdidier, a friend of the King, had been mysteriously assassinated in the vicinity of Montargis. The victim's dog displayed such ferocity towards a certain Richard Macaire that everyone decided he must have been the assassin. The King, therefore, ordered a judicial duel between Macaire and the dog. Although armed with a heavy stick Macaire was conquered by the beast and confessed to the crime which he expiated on the scaffold.

■ Other duels have also become celebrated: that of Jarnac, in the time of Henry II of France, who unexpectedly hamstrung his adversary; those of the favorites of Henry III, several of whom were killed on the same morning on the Pré-aux-Clercs; that of Montmorency-Bouteville who, in defiance of the orders of Cardinal Richelieu fought in broad daylight in the Place-Royale and for this was decapitated with the consent of Louis XIII. It was a custom in those days to fight six against six, against all comers, about anything. This was called "hurling a challenge to the winds", and any one who cared to might accept it. Under Henry III and Henry IV, the French aristocracy lost 8,000 nobles in such duels. This was the period in which Cyrano de Bergerac challenged any casual passerby who seemed to avoid his gaze. "When I see the chance for a good duel," he said, "I never let it go by."

Women, too, have exchanged pistol-fire. In the 18th Century, two mistresses of the Duc de Richelieu—Mme. de Nesles and Mme. de Polignac—fought each other on his account under the trees in the Bois de Boulogne. "Fire first," said Mme. de Polignac. Mme. de Nesles fired and missed. Mme. de Polignac fired in turn. The ball grazed Mme. de Nesles' ear and she promptly fainted. It is notable that in modern times the women who fight (usually with hat-pins and scissors) always try to mar each other's faces. It seems to me, however, that women have their real duels not with weapons, but with their eyes.

■ After the Nineteenth Century had broken down class distinctions, the bourgeois believed they could elevate their social standing by wielding the foil, the sabre and the sword. At the time veritable social laws existed about dueling. There was a distinction made between the duel of "first blood", which was halted by the seconds after the first scratch; the duel to the death in which the seconds did not interfere until one of the adversaries had fallen; and the ferocious duel which was begun with the pistol and finished by the sword. The offended person was allowed the choice of weapons. The adversaries, armed with pistols, were separated by a given number of paces, and then would turn and fire at command, or would walk toward each other firing at will. After the encounter the adversaries either shook hands or refused a reconciliation. (In his Code of Honor for the Duel, M. Georges Breittmayer declares that this reconciliation on the field is entirely out of place.) If one of the adversaries was killed, a little comedy took place before the courts in which the survivor was always acquitted.

The reconciliation was followed by a repast in the open, or in a cabaret. (There are instances where these feasts have been ordered the day before.)

The lions or dandies of the Boulevard de Gand fought for the merest trifle: Under Napoleon III, the young Duc Grammont-Caderousse, a consumptive and a gay liver, overhearing someone blaspheme the Holy Virgin, challenged the blasphemer: "I do not know the Virgin, but you have insulted a woman and you shall answer to me."

In the meantime the custom of dueling had crossed the ocean and began to be practiced in America. The first encounter took place in Plymouth in 1621. As the adversaries were domestics, the authorities were merciless, condemning them to exposure for twenty-four hours in the stocks of the public square. Later, Castle Island, in Boston Harbor, became the popular dueling ground. The most famous encounter took place in 1804: Colonel Burr, Vice-President of the Republic, fought and killed General Hamilton. But many other duels occurred which remained more secret and more primitive. Sometimes the opponents were let loose to hunt each other in the forest. The first to see the other fired. On one occasion one of the adversaries, not having used up all his allotted amount of ammunition, saved it—until his adversary's wedding day, when he killed him.

■ A singularly terrible form of duel was popular in Mexico: the two adversaries, stripped to the waist and armed with knives, were left in a darkened room to hunt each other out. Or again they entered unarmed, while a poisonous snake previously left there by the seconds decided the victor.

Certain duels in Europe, which occurred around 1900, were no less far-fetched and ferocious. A certain Algerian gentleman, a fanatical anti-Semite, was in the habit of insulting every Jew whose profile displeased him. At last his enemies hired a professional duelist who, encountering him on the terrace of a cafe, challenged him. After some hours of fighting neither of the two adversaries seemed able to score a touch; the seconds grew weary, the photographers began playing cards with the journalists, and the doctors took their leave; altogether the duel lasted three days.

Other serious duels took place in deserted gardens from which reporters were excluded, unable to scale the high walls. These were called *duels passionnels*. It was permissible at that time for a betrayed husband to take the law into his own hands and fight with his wife's lover, under the eyes of a private detective. One usually fought on account of a woman. Sometimes two lovers dueled—unknown to the husband.

The other encounters were mostly sporting events participated in by professional swordsmen. Student duels in Germany were harmless feats of prowess. Nowadays men in public life no longer settle differences on the field of honor, not even *(Continued on page 92)*

New York's six prettiest

The, alas, too animate clothes-horse of an earlier period has been succeeded by the lively talent of budding stars like these six chorus girls

LU ANNE MEREDITH

ISABEL ZEHNER

STELLA BAILEY

FRANCES JOYCE

ladies of the chorus

▪ To-day's chorus girl has long been to-morrow's duchess—but now she has begun to be to-morrow's dramatic star as well. Nowhere else in the world is there such expert and inspired dancing as in the choruses on the New York stage and the girls can sing too, and even—in some instances—act with no little dexterity ▪ Lu Anne Meredith has had two years' experience in talking pictures and made her New York début in the chorus of *Fifty Million Frenchmen* ▪ Isabel Zehner was born in Coreopolis, Pennsylvania, has danced in *Allez Oop*, *Rosalie* and *Sons o' Guns*, and hopes to play *Portia* one day ▪ Stella Bailey, probably the youngest member of *The Garrick Gaieties*, was born in Texas a handful of years ago and is already in the chorus of her third show ▪ Frances Joyce has had more publicity than most, through her headlined connection with the Police Department's favourite play, Earl Carroll's *Vanities* ▪ Lois Eckhart is an ambitious young chorine entirely surrounded by the best sun-tan in New York, and Artemis Faque (pronounced Faig) was a delicate child who took up dancing to improve her health and tapped her way straight into one of Mr. Ziegfeld's choruses

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNABA GOWNS BY COURTESY SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

LOIS ECKHART

ARTEMIS FAQUE

STEICHEN

Greta Garbo

The Swedish star whose current film, "Romance", is based on the stage play by Edward Sheldon

Hollywood epizooty

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

A chatty revelation of showmanship, stunts and spasms in the home of the fourth largest industry

■ Everyone in Hollywood is a showman at heart. Here the instinct and the talent for super-production and super-display have penetrated, not only the films themselves, but the private lives, the intimate moments, the smallest accidental gesture of the eager opportunists engaged in making them. Here the exhibitionism that has been rearing its gaudy head in other parts of these United States reaches its frantic zenith. Salesmanship, Advertising and Publicity, the tri-gods of the wealthiest (and noisiest) nation in the world, thrive in Hollywood and multiply their kind like a plague of locusts.

Showmanship in Hollywood is something that has nothing to do with the scurrying efforts of a press-agent, something that transcends the mere getting of one's picture into the newspaper or one's name on a cold cream; it is an instinct as unconquerable and all-encompassing as hunger or love would be to anyone not in the motion-picture business. It is simply natural to these people to make their every gesture echo around the world. These gestures and their echoes compose what is known, at least to this onlooker, as Hollywood Epizooty.

■ As an example of the kind of gifted exhibitionism I mean, let me quote the story of Sid Grauman and the Statue—a story which is already part of Hollywood's glittering history.

Grauman is a movie impresario of high rank, and one of the most rabid exhibitionists of the Flicker Era. He was the first patron saint of the movie theatre, and it was he who first conceived the idea of the prologue as a tasty *hors d'oeuvre* before the film, and as an excuse to boost box-office prices a little.

Herr Grauman found, one day in the old, deserted Metro studio, an equestrian statue in plaster and *papier mâché* and instantly realized, with the true showman's instinct, that it called for a ceremony. He announced that, as a resident and a citizen of Hollywood, he would present the statue to the town. The occasion immediately became a civic event.

A date was set for the unveiling and the prominent intersection of Third and Vermont Streets selected for the site. Here, on the appointed day, stood the canvas-covered statue, thirty feet high beneath its mystic shroud. Announcements had drawn a curious crowd. Ropes were drawn and the police held back the mob from the priceless work of art. City officials of Hollywood and celebrities by the hundred had been elaborately invited to attend the unveiling. The president of the board of aldermen was there in person to accept the statue on behalf of Hollywood and to thank Mr. Grauman, in words of simple dignity, for his civic gesture.

■ The statue was unveiled in a breathless hush; and the crowd stared in wonderment at the heroic equestrian figure—hand-painted in striking colours—of Douglas Fairbanks, pointing his outstretched arm in the direction of Hollywood and categorically drawing attention to the legend incrusted in bold and flaming letters upon the statue's base: THIS WAY TO GRAUMAN'S EGYPTIAN THEATRE TO SEE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE THIEF OF BAGDAD."

Though Grauman did not realize it, he had germinated an idea that was to pock-mark Hollywood like a scattered Eden Musée. A new and vast industry was born the moment that statue was bared to a jostling mob. Corners and vacant lots suddenly displayed plaster effigies of milk-giving cows, drugstore knights of health, and other such menagerie.

Only recently the capital of Hoopla, namely, Hollywood, gorged itself on the worst case of exhibitionism in its hectic career. Its belly distended like the hind end of a blimp, and when it was all over it lay back with a dull sense of tremendous achievement.

Not long ago its greatest showman, Sid Grauman, had retired from the theatre business. He made a graceful exit with protruding bank rolls. Then the stock market played him a dirty trick. He determined upon a comeback and his decision occurred at the psychological moment.

An air epic of super-extra-super magnitude had just been finished after three years and four million dollars had been expended upon it by a rich young man with an ambition to become a producer. *Hell's Angels* was its ballyhooful title and for years Hollywood had been eager to see this spectacle which had become a boy millionaire's plaything. Now the picture was finally booked for the carnival exhibit of the Chinese Theatre under the personal supervision of Grauman.

This was the born showman's chance; did he miss it? He did not!

Hollywood has been the scene of many gaudy first nights but they were as harmonicas compared to the calliope of Grauman's latest exploit. A quarter million gapers lined the Boulevard for a mile. Great arc lights flooded the night skies, scores of them on the streets and another score on a mountain top blazing a multi-colored sunburst toward the heavens.

An army of police and R. O. T. C. stayed the shifting masses. The streets were lined with banners suspended from trees, poles and trolley wires. Airplanes flew low and high, dropped flares and parachutes, and painted weird designs with white smoke. The sky was the limit for Sid Grauman.

Was there ever a celebration like this in the annals of Californiay? Was ever a war hero or a statesman or a visiting potentate honored thus? There was not! And was *Hell's Angels*, the stupendous super-classic of the air, the recipient of this bewildering homage?

Hardly.

The banners that hung from the trees and poles and trolley wires flourished this legend: WELCOME HOME SID!

It was a "welcome home Sid" to Sid Grauman who had never been out of town. Who, indeed, had been living in a hotel across the street from the rococo Chinese Theatre. Who, indeed, himself paid for the very banners welcoming himself home!

■ In a review of those things symptomatic of Hollywood one must not omit the classic case of Sonia Karloff, which was not her name at all.

She was born Jean Williams and first felt the urge for bigger and better things while in the chorus of Ziegfeld's *Follies*.

She had come to Hollywood not unlike a prospector approaching a new bonanza. She was not unique in this.

A season of unsuccessful prospecting inspired her to a new idea. She went to Pasadena, one day, as Jean Williams, took a train back to Hollywood and re-arrived—this time with an accent and a *nom de guerre*. She was now Sonia Karloff, recently of the Soviet theatre.

As American Jean Williams she could not crash the executive sanctuaries, but as Karloff, Russian, it was open sesame.

Blonde and exotically attractive the whilom Williams was admitted to the presence of Cecil B. DeMille. Forthwith she was signed on an optional contract. Jean—pardon, Sonia Karloff—rested easily. The worst was over. Nothing but fame and fortune ahead now. But she did not count on rumor, that ghoul of movieland.

The cacklers set to their nefarious work and soon the press divulged the hoax. Mr. DeMille did not think it provocative of laughter.

She was given no parts, and when the end of her first optional period arrived she was quietly dropped from the roster.

Clara Bow's penchant for display attained its fullest flower with her engagement to Harry Richman, idol of the night clubs. The record crop of Bow-Richman headlines had their beginning at the Club Richman. Joe Schenck, film producer and husband of Norma Talmadge, was the sower of the seeds. His counsellor of public relations fertilized and nursed the process.

Richman had just been signed by Schenck. He was known in New York but the hinterlanders knew nothing of his celebrity. The problem was to "sell" *(Continued on page 88)*

"Yosians, let's go!"

BY COREY FORD

In which Vanity Fair's little group of nature-lovers sets out for its first, if not last, ramble

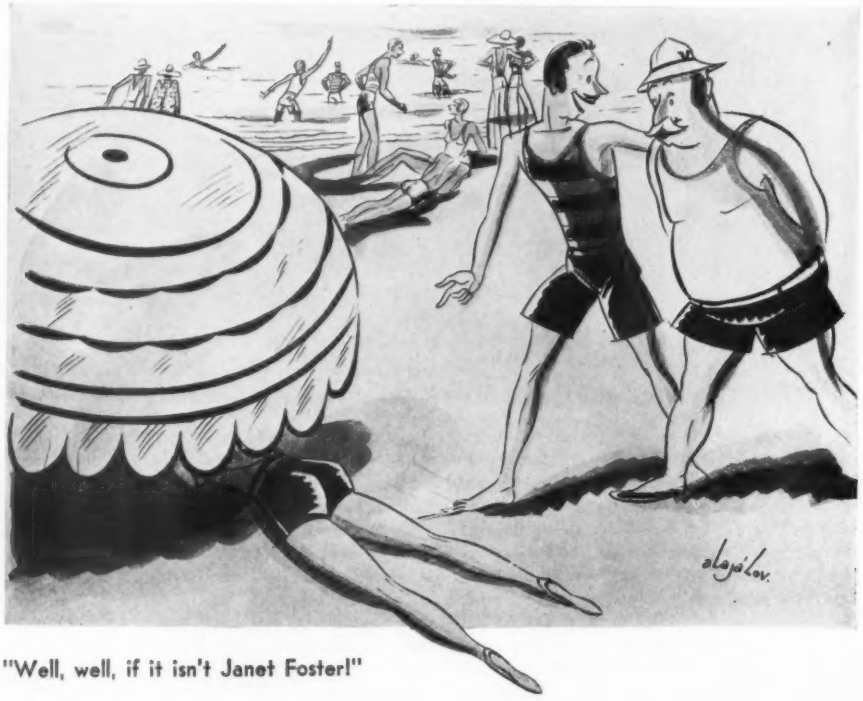
■ (EDITOR'S NOTE: Envious of the success of Mr. J. Otis Swift, founder of the Yosian Brotherhood of nature-lovers, whose daily column *News Outside Our Door* in the New York *World* has brought Nature a little closer to us all, *Vanity Fair* has decided to follow in his footsteps and found its own Department for the nature-lovers among our readers. In the ensuing account Mr. Corey Ford, head of this new Nature Section and an ardent disciple of Mr. Swift, describes the first Ramble of our little group of Yosians, and answers a few pertinent queries from eager readers.)

■ The first Nature Ramble of our little group of Yosians was held along the Palisades last Sunday. By an odd coincidence, the last Ramble of our little group of Yosians was held along the Palisades at the same time.

And what a Ramble it was, to be sure! No sooner had we left the trolley-car at Fort Lee and plunged into the lovely woodland beyond the city line than we were under the spell of forest creatures. The soft murmur of the breezes banished our cares, and set our hearts at rest. Spicebrush and honeysuckle scented the air. The jack-in-the-pulpits clutched at us with elfin fingers, bidding us tarry on couches of yellow wood sorrell. Invisible little people cast their silken nets of fascination before our vagrant feet from under toad-stool umbrellas. The call of wood-pewees and vireos lured us on. Truly it was an enchanted fairyland out of the Garden of Eden.

The start of this delightful little hike occurred on Sunday morning, when we met at the 129th Street Ferry, chattering and giggling with anticipation, altogether as merry a group of Yosians as you would want to shake a stick at. ("A good big stick," the captain of the ferry-boat added, "with rusty nails in the end.") Our men-folks were clad in hiking-boots, Boy Scout hats with feathers stuck in the bands, and bird-glasses slung on one hip; while the "girls" wore their usual Sunday costume of khaki bloomers, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, and tortoise-shell glasses. As we boarded our gallant craft, cheering and shouting for joy, Edward Beamer, our Yosian song-writer, led us in a new hiking-song of his own composition entitled *My Bonnie Lies Over the Yosian.* Then with a mighty toot of whistles and wave of pennants we edged slowly out into the mighty Hudson stream and plied our way toward the giant Palisades, leaving in our wake a series of sparkling wavelets, several grape-fruit rinds, an old egg-crate, and Edward Beamer, who had leaned too far over the stern in an effort to discover the little fairies hiding in the rainbow spray.

■ In the big pavilion at the Jersey end of the ferry, in the shade of the Palisades, I gathered our little group together again and addressed them briefly for an hour and three-quarters on the ideals *(Continued on page 84)*



"Well, well, if it isn't Janet Foster!"

Our own nature department

■ Miss Myrtle Klinefelter, of 66 Archer Avenue, Winsted, Conn., writes: "I have been the lucky finder of a curious flower, and I wonder if any of my fellow-naturalists can identify it for me? The interior of this unusual specimen is bright silver, and surrounding it is an outer covering, or sheath, of green with red and white markings on it. It was lying all crumpled on my lawn this morning. Perhaps you can determine its species, and tell me whether it is of any value?"

I think that what our fellow-Yosian has discovered is a chewing-gum wrapper. These little specimens are often discovered on the lawn in the morning.

Master Clarence Knapp, aged twelve, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "A funny thing happened last night while I was tuning in on my radio. I had just gotten Amos 'n' Andy, when I was startled by a curious whistling note resembling *Squeeee-ow-eee-oeeee* which seemed to proceed directly from the loud speaker. What is the name of this peculiar little bird, if bird it be?"

What our young ornithologist has discovered is no doubt the White-Throated Interference. This beneficial little warbler is perhaps the most lovely of the Static family, with its long antennae, pale blue tickler, and shy persuasive manner. It makes its nest in an amplifier, and is particularly fond of Amos 'n' Andy, the Stein Song and other radio pests, upon which it feeds with evident relish.

Clifford R. Spiller, nature-lover, of 608 Palisade Avenue, Grantwood, N. J., writes: "Can any Yosian identify this unusual animal which I found in my room last night as I was going to bed? It more or less resembled a weasel, except that it was clad in a long yellow slicker with pink buttons, and was wearing roller-skates. In addition it had on a derby. I discovered it sitting on the edge of a gin-bottle, which was about half full."

Perhaps Mr. Spiller can throw a little more light on the origin of this remarkable specimen if he will tell his fellow-Yosians what became of the other half of the contents of that gin-bottle. Ah, there, Cliff!

VON HORN

Ginger Rogers

A new comedienne of the stage and screen, soon to play the rôle opposite Bert Lahr in "Girl Crazy"

▪ Four years ago a fourteen-year-old girl with a future came out of Independence, Missouri, to win a Charleston contest in Dallas, Texas—with a prize of four weeks in vaudeville. The next three years passed in an increasing whirl which finally landed Ginger Rogers, appropriately, in a musical comedy called *Top Speed*, then playing in New York. Enmeshed, inevitably, by the silver screen, she also appeared at about this time as the very young menace in *Young Man of Manhattan*, and has since played in *Queen High* and *The Sap from Syracuse*. Her next picture will be a film version of *Manhattan Mary*, with Ed Wynn. Miss Rogers who, since her début, has been much in demand among the knowing producers of revues and talking pictures, has announced with an extraordinary display of vitality that she will combine her stage and screen careers, and will be seen, next season, in the leading feminine rôle opposite Bert Lahr in his new musical comedy, *Girl Crazy*

Tired men and business women

BY GEOFFREY KERR

New York April 7
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR NEW POSITION AM MISSING YOU TERRIBLY HERE DARLING AND BY THE WAY I HAVE SLIGHTLY LESS THAN NO MONEY AT ALL
Ethel

Detroit April 7
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
YOU HAVE YOUR ALLOWANCE WHICH IS ALL I CAN AFFORD
Henry

New York April 8
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
WOULD BE TERRIBLY GRATEFUL FOR ANY DONATION HOWEVER SMALL
Ethel

Detroit April 8
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
SO WOULD I STOP MUST REMIND YOU ONCE MORE THERE WAS A THING CALLED THE STOCK MARKET
Henry

New York April 9
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
HAVEN'T A STITCH OF CLOTHING
Ethel

Detroit April 9
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
STAY IN BED
Henry

New York April 10
Edwin Baggs
Baggs and Company Department Store Fifth Avenue New York City
HAVE YOU ANY JOBS IN YOUR STORE THAT I COULD DO
Ethel Downe

New York April 10
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
VERY PROBABLY STOP COME DOWN AND SEE ME TOMORROW MORNING
Edwin Baggs

New York April 11
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
FAILING IMMEDIATE CONTRIBUTION AM TAKING JOB IN DRESS DEPARTMENT WITH BAGGS AND CO
Ethel

Detroit April 11
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
AFRAID CONTRIBUTION IMPOSSIBLE STOP TERRIBLY SORRY BUT EXCEEDINGLY HARD TO MAKE ENDS MEET ON ASSISTANT VICE PRESIDENTS SALARY STOP NEVERTHELESS PLEASE HAVE PATIENCE AND UNDERSTAND THOROUGHLY I FORBID YOUR GOING TO WORK FOR BAGGS AND COMPANY OR ANYONE ELSE
Henry

New York April 12
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
HAVE TAKEN JOB WITH BAGGS
Ethel

Detroit April 21
Edwin Baggs
Baggs and Co Fifth Avenue New York City
I UNDERSTAND MY WIFE IS WORKING FOR YOU IN SOME CAPACITY STOP SHOULD BE EXTREMELY GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD DISCHARGE HER
Henry Downe Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit

New York April 21
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
YOUR WIFE INVALUABLE STOP DISCHARGE OUT OF QUESTION STOP ON CONTRARY HAVE JUST PROMOTED HER
Edwin Baggs

New York April 28
Martin Shayer
Ambassador Hotel Chicago
HOPE YOUR BUSINESS IN CHICAGO IS ATTENDED TO STOP WHEN ARE WE SAILING
Agatha

Chicago April 28
Mrs. Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
AWFULLY SORRY BUT EUROPE QUITE IMPOSSIBLE THIS YEAR
Martin

New York April 29
Martin Shayer
Ambassador Hotel Chicago
WHY
Agatha

Chicago April 29
Mrs Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
PATRIOTISM DUE TO LAST YEARS CRASH STOP WILL BE HOME TOMORROW
Martin

New York April 30
Mrs Henry Downe
Baggs and Co Fifth Avenue New York City
CAN YOU GET JOB FOR ME BAGGS AND CO
Agatha Shayer

New York May 1
Mrs Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
YES YOU CAN START MONDAY
Ethel Downe

Detroit May 8
Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
MY WIFE IS WORKING WITH BAGGS AND COMPANY STOP FEEL THIS REFLECTS ON ME STOP PLEASE ASK YOUR WIFE TO USE HER INFLUENCE WITH ETHEL TO PERSUADE HER TO RESIGN
Henry Downe Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit

(Continued on page 80)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNABA

VICTIMS OF THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM, IN THE GARRICK GAIETIES, SET OUT GRIMLY FOR "THE LAST MILE"

PHILIP LOEB AS GROVER WHALEN, IN THE PRANKISH BURLESQUE ON JOHNNY WANAMAKER

STERLING HOLLOWAY AND CYNTHIA ROGERS SING AND WRESTLE A SPRIGHTLY NUMBER CALLED "OUT OF BREATH"

MR. CARROLL AND EDITH MEISER CROON WISTFULLY OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY

ALBERT CARROLL IN HIS IMPERSONATION OF MEI LAN-FANG

THE LOVE INTEREST—
JAMES NORRIS AND IMOGENE COCA

The Garrick Gaieties

■ When the opening night of the Garrick Gaieties revealed a Grover Whalen skit in which New York's former Police Commissioner returns to Wanamaker's accompanied by a theme-song whose naughty lyrics involve Mayor Walker, "Johnny" Wanamaker and the immaculate Grover himself, Mr. Whalen at once lodged a formal protest —but the Whalen scene remains, intimate, impious and intact. The above photographs represent this, and other antics from the revue

CECIL BEATON

Norma Shearer

The sleekest lady in the films is starred in "Let Us Be Gay", from Rachel Crothers' play

The dear divorced

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

Being a little handbook full of vitriol and balm for the use of those who have agreed to disagree

■ In the past when divorce was considered ignominious, marriage was regarded as the most sacred and formidable of the institutions. Today this austerity has been somewhat shattered and it would seem that marriage, or what is left of it, has come out second best. Just now divorce is having its day. With the ample opportunities provided for relieving one's self painlessly, even pleasantly, of one's mate, the good old fashioned virtues of bearing and forebearing which used to be the backbone of marriage have fallen into desuetude. The moralists regard this decline as a product of our fast decaying civilization. They have failed to observe that divorce has risen phoenix-like from the crumbling bricks of the family hearthsides, a full fledged institution in its own right, and one, which in its social character and code of etiquette, is quite as enduring and quite as exacting as marriage ever was.

To realize the truth of this assertion one need only consider that a married couple may begin a quarrel which finishes in the divorce courts, thus terminating for all time the matrimonial state in so far as the contracting parties are concerned; but the same couple once separated immediately enter into another relationship—divorce—a state as unchanging and permanent as their marriage was precarious and provisional. Marriage may end in divorce—and usually does among the socially privileged classes—but divorce is an end in itself.

Just as there have always been two kinds of marriages, happy and unhappy, so today there are two types of divorces: the Divorce Disagreeable and the Divorce Agreeable. The former numbers among its adherents the mid-Victorians, the bigots and the more pompous members of the community. The Divorce Disagreeable comes about through a misapprehension, or a real or fancied dereliction. In their post-marital dealings with each other, both parties waste precious time and money indulging in bitter correspondence conducted by their respective lawyers, who remain their only means of communication. Such people cut one another in the street, do not accept invitations to the same houses, and strike from their visiting lists those indelicate hosts who ask them out together. Their respective and usually highly respectable families wage internecine warfare. The "victims" of divorce, old style, suffer privately, publicly, volubly. Their friends become bored by the spectacle, eventually, and the social lives of the divorced suffer in consequence. From every point of view, it is a dreadful business.

But the Divorce Agreeable—the 1930 model—that is something else again. This, indeed, is the delicate flower of Perfect Understanding, the slowly ripened fruit of Familiarity and Boredom. When a man and his wife come to know each other too well, they often discover that they can only find pleasure in each other's company it divorced. Having been good lovers, and lacking the energy to become good haters, they part in the nick of time, hopeful of becoming good friends.

Their divorce comes about for the very reason which caused their marriage. Percival and Lorinda marry because she talks baby-talk and he tells "such amusing stories". These same factors are later enumerated among the complaints in their divorce action. (Proving that love is often weaned by the very thing which gave it birth.)

When it is all over, these two do accept the same invitations, go to the same places, see the same people, move in the same circles and usually marry each other's best friends. Paradoxically enough, it is this essentially civilized behavior which causes so much acute distress among the moralists, who, by some mysterious reckoning, consider it reprehensible to marry with a motive, or to divorce without one.

But it is for the benefit of those who find it less boring to be divorced from people they like than to be married to them, that this little handbook of etiquette for the Legally Parted has been compiled.

In order really to enjoy the attractive features of an amicable divorce, you must first master the technique of post-marital communication, to which the telephone is particularly well adapted. But you must remember that it is considered bad form to telephone your Ex without a plausible excuse. No matter how delicately sarcastic the ensuing conversation becomes, the one who calls first is always at a disadvantage. Without a very good reason, you may cause your Ex to believe that you telephoned just to hear his once so charming voice. Moreover, such a suspicion once aroused, will react against you in society, because he will be able to mention casually to his friends "My Ex called me up this morning . . . oh, nothing in particular." To which they will reply "Misses her master's voice, eh, what?" And there you find yourself creating the impression of seeming to be interested—which is plainly not the purpose of any divorce.

■ It is best to start off by saying: "Do you *mind* sending back that cocktail shaker the Durants gave me for a wedding present? You don't need to tell *me* how much you use it . . . but you've got enough money to buy yourself another, haven't you?"

A man might say: "Listen, Lorinda, tell that sister of yours to keep her mouth closed, will you? She's going all over Town saying that *I* gave you a black eye last New Year's . . . the night you fell out of the taxi!" But the main point is to seem to have a good reason for calling up.

The Divorce Agreeable also develops the altruistic side of one's nature. The up-to-date divorcée will endeavor, from time to time, to advise her late spouse on his choice of companions, the truth about himself as confided to her by mutual acquaintances, his imminent danger of being roped in by an adventuress, how to manage his wifeless home. He, on the other hand, will warn her against gigolos, and too great a faith in his bachelor friends. He may also generously instruct her in the principles of contract bridge or backgammon, how to invest her alimony, when to lose weight, and how to avoid displeasing his possible successor, for whom he must always evince a polite, but not too heartfelt sympathy, faintly tinged with contempt.

■ When you meet in public, at a dinner or a dance, your attitude must be at once elaborately polite and delicately indifferent. You must, in order not to cause your hosts any embarrassment, immediately turn away and flirt earnestly with your neighbor, or better still, try to convey the impression that your neighbor is flirting with you. You must give vent to a great deal of rippling laughter, listen to your vis-a-vis with rapt attention, and half-closed eyes, and make a point of waving across the room at all of your Ex's best friends.

Above all, you must always leave the party before your recent mate (with the most attractive and "dangerous" person you can find) as this will show that you are not trying to out-stay him or emphasize your own popularity at the expense of his. You must be sure to find a reason for speaking to him on the telephone the next day so that you may tell him you "went somewheres afterwards" and had "the most divine time". In many ways, the tactics of the newly divorced resemble those of a Courtship.

When you relate your Ex's failings to his friends, you must be careful never to say anything you do not wish repeated to him. But when you discuss him with your own friends you must be even more careful.

That your Ex came of a large and burgeoning family you always knew, but the numbers and ubiquity of that family is a thing you never fully realize until you have been divorced. From then on you will find them everywhere. It is your social obligation to greet them one and all with perfunctory cordiality, and, later, to discuss them thoroughly with your friends. Once the perfidious and hypocritical loyalties imposed by marriage have been removed, *(Continued on page 94)*

The John Riddell Murder Case

BY JOHN RIDDELL

Being the thrilling preface to a literary murder mystery, in the erudite manner of S.S. Van Dine

• EDITOR'S NOTE: On this page *Vanity Fair* is privileged to offer some extracts from the introductory chapter of a new collection of parodies, entitled *The John Riddell Murder Case*. In this breath-taking mystery-novel, none other than Philo Vance is summoned to solve the strange crime of the old book-reviewer, who died of acute boredom in his own library, surrounded by all the best-sellers of the past year. The full story of this startling investigation, with illustrations by Covarrubias, will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in September.

• WHO KILLED JOHN RIDDELL?
(*Monday, April 1; 9:00 a.m.*)

In all the vast annals of modern criminal investigation, there is perhaps no plot more sinister, no murder more terrifying and no alibi more perfect than the John Riddell Murder Case. To be sure, we have frequently seen our best-selling criminologists—Mary Roberts Rinehart and Earl Derr Biggers and Frances Noyes Hart and Edgar Wallace and the rest—resort to trap doors, disappearing revolvers, false whiskers, bland Orientals, phonograph records with the victim's voice and other bewildering devices, in order to conceal their crime from the reader until the very last page. But the strange affair which I am about to unfold is believed to be the first Murder Case on record *in which there was no crime at all.*

So downright diabolic in its originality was this simple device, so fiendish in its ingenuity, so warped in its psychological motivations, that the bold stroke might well have succeeded and the true solution of this baffling case never have been known to anyone, save the author, had it not been for the eagle eye of a young criminal investigator known as Philo Vance. It was as a direct result of his canny observation of several apparently irrelevant and unimportant details of which the police had taken no notice at the time—the curious coincidence, for example, that the cigarette stub in the fingers of the dead man *was still burning;* the occasional wriggling of the corpse's nose in an attempt to dislodge a blue-bottle fly which had alighted there; and the odd fact that the deceased once or twice *entered inadvertently into the conversation*—that Vance's suspicions were first aroused; and by means of these vague clues, his fine analytic mind was at last enabled to penetrate this otherwise Perfect Alibi and discover the true solution of one of the most ghastly multiple killings in modern detective story annals.

Van Dine—by Covarrubias

• This sleuth-like figure, who is about to search John Riddell's doomed library for a possible clue to its orgy of crime, is Philo (S. S. Van Dine) Vance, principal character in Riddell's forthcoming parody-mystery "The John Riddell Murder Case."

• The brutal and fantastic affair in the library of the old book reviewer became known almost immediately to a breathless public as the John Riddell Murder Case, owing to the fact that this title was used on the cover of the book. The world no doubt is already acquainted with the external facts of the appalling tragedy. Yet the inside history of this veritable witch's sabbath of crime and slaughter surpasses even the wildest flights of morbid fancy; and as I sit down now to divulge the truth for the first time, I am oppressed by a feeling akin to unreality, as though the disasters which I am about to relate had never really happened, but were merely the products of a diseased brain which had read too many of the previous works of S. S. Van Dine.*

The series of uncanny and apparently unrelated events which constituted this palimpsest of horror began on a mild, luxurious morning in early April while I was breakfasting with Vance in the little roof-garden atop his apartment on East Thirty-Eighth Street. Vance was a young social aristocrat who had acted several times in the past as a sort of *amicus curiae* for his friend John F.-X. Markham, the District Attorney; and for the past five years I had deserted the cause of literature to devote my pen exclusively to his sanguinary experience**. It is safe to say that few criminal investigators in modern fiction have participated in more sinister, bizarre, revolting and seemingly incomprehensible crimes than Philo Vance; yet as I look back over my records***, I am convinced that the strange case which was first brought to our attention so forcibly on that morning of April 1st created an all-time record for public mayhem and sheer total of carnage only equalled during the heyday of the Borgias.

These thoughts ran through my mind as Vance lit a *Régie* cigarette and opened his copy of *The Mirror* as usual to Walter Winchell's column of current gossip. For some moments he read in silence, toying with his *omelette aux fines herbes* and only giving vent occasionally to a murmured "Amazin'!" or "My word!" or "Extr'ordin'ry"—his favourite expletives.

"'Pon my word, Van," he remarked at length in his emotionless drawl, "life in New York is getting a beastly bore. Nothin' ever happens, y'know. *'Ethel Barrymore and Walter Winchell have pffft. . . . What Wall Street magnate with a longitudinal scar on his right cheek is that way over how many girls from the end in the front row of which chorus? . . .'*"

• He broke off abruptly, and the bantering look on his lean features disappeared. His sardonic expression of cold aloofness deepened, and his cruel ascetic mouth tightened with amazement, as his hard, grey eyes focused more carefully on the fine print before him. "Odd; deuced odd! Perpend, Van." He adjusted his monocle and continued reading: "*'John Riddell, local tome solon, will fold up in his verb-and-adjective garage at 9 this (Monday) yawning . . .'* Amazin', what?"

"I am afraid I don't understand," I said slowly.

"It's dashed queer," Vance continued, lighting another *Régie* cigarette intently, "I say, Van, hand me my Winchell diction'ry, there's a good fella." He opened the book swiftly. "Most *(Continued on page 84)*

* "The Benson Murder Case" (Scribners); "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Greene Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Bishop Murder Case" (Ibid.); and "The Scarab Murder Case" (Ibid.)

** "The Benson Murder Case" (Scribners); "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Greene Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Bishop Murder Case" (Ibid.); and "The Scarab Murder Case" (Ibid.)

*** "The Benson Murder Case" (Scribners); "The 'Canary' Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Greene Murder Case" (Ibid.); "The Bishop Murder Case" (Ibid.); and "The Scarab Murder Case" (Ibid.)

A Manet masterpiece for America

One of the most important of modern paintings acquired by Mr. Chester Dale and soon to be added to his famous collection in New York

• The past hundred years have produced, in France, a thousand or so painters of renown—all of them artists who have had something personal and important to say. But, in painting, as in the other arts, the truly great masters are few. Time seems at last to have accepted, from the painters of the past hundred years, four masters as the outstanding figures of their time: Corot, the Barbizon school; Courbet for Naturalism; Manet for Impressionism: Cézanne for Post Impressionism.

More and more the world is accepting Edouard Manet as an artist worthy of a place beside the immortals. In thirty brief years of work, Manet evolved a style of his own that broke absolutely with tradition and really revolutionized modern painting. Some of his works, in particular, have achieved a singular renown—the famous canvas showing the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, which is now in the Museum at Halle, in Germany; The *Déjeuner sur L'Herbe* which belongs to France and is now in the Louvre; and *The Wandering Musician*—reproduced on this page. By a stroke of great good fortune this masterpiece will soon arrive in America to become a part of the Chester Dale collection in New York. It has lately been seen in Paris, at the Georges Petit Galleries, in a retrospective exhibition, held there for the benefit of the "Cité Universitaire."

The history of *The Wandering Musician* is an interesting one. It was first exhibited by Martinet, a French picture-dealer, in 1863. It was again shown in Paris in 1867. In 1884 (a year after the painter's death) it became an important feature in a memorial exposition of Manet's works, in Paris. It was sold, at the Manet sale, February, 1884; exhibited, in 1895, at the Grafton Galleries in London—the first impressionistic show ever held in England; became the property of Durand-Ruel; purchased by the Prince de Wagram; purchased by the Imperial Museum in Vienna, till 1923; exhibited, Glasgow, 1927; Amsterdam and Berlin in 1928; and finally purchased, in Munich, in the spring of this year by Mr. Chester Dale who will add it to his celebrated collection in New York

Wake me up in the night and ask me

BY MRS. S. CARPS MADMAN

MRS. S. CARPS MADMAN

Have you a problem of the heart? Are you financially embarrassed? Mentally and morally confused? Do your parents dislike you? Do household pets wince at your touch?

Harried reader, this page is for YOU! If you do not find your own solution here write to Mrs. Madman, stating your problem frankly. There is no question that she cannot answer

. . . . and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all it knew

■ EDITOR'S NOTE: For some years Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has been giving advice to the entire world through the medium of the radio and the printed page. Little, however, did Dr. Cadman—or anyone else—realize that all this time another busy little brain was blossoming shyly at the feet of the Master, waking and putting forth tiny leaves of wisdom that in time would be as strong, as all-encompassing as the Master's own. This other (or second) brain is that of Mrs. S. Carps Madman, that wise and generous thinker whom *Vanity Fair* is happy, in this page of questions and answers, to introduce to its readers for the first time.

QUESTION: I am an unmarried woman, thirty-nine years old, and am deeply troubled by the conduct of two pigeons who carry on a love-affair each night upon my window-sill. My evenings are lonely, and I cannot help looking on at the little creatures' wooing. Am I doing wrong?

ANSWER: How would *you* like to have a prying and alien eye fixed upon *your* most sacred moments? Why not leave the little pigeons in peace? Devote yourself rather to good works (are there not some bedridden in your village who would enjoy being read to?) and, above all, do not allow this worldly episode of the pigeons to influence or debase your own high ideals of life. Remember that what is the mating instinct in a pigeon, and, as such, blameless, may be mere physical attraction between human beings of the opposite sex.

QUESTION: What is life?

ANSWER: Life is bigger than its refuse.

■ QUESTION: What do you think of unemployment?

ANSWER: That it can be made very pleasant with the aid of a cosy fireside and a good book. Man's best friends are his books.

QUESTION: I am a married woman of fifteen years' standing, and my husband is a good man, but he has lately developed the strangest habit. He keeps on bringing home squirrels. To all my protests he replies by saying that he likes squirrels better than anything else in the world. Should I go on living with him? We have seventy-four in the house now.

ANSWER: You neglect to mention whether you have any children. If not . . . why not? The touch of a baby's tiny fingers has oft softened a man's heart. Why don't you have several children and teach them little tricks to divert your husband's attention? The poor man is quite possibly suffering from a disillusionment of some kind. Above all, bear up, and remember with the poet Southey that

"In this life there is no curse
But someone else has had it worse"

As an example of this, I recently received a letter from a woman whose husband kept on bringing home leopards.

■ QUESTION: What did Longfellow mean to imply when he wrote:

"Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was *not* spoken of the soul"?

ANSWER: Nothing that you need take offense at. What the aged bard meant was, briefly, that Life (existence, as we term it) is real (actual), Life is earnest (sober) and the grave (bodily interment) is not its goal (ultimate aim)—Dust (a powdery substance) thou (you) art, to dust returnest (in this instance, *reverts*) was not spoken of the soul (the finer quality of spirit which animates our fleshly forms).

QUESTION: Is a girl necessarily and forever damned because she has taken one false step?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: What is an electron?

ANSWER: The dictionary defines an electron as "one of those particles, having about one-thousandth the mass of a hydrogen atom, which are projected from the vacuum of a cathode tube". The layman may accept this, or not, as he chooses. I personally prefer to think of the electron as a tiny good-will messenger to Man from his Creator.

QUESTION: A question came up in our sorority the other day—"Should a grammar-school fellow pet a grammar-school girl?" What is your opinion?

ANSWER: The poet Longfellow says that "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts". Why not let them be even longer? Surely the attendants of a grammar school are mere children; it should not be difficult for them to wait until they are in High School when a maturer judgment, a riper experience will enable them to solve this problem adequately for themselves.

QUESTION: My friends all call me "touchy" because I resented a gentleman's putting raw spaghetti in my bed at a house-party. I do not think I am "touchy", but they are all "down" on me. What do you advise?

ANSWER: I once asked a famous British statesman what things he resented most in life. He replied, "The things that nobody has done to me yet." This "bon mot" should go far toward solving your problem.

QUESTION: I am a young man twenty-four years old, ambitious, and with a good position in a thriving firm. But sometimes, when I think of my prospects, I feel sort of blue. I have sinus and sad bouts of hay fever, and am of a very unprepossessing appearance. And, last but not least, I don't seem to have any personality at all. If things were only different with me, I am sure that I could get to be a real success in the business world.

ANSWER: The trouble with you is that you are too conceited. *Why* are you so sure that, if "things" were only "different" you could be a success in business? Come down out of the clouds, young man!

QUESTION: What is Life?

ANSWER: Life has its good side and its bad side. The "seamy" or repulsive side of life may be found accurately described and illustrated in detail in such volumes as Balzac's "Droll Stories", Casanova's Memoirs, the works of Boccaccio, etc., etc.

■ QUESTION: Do you approve of cooking food by "steaming" as opposed to "boiling"?

ANSWER: Nietzsche, the great philosopher, says: "On the heights it is warmer than people in the valleys suppose, especially in winter. The thinker recognizes the full import of this simile." The word "steaming" is derived from a combination of the old Greek root "stea-", meaning "loose" or "loosely", and the word "ming", indicating the Ming dynasty in China, during which the word "stea-" was largely used in a corrupt sense. The word "boil" is simply a contraction of the medieval phrase "to bode ill"—a fact which is self-explanatory.

What I should do in your position is to ask myself frankly and fearlessly just how *I personally* felt about the matter.

QUESTION: What is Life?

ANSWER: See above.

STEICHEN

Jimmie Savo

The gifted comedian of Earl Carroll's "Vanities" bursts out plaintively in all possible directions

▪ A back lot in the Bronx was the stage where a little Italian-American boy named Savo first made his début as an entertainer. Here he juggled stones and coloured balls and danced for a ragged and tentative audience whose ultimate approval, however, encouraged him to appear on amateur nights at the neighborhood theatres. Eventually he became established in "big-time" vaudeville, where his craftsmanship so improved that he was able to discard all facial contortions—only to replace them hastily when he discovered that audiences laughed harder at him as a pantomimist than as a juggler. In the earlier editions of *Artists and Models*, as in Murray Anderson's *Almanac* last year, Jimmie Savo capered in a lonely radiance of pure, inspired humour through the mechanism of the revue which surrounded him; and it seems unfortunate that, in the current *Vanities*, that mechanism should be allowed to dim, even a little, the antics of such a gifted clown

Specialists in crime

EDGAR WALLACE

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

S. S. VAN DINE

A sextet of authors whose dreadful pleasure it is to beguile their public with tales of death and mystery

ELLIOTT AND FRY

J. S. FLETCHER

SAX ROHMER

AGATHA CHRISTIE

■ **EDGAR WALLACE,** the prolific Dean of the mystery mongers, has written one hundred and forty-odd books, and about twenty plays. His amazingly popular thrillers tell of crooks, crime and love

■ **MARY ROBERTS RINEHART** combines melodrama and farce, murder and humor, with such adroit contrivance that her tales of crime and fear have placed her in the foremost rank of mystery novelists

■ **S. S. VAN DINE** began his literary sleuthing as a form of mental relaxation when he was confined to his bed with nervous prostration. Thus was born the incredibly erudite and suave *Philo Vance*

■ **J. S. FLETCHER** was once a biographer and a historian but it is his mystery stories which have made him famous among those who claim "detective fiction is the relaxation of great minds"

■ **SAX ROHMER** is the creator of that wily Heathen Chinee, the unfathomable *Dr. Fu Manchu*, who ranks among the most exotic and diabolic of contemporary villains in the annals of crime

■ **AGATHA CHRISTIE** approaches the goriest crimes with a highly successful lack of feminine squeamishness, and an ability to mystify her readers until the very last clues have been unravelled

You've got a great story!

BY FRANK TUTTLE

■ *The scene is the office of a talking-picture director. A writer has been invited to tell the director the story of his next picture. As the scene opens the writer is fumbling with a copious bundle of notes. The director is lighting a cigarette, and stretching back in the most comfortable chair in the room. At last he is ready to listen. He speaks:*

THE DIRECTOR: All right. Let's have it!

THE WRITER (*Jumping up and taking the center of the stage*): Well, we open up with about seventy-five feet of atmospheric stuff—a lot of cock-eyed angles, just enough to sell the War. You know, a cock-eyed cannon exploding right into the cock-eyed camera, then a cock-eyed shot of a cock-eyed tank!

THE DIRECTOR: Tank?

THE WRITER: Er-yes. You know, a tank! Be a great shot, too—from a low angle.

THE DIRECTOR: But this is the Civil War.

THE WRITER: Is it?

THE DIRECTOR: Of course.

THE WRITER: But—but it wasn't in the original treatment they gave me to work out—it was the Great War.

THE DIRECTOR: I never read it. All I heard was the title, *The Fighting Coquette*. That's the title, isn't it?

THE WRITER: Yes, but—

THE DIRECTOR: Well, what does Coquette suggest?

THE WRITER: Why, I don't know. It sort of suggests—er—Coquette.

THE DIRECTOR: Exactly! Mary Pickford in *Coquette* . . . The South . . . the Civil War.

THE WRITER: But *Coquette* wasn't about the Civil War.

THE DIRECTOR: Er-no—no—but this is the *Fighting* coquette.

THE WRITER: Oh!

THE DIRECTOR: Anyway, the World War is out. I wouldn't touch it. After Milestone's *All Quiet*, I wouldn't touch it. No, no—this'll be the Civil War.

(*Brightly*) Well, go ahead.

THE WRITER (*Attempting to readjust his mind to the shock*): Well, let me see. The Civil War sort of changes things.

THE DIRECTOR: Nonsense! You've got a great idea. We open just as you said. Cock-eyed angles! Firing on Fort Sumter! Lincoln's call to arms! That'll be great in a cock-eyed angle! Gettysburg! And I've got it! We'll shoot it all silent and then double in a sound accompaniment of *Dixie* and *John Brown's Body*—harmonized! Boy! That's a hot one! Say, our music department will give us something that'll make the 1812 Overture sound like thirty cents. Pardon me.

(*Speaking into the telephone*): Hello! Hello! Music department? Oh, hello, Nat. Look, I've got an idea that you'll go nutty about. You know my new picture? Yes. That's it. Well, it's about the Civil War, and I want one of your boys to write a musical introduction using *Dixie* and *John Brown's Body* as the theme. No, no—not theme song—the *theme*! Yeah, that's it. Not too jazzy, you know, but modern. Real good music—er—like Tschaikowsky. Great! I'll be over and hear it tomorrow! Fine!

(*Hanging up*) Boy! Will that be hot!

(*Suddenly remembering the writer*) Er—go ahead.

THE WRITER (*Who has been desperately collecting his thoughts during the interlude with the telephone*): Well, from the opening we go right into the boy's introduction. I had a swell gag where he comes into the dugout. His buddy is singing the theme-song and playing his own accompaniment on a xylophone he's made out of different sized shells—but I guess that wouldn't go so big in the Civil War.

THE DIRECTOR: Why not? We'll work it out so it fits in a tent. Might be a great spot for a negro spiritual.

THE WRITER: That's right.

THE DIRECTOR: Sure. Well, go ahead with the story.

THE WRITER: You bet. This next is a great scene. I mean it's really great. You see, all leaves of absence have been cancelled, but the boy tells his pals he's going to take French leave—to see his girl. I made a joke, see. The boy says: "I'm gonna take French leave to see my French rose." But, of course, if it's the Civil War, the girl couldn't be French.

THE DIRECTOR: Why not? She might be visiting somebody. That's simple enough.

THE WRITER: I never thought of that. Well, anyway, the boy is so crazy to see his girl that he runs the risk of being caught to get to her in the little town where he knows she's waiting. Now, then—

THE DIRECTOR: That's great!

THE WRITER (*Somewhat surprised*): You like it?

THE DIRECTOR: It's great. I mean the scene where he meets her.

THE WRITER: That's right. When he meets her is the best scene in the picture. But, I haven't told you yet.

THE DIRECTOR: You don't have to tell me. I know it. He finds the girl in another man's arms!!

THE WRITER: Well—no—er—he doesn't! At least—

THE DIRECTOR: Why doesn't he? It's perfect! He finds the girl has given him the air, goes back to camp, and gets arrested for desertion! That's it, isn't it?

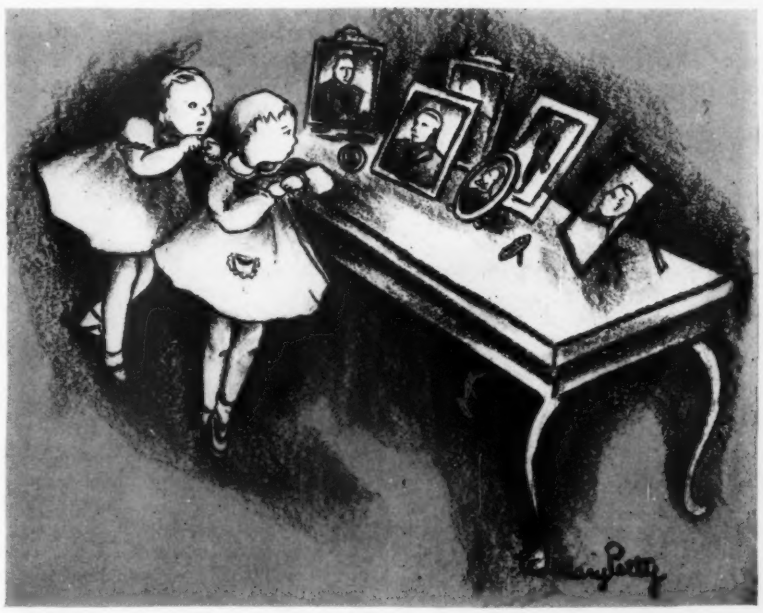
THE WRITER: Why—er—

THE DIRECTOR: Sure!

THE WRITER: But—

THE DIRECTOR: Don't tell me. Your next scene is a knockout! The boy finds his buddy is going across the lines as a spy—so, of course, he takes his pal's place. Say, that's great! Now, what?

THE WRITER (*Desperately ad-libbing*): Well, he—he might *(Continued on page 80)*



"Look, one of these is my daddy"

Sermons in cats

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

A novelist finds that man and woman are often reflected in the habits of a tom-cat and his bride

■ I met, not long ago, a young man who aspired to become a novelist. Knowing that I was in that profession, he asked me to tell him how he should set to work to realize his ambition. I did my best to explain. "The first thing," I said, "is to buy quite a lot of paper, a bottle of ink and a pen. After that you merely have to write." But this was not enough for my young friend. He seemed to have a notion that there was some sort of esoteric cookery book, full of literary recipes, which you had only to follow attentively to become a Dickens, a Henry James, a Flaubert—"according to taste", as the authors of recipes say, when they come to the question of seasoning and sweetening. Wouldn't I let him have a glimpse of this cookery book? I said that I was sorry, but that (unhappily—for what an endless amount of time and trouble it would save!) I had never even seen such a work. He seemed sadly disappointed; so, to console the poor lad, I advised him to apply to the professors of dramaturgy and short-story writing at some reputable university; if anyone possessed a trustworthy cookery-book of literature, it should surely be they. But even this was not enough to satisfy the young man. Disappointed in his hope that I would give him the fictional equivalent of "One Hundred Ways of Cooking Eggs" or the "Carnet de la Ménagère", he began to cross-examine me about my methods of "collecting material". Did I keep a note-book or a daily journal? Did I jot down thoughts and phrases in a card index? Did I systematically frequent the drawing rooms of the rich and fashionable? Or did I, on the contrary, inhabit the Sussex downs, or spend my evenings looking for "copy" in East End gin palaces? Did I think it was wise to frequent the company of intellectuals? Was it a good thing for a writer of novels to try to be well educated, or should he confine his reading exclusively to other novels? And so on. I did my best to reply to these questions—as non-committally, of course, as I could. And as the young man still looked rather disappointed, I volunteered a final piece of advice, gratuitously. "My young friend," I said, "if you want to be a psychological novelist and write about human beings, the best thing you can do is to keep a pair of cats." And with that I left him.

I hope, for his own sake, that he took my advice. For it was good advice—the fruit of much experience and many meditations. But I am afraid that, being a rather foolish young man, he merely laughed at what he must have supposed was only a silly joke: laughed, as I myself foolishly laughed when, years ago, that charming and talented and extraordinary man, Ronald Firbank, once told me that he wanted to write a novel about life in Mayfair and so was just off to the West Indies to look for copy among the negroes. I laughed at the time; but I see now that he was quite right. Primitive people, like children and animals, are simply civilized people with the lid off, so to speak—the heavy elaborate lid of manners, conventions, traditions of thought and feeling beneath which each one of us passes his or her existence. This lid can be very conveniently studied in Mayfair, shall we say, or Passy, or Park Avenue. But what goes on underneath the lid in these polished and elegant districts? Direct observation (unless we happen to be endowed with a very penetrating intuition) tells us but little; and, if we cannot infer what is going on under other lids from what we see, introspectively, by peeping under our own, then the best thing we can do is to take the next boat for the West Indies, or else, less expensively, pass a few mornings in the nursery, or alternatively, as I suggested to my literary young friend, buy a pair of cats.

■ Yes, a pair of cats. Siamese by preference; for they are certainly the most "human" of all the race of cats. Also the strangest and, if not the most beautiful, certainly the most striking and fantastic. For what disquieting pale blue eyes stare out from the black velvet mask of their faces! Snow-white at birth, their bodies gradually darken to a rich mulatto-colour. Their fore paws are gloved almost to the shoulder like the long black kid arms of Yvette Guilbert; over their hind legs are tightly drawn the black silk stockings with which Félicien Rops so perversely and indecently clothed his pearly nudes. Their tails, when they have tails—and I would always recommend the budding novelist to buy the tailed variety; for the tail, in cats, is the principal organ of emotional expression and a Manx cat is the equivalent of a dumb man—their tails are tapering black serpents endowed, even when the body lies in Sphinx-like repose, with a spasmodic and uneasy life of their own. And what strange voices they have! Sometimes like the complaining of small children; sometimes like the noise of lambs; sometimes like the agonized and furious howling of lost souls. Compared with these fantastic creatures other cats, however beautiful and engaging, are apt to seem a little insipid.

Well, having bought his cats, nothing remains for the would-be novelist but to watch them living from day to day; to mark, learn and inwardly digest the lessons about human nature which they teach; and finally—for, alas, this arduous and unpleasant necessity always arises—finally write his book about Mayfair, Passy, or Park Avenue, whichever the case may be.

■ Let us consider some of these instructive sermons in cats, from which the student of human psychology can learn so much. We will begin—as every good novel should begin, instead of absurdly ending—with marriage. The marriage of Siamese cats, at any rate as I have observed it, is an extraordinarily dramatic event. To begin with, the introduction of the bridegroom to his bride (I am assuming that, as usually happens in the world of cats, they have not met before their wedding day) is the signal for a battle of unparalleled ferocity. The young wife's first reaction to the advances of her would-be husband is to fly at his throat. One is thankful, as one watches the fur flying and listens to the piercing yells of rage and hatred, that a kindly providence has not allowed these devils to grow any larger. Waged between creatures as big as men, such battles would bring death and destruction to everything within a radius of *(Continued on page 99)*

A NOTABLE PHOTOGRAPH

■ This study of a tortoise-shell cat, by Moholy Nagy, has won prizes in many photographic competitions abroad. Moholy Nagy is a Hungarian by birth. With Paul Klee, Walter Gropius and Wassily Kandinsky, he founded the Bauhaus-Dessau, the famous German Pedagogical Institution which systematically instructs young artists in the principles of Cubism and extreme modernistic painting. His artistic activities include, besides photography, of which he is a master, sculpture, architecture, painting and scenic design. He is also the author of a volume of unconventional essays on modernist art and artists, entitled *Painting, Photography, Film*

"Stealth", by Moholy Nagy

1 OUR HERO BORN ON A GRAPE-FARM IN SUNNY ITALY 2 APPRENTICED IN HIS FATHER'S VINEYARD 3 THE IMMIGRANT BOY ARRIVES IN NEW YORK CITY

Rules for murderesses

BY EDMUND PEARSON

Showing that a woman may murder whom she chooses if she follows certain wise procedures

■ "A woman with fair opportunities," said Thackeray, "and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes."

That is an understatement. A woman's privileges are even greater—for, if she will observe a few restrictions, she may *murder* whom she likes. It is three to one that she will go scot free. If she is treated with severity, it is because she has disregarded one of the obvious rules.

I have been looking over the histories of about thirty more or less charming ladies, who have chafed under the suspicion of having removed some person or persons from the earth, by violent means. They are the more remarkable of the sisterhood, and range in time from Miss Mary Blandy, who fell foul of the law more than a century and a half ago, down to Mrs. Le Boeuf of Louisiana, whose name figured grimly in the newspapers within a twelve-month.

The women who appear in my survey have dotted the earth from the rainy Scottish moors, where Katherine Nairn made her home, to the burning plains of the Punjab, where flourished Mrs. Fullam of Agra and Meerut.

Augusta Fullam, although little known to fame in America, was one of the most extraordinary of all time. It was she who penned that Napoleonic sentence, admirable alike for terseness and decision:

"So the only thing is to poison the soup."

Eight of the thirty women—three of whom lived more than a century ago—actually paid the law's highest price. These eight, who perished at the hands of the executioner, chosen as they are from the records of one hundred and seventy years, are women who disregarded one of the great rules for murderesses. And this brings me back to my remark at the beginning: that the wise murderess will take care to observe a few, simple restrictions. She over-rides these at her peril. Briefly, the regulations are as follows:

1. *If you decide to murder your husband, you must never act in concert with a lover.*

In comment upon this rule, it must be added that a lover should appear nowhere in the record; not a sign, not a suspicion, not even a shoe-lace of his. The careful murderess of her husband removes him, unaided, and then proceeds, helped by a clever lawyer, to blacken the dead man's character. This is always successful, and very popular: she usually becomes a heroine. All women who find their husbands annoying—and it is astonishing how many there are of these—make her cause their own. By the time the trial is over, people are wondering why Heaven allowed so wicked a man as the husband to live as long as he did.

2. *It is inadvisable for a maid-servant to murder her mistress under circumstances of extreme barbarity.*

Kate Webster, about fifty years ago, in England, killed her mistress for the purpose of robbery. Webster was a big, muscular and rather savage-looking woman; her employer, Mrs. Thomas, was small and frail and alone in the house. Webster was heard, by the neighbors, pounding and chopping, and was afterwards known to be boiling something in the copper wash-boiler.

A day later she was making calls on her friends, and joining them at tea, carrying with her a small, black bag. When, still later, the disappearance of Mrs. Thomas, and the flight of Webster began to be investigated, the black bag was found and its contents examined. Thereafter, throughout Great Britain, Kate Webster was regarded with considerable distaste, and this never ceased nor diminished until the sentence of the law was executed.

Webster blundered at every opportunity. She made the mistake of operating in England, instead of America, and of limiting her murders to one. As I hope to show, by further examples, a woman's security from severe punishment increases according to the number of persons she murders.

■ 3. *Even in the murder of a father or mother, the astute murderess will take care that no lover appears upon the scene.*

Plain murder is often forgiven by a jury. But murder combined with a love affair is almost always disapproved. The feeling is that somebody has been having too much fun. The famous Miss Mary Blandy, of Henley-upon-Thames, found certain obstacles in the way of her marriage with Captain the Hon. William Cranstoun—a Scot of ancient lineage. One of these—or rather, two of them, —were the Captain's wife and daughter. More serious, however, was her father's dislike of Cranstoun. Still, as Mr. Blandy was old, and

4 BECOMES AN ORGAN-GRINDER AND ON THE SIDE-

5 DABBLES IN BOOTLEGGING IN A MODEST WAY

a man of wealth, and as Miss Mary was his only heir, almost anything might happen. So, the Hon. Captain sent his sweetheart some powders, described as a "love philtre", and supposed to awake in the old gentleman's breast sentiments of warmest affection for military men in general, and for Captain Cranstoun in particular.

■ Miss Blandy administered these powders to her father—in his tea, and in his gruel —and continued to administer them, even when, so far from causing him to conceive a liking for the Captain, they merely made him very ill. Finally, he died of them; Cranstoun fled to Europe; and the officers of the Crown hanged Miss Blandy upon a gallows at Oxford. She died with notable modesty, however, remarking as she climbed the ladder: "Gentlemen, do not hang me high, for the sake of decency!"

A hundred and forty years later, in Massachusetts, a similar situation arose, with far different results. A lady, of about Miss Blandy's age, and also the heiress of a wealthy father, fell under grievous suspicion of having caved in his head—and also that of her stepmother—with a hatchet. Her name was Miss Lizzie Borden, and the State showed evidence of motive, animus, opportunity and guilty knowledge of the crimes. Indeed, it has been very hard to understand how anyone, except the lady, could have committed the two murders, at an interval of more than an hour, and escaped unseen.

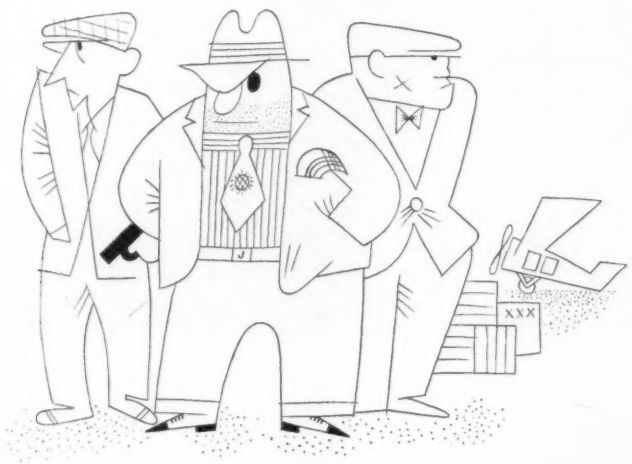
Some cynical persons, weary of the hymns to her innocence, chanted by her admirers, suggested that perhaps the old people murdered each other. And a newspaper man offered the sarcastic theory that the shocking wounds on the heads of the victims should be disregarded, and, in view of the warm weather at the time of the tragedy, the deaths should be put down to heat-prostration.

One thing, however, the law could not show, and that was the existence of any love affair. Despite unsubstantial gossip, nothing appears in the record about any entanglement with a man. The jury had a fine disregard for logical proof, and preferred to rest on the theory that what seemed unheard of, was therefore impossible. The State asked them to believe that the lady Secretary of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor had, in broad daylight, and in the manner of a Mohawk warrior, attacked and slain two elderly persons, with a hatchet or an axe,—one of the sufferers being her own father.

■ The gossip of some of the townsfolk, in order to account for the mysterious absence of bloodstains on her clothes, went still further, and advanced the fantastic theory that she had given *(Continued on page 82)*

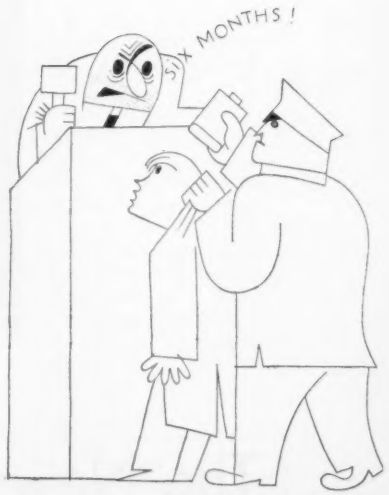
How one boy made good in the big city

The success story, illustrated by Covarrubias, of an immigrant lad's inevitable rise to fame

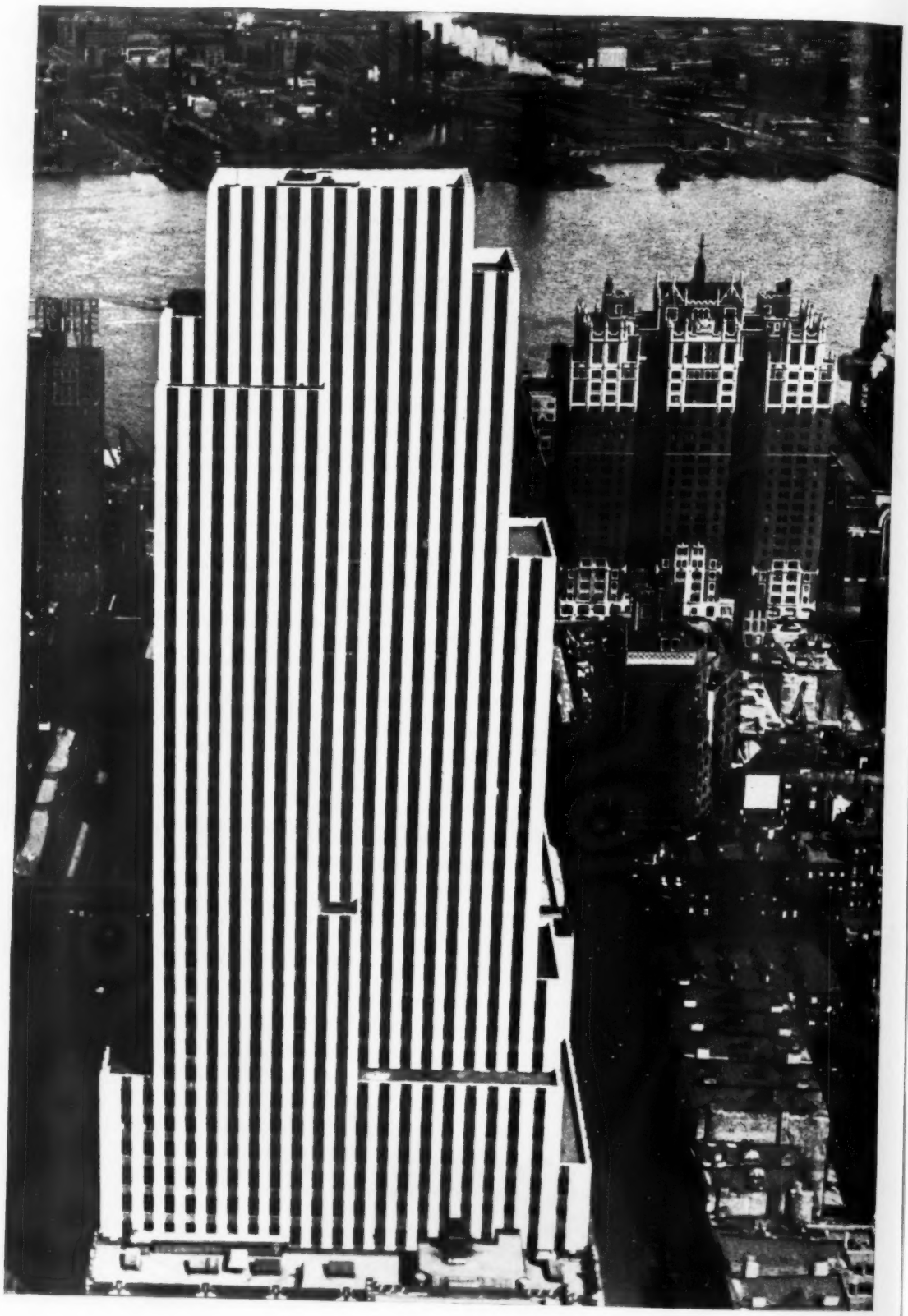


6 THEN HE GOES IN FOR BOOTLEGGING IN A BIG WAY

7 FINALLY HIS WEALTH AND POSITION INCREASE UNTIL. . .



8 HE IS APPOINTED A NEW YORK CITY MAGISTRATE!



SCHERRIL SCHELL

The News Building

A visit to H. G. Wells

BY JIM TULLY

• Herbert George Wells lives, when in London, on the top floor of a quiet residential hotel.

A heavily-built man, not tall, he moves and thinks quickly. He is cordial, unaffected, good-natured.

Several Englishmen assured me that I would not like Wells. After meeting the man, I realized why. He is too direct and honest for men trained in hypocrisy.

His voice is high-pitched and with the exception that he is more of a "type" than George Bernard Shaw, he has the same nervous energy.

There was about him such an air of kindliness that at once I felt at ease.

His secretary, Lucienne Southgate, is the most beautiful girl I saw in London.

I complimented Wells on his apartment.

He agreed pleasantly, "Oh, yes. I'm strange about houses. When a room suddenly becomes bored with me, I like to feel that I have a horse already saddled at the front door waiting to take me away. I have an apartment in Paris and a small villa in the south of France."

He looked about the apartment, saying, "I find comfort in this little place, though I loved my home in the country very dearly. Still, since the death of Mrs. Wells, it is crowded with memories. Now it is enlivened by my grandchildren—my son's children."

His eyes sparkled at the mention of them.

His apartment is simply and richly furnished.

The walls are painted in a neutral color. The chairs are upholstered in a dull, smoke-blue print. An excellent piece of wood carving stands on his desk.

A seated bronze figure of Tolstoy looks benignly over the room from a high shelf. He said it was given to him by Maxim Gorky.

"You have always been fond of Gorky, haven't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—he is so genuine." Wells smiled. "In fact, there have only been four men that I've ever kissed—Maxim Gorky, Anatole France, and my two sons—occasionally on the tops of their heads."

Wells was in America at the time Maxim Gorky made his attempt to land in New York, which was unsuccessful because the woman who accompanied him was not his wife.

Wells spoke of the incident with amusement, and pity. He smiled forlornly at the rôle which Mark Twain had played at the time. The humorist had feared public opinion too much to befriend the Russian writer.

"Poor Mark," Wells said genially.

Then he changed the subject quickly. "How did you happen to write?" he asked.

"I don't know," I evaded.

I smiled and asked him the same question. He too, tried to evade. Shrugging his shoulders, he answered, "I wanted to write like Dean Swift. I would still like to do so."

• Wells did not agree with Shaw's view of Ramsay MacDonald.

"He is like Woodrow Wilson—a man who says, 'Me first, and my party second.' He is too selfish and self-centred to take advice from those around him."

"He took a brave and honest stand during the war," I suggested.

"Yes, he did," agreed Wells.

"The next war—"

"It will be started by Italy. No one can measure unrest over there—all caused by Mussolini's suppression of free speech."

"Is there apt to be a revolution there?"

"Perhaps—one never knows. In that case Italy would learn like Russia did, that all theories of revolution are excellent until a revolution starts."

Wells had just returned from Berlin, where he had addressed the Reichstag, and where he had enjoyed a visit with Einstein.

"A most delightful and charming man," was his comment. "He wonders why all the world is so interested in him."

I had just interviewed an insular British novelist in London. He did not wish to be quoted, and feeling that Wells might be of the same mind I said to him, "If I write about you, I'll allow you to see what I've written."

Smiling, he shook his head.

"No, I don't wish to see it. In that case, I'd become your collaborator."

"But tell me, what do you find the most amusing spectacle in England?", Wells asked.

"Westminster Abbey," I replied.

His secretary brought in the tea, while I asked him about the travesty of Thomas Hardy's burial in the Abbey.

"Only part of him," returned Wells.

"At least the Prince of Wales visited him before the great Victorian died," I remarked.

"Oh, yes. The Prince said to him, 'I understand you write novels, Mr. Hardy.'

"Humbly, the great writer agreed. Then the Prince said kindly, 'I shall endeavor to read some of them.' "

• Wells was born of middle-class English parents.

"I am not a bit aristocratic," he said. "I am the youngest son. I do not know any of my ancestors beyond my grandparents, and even about them I do not know very much. They all died before I was born."

Wells' maternal grandfather was an innkeeper. His paternal grandfather was a gardener in the employ of a nobleman. Later in life, his father owned a small shop in a London suburb. He also earned money as a professional cricket player. When his father's shop failed, Wells' mother, who had once been a lady's maid, became a housekeeper in a large country estate. At this time Wells was twelve years old.

He was apprenticed at an early age first to a chemist and then to a draper. But some urge in the boy made him work to secure an education. He later attended the University of London.

After leaving the university, he drifted into journalism. His first book was published thirty-five years ago, when he was still under thirty.

A medley of many things, Wells is never bitter.

"I would not care," he said, "whether I were seated on a throne, or starving in the gutter,—in the ultimate I know, though I cannot prove my knowledge in any way, that everything is right and all things mine."

When the novelist was last in America, a lynching was arranged for his benefit.

It was very secretive. Only three hundred men attended.

There are many versions of what happened.

Some say that H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan were the leaders. Others that the negro's sweetheart conspired with the sheriff to get rid of him.

I asked Mr. Wells concerning the tale.

His silence was terrifyingly complete. A strange look passed over his face.

The story goes that the negro was placed beneath a large limb from which a rope dangled.

As the rope was about to be slipped over the doomed man's neck, George Jean Nathan is said to have approached him.

"Would you like me to tell you what I know about the theatre before you go?" he asked this victim of Caucasian justice.

"No, suh!—Hang me fust."

Another gentleman drew near.

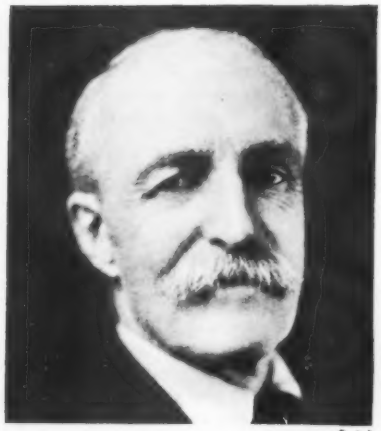
"But surely you wish to know what has gone on in this world before you leave for the next?" He tried to hand the negro his copy of the "Outline of History."

"Who said ah did? *(Continued on page 80)*

STRIPES WITHOUT STARS

• Modern commercial architecture finds an original and notable expression in the 36 story News Building at 216 East 42 Street, New York City. Its conspicuous and dramatic quality is achieved by the strict subordination of all ornament which might tend to conflict with the feeling of sheer verticality. This is further enhanced by the use of white glazed brick in soaring perpendicular lines, the spaces below and above the windows being a mixture of black and rust brick. Raymond Hood and John M. Howells, who designed the famous Chicago Tribune Tower Building, were the architects

We nominate for the Hall of Fame



P. & A.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

P. & A.

MARIE CURIE

BAIN

JEAN CARLU

SHERRIL SCHELL

THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS: PROSPER BURANELLI • MARGARET PETHERBRIDGE • F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

because:

• **GIFFORD PINCHOT**—because he is again the Republican nominee for Governor of Pennsylvania, an office which he has held once before; because he is a consistent-'dry' by political and personal conviction; because his Conservation programs have done much to preserve the forests of America; because he is an ardent and skilled disciple of Isaac Walton, and an expert canoeist; because his recent book, *To the South Seas*, has scored a success; and finally because he is that all too rare thing, a gentleman in politics

• **MARIE CURIE** at the age of sixty-three is still vitally and constructively interested in scientific experiment; because in the past two decades she has twice won the Nobel Prize for Physics; because she and her husband were the joint discoverers of radium, thereby numbering themselves among the world's greatest benefactors; because she holds as many honorary degrees as any woman living; and finally because her books are among the finest contemporary contributions to modern scientific thought

• **JEAN CARLU** is an advertising and poster artist with an international reputation; because he has contributed greatly to the advancement of this form of art; because his work exhibits a vigorous sense of humor and a profound knowledge of modern design; because, although at the age of eighteen, he lost his right arm in an accident, he set courageously to the task of learning to draw and paint with his left, achieving remastery of this medium in three months; and finally because he created the cover of this issue

• **THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS** have been for six years the indefatigable editors of the Cross Word Puzzle Books, which have sold over two millions of copies; because Prosper Buranelli is also a short story writer and a ghost writer of several important books; —because Margaret Petherbridge is a successful fiction writer and the wife of John Farrar, the well-known book critic and publisher; —because F. Gregory Hartswick, as the editor of the Red Magic Puzzle section of the *Sunday World*, is the high priest of Puzzledom

In defense of shyness

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

A plea for the modest manner, including some practical hints to the young who suffer from it

■ It is surely discreditable, under the age of thirty, not to be shy. Self assurance in the young betokens a lack of sensibility: the boy or girl who is not shy at twenty-two will at forty-two become a bore. "I may be wrong, of course",—thus will he or she gabble at forty-two, "but what I always say is. . . ." And then he or she will repeat, "what they always say".

No, let us educate the younger generation to be shy in and out of season: to edge behind the furniture: to say spasmodic and ill-digested things: to twist their feet round the protective feet of sofas and armchairs: to feel that their hands belong to someone else—that they are objects, which they long to put down on some table away from themselves.

For shyness is the protective fluid within which our personalities are able to develop into natural shapes. Without this fluid the character becomes merely standardized or imitative: it is within the tender velvet sheath of shyness that the full flower of idiosyncracy is nurtured: it is from this sheath alone that it can eventually unfold itself, coloured and undamaged. Let the shy understand, therefore, that their disability is not merely an inconvenience but also a privilege. Let them regard their shyness as a gift rather than as an affliction. Let them consider how intolerable are those of their contemporaries who are not also shy.

■ There was a boy once who lived near my grandmother in Ireland. He was fourteen at the time and I was twelve. His name, and it was well chosen, was Everard. I loathed that boy. My grandmother was in the habit of giving tea parties, at which there were hot tea cakes in an inimical little dish with a cover. I was told that it was my duty to hand round this hostile dish to the assembled ladies, and that to do this elegantly, I should hold the dish in my right hand and raise the cover successively, when offering the tea cakes, with my left. To me this process was a physical impossibility: it was as irksome as those excruciating exercises which entail having to rub with one hand and pat simultaneously with the other. I would pass from old lady to old lady,—(that feeling about one's boots being untidy and loose, that feeling of the sock descending)—and I would hold the lid open widely when crossing carefully from group to group, and close it firmly when offering it to my grandmother's guests. Never could I achieve the right combination: never could I manage to close the dish protectively when walking about, or open it hospitably when offering its contents. On one occasion I placed the lid upon a side-table, hoping to be unobserved. I was not unobserved. "What", my grandmother exclaimed, "have you done with the dish-cover?" Unfortunately I had placed it, not on a table, but upon a leather album containing photographs of Pompeii, and, if I remember right, of Paestum. The dish-cover left a neat circle of grease upon that album. I was sharply reproved. I was told that Everard was not so clumsy: that Everard was already a perfect little gentleman: that next time it should be Everard who would hand the cakes. He did so. An ingratiating but deft manner was his, such as I have observed in the more expensive class of hairdressers.

My grandmother kept on casting glances at me where I hid in the corner, glances exhorting me to observe, to draw comparisons, to profit from the egregious example of Everard. And yet today I am convinced that in comparison to that trim little poodle I was (I repeat, in comparison) a nice little boy. A little soiled, perhaps, and apt to stumble, but still, in comparison, nice. I tell this story in order that those of my dear readers who are shy and awkward may realize that the advice I give them comes from the heart.

This advice, I fear, is somewhat worldly, or let us call it realistic. I do not think that shyness can be kept within bounds by any ethical arguments. I used to tell myself, for instance, at those moments outside the doorways of the great when shyness becomes a laughing monster with its fangs already gaping at one's heart,—I used to tell myself that I was as good, as powerful, as rich, as beautiful and as magnificent as any of those I was about to meet. This was not a good system. It made me pert. I would bounce into the room gaily, as if I were the Marquis de Soveral; be somewhat impudent to my hostess, cut my host dead, show undue familiarity towards the distinguished author who had once lectured to us at Balliol, and fling myself noisily, completely at my ease, into an armchair. The chair would recede at this impact and upset a little table on which were displayed a bottle of smelling salts, a little silver cart from Rome, a Persian pen-box, a photograph of the Grand Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, and a bowl of anemones. These objects would rattle loudly to the floor, and with them would tumble my assertiveness.

Such deductive systems invariably fail. Fatal also is the reverse process of behaving like the worm one feels. "Remember", I have said to myself on giving my hat and coat to the footman, "remember that you are a worm upon this earth. These people have only asked you because they met your aunt at St. Jean de Luz. They do not wish to see you, still less do they wish to hear you speak. You may say good evening to your hostess, and then you must retreat behind a sofa and remain unobserved. There is no need for you, when in your retreat, to behave self-consciously—to examine the French engravings on the wall, or the lacquer of the incised screen. You can put both your hands upon the back of the chair, and then just look (without blinking) in front of you. If addressed, you will reply with modesty and politeness. If not addressed, you will not speak at all". Things do not work out that way. The place behind the sofa is, when you get there, fully occupied by an easel containing a picture by Carolus Duran: and then one falls over the dog. No,—shyness must be controlled and conquered by more scientific methods.

■ In the first place you must diagnose the type of shyness from which you suffer. There are two main divisions of the disease, the physical type and the mental type. The physical type are shy about their limbs,—their arms and legs make jerky automatic movements which cause breakages and embarrassment. The mental type are shy about what they say or where they look. It is the latter who are most to be pitied. For whereas the physical sufferer can generally, by using great circumspection, avoid the worst consequences of his affliction, and can in the end sit down and sit even upon his heated hands,—the mental type is not released until he finds him or herself alone again within the motor, homeward bound. It is upon the latter type that I desire to concentrate.

The first rule is to make it perfectly clear to one's parents before arriving at the party that one is to remain unnoticed. One's mother, sitting next to the host, should not be allowed to make gestures at us—down the table—of encouragement and love. One's father, sitting next to the hostess, should be forbidden to confide in her that this is the first time that you have worn an evening suit or a low necked dress,—should be forbidden to cast sly paternal glances at one, or to observe whether one does, or does not, enjoy oneself. All parental responsibility or interference must be excluded from the outset. One must be left alone with one's shyness as with some secret possession.

The second rule is to determine from the outset that one does not desire to shine either socially or intellectually. Nor should one attempt to appear older than one actually is. These things do not carry conviction. You will find yourself, if you give way to these ambitions, slipping into phrases which are not your own phrases and of which, once they have escaped the barrier of your lips, you will feel ashamed. You may be calling, for instance, upon the wife of a neighbour: you will find her sitting on the veranda in a green deck chair: if you are wise, you will have the modesty to say merely "How are you, Mrs. Simpson?": but if you are unwise, and wish to appear at your ease as you come into the room, you will ex- *(Continued on page 82)*

STEICHEN—OLD WESTBURY

Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.

The captain of the American International Polo Team that will defend the Westchester Cup against the English four

▪ Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., is the able captain of the International Polo Team, and America's only ten-goal star. He is also a very glamorous young man, whose brief but brilliant war-record has not even been surpassed by his eminence on the Polo Fields. Hitchcock left school to join the Foreign Legion as a member of the Lafayette Flying Corps. Shortly after he reached the front, he was shot down, and captured behind the German lines. His daring escape from the prison camp, was a feat of bravery and intelligence, which has had few parallels in the History of the War. Hitchcock brought these same qualities to Polo, and America's possession of the Cup since 1919 is more than a little due to his outstanding performances as Number 2 player on the defending teams of the past

John Barrymore

BY DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

BARRYMORE, DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR

■ He rarely stops acting under any circumstance. When he does he is delightful. He is a profound student. He has no conceit but rather a feeling of gross inferiority. He thinks that he is an atrocious actor and that his success is mainly due to certain attractive angles of his face. He thinks his brother Lionel is the greatest of all actors, yet he himself imitates the mannerisms of the later Sir Henry Irving.

He has a scintillating and a slightly obscene wit. His manner gives one the impression of a soul that has turned bitter. This is not entirely the case. He is a dreamer whose dreams became too true to be good. To protect himself he has erected a wall of disdain and conceit and a mask of boredom.

He is a curious composite of saint and devil. There are few men about whom there has been more vicious gossip. He is reputed to have witnessed and indulged in every known vice. He is discussed as being happiest when in an unbathed condition. He is said to be the most conceited man ever to appear before the public eye.

Far be it from me to appoint myself a judge of anyone's character, but association has taught me several revealing facts about this man whom so many condemn without righteousness but with some cause. He is a man who, from his youth was surrounded by people older than himself; it is for that reason that he met and recognized at an early age the ironic side of life.

But his mind is thoroughly alert to all things and his heart is gay with the joy of living. He makes himself disliked for the purpose of keeping people away from him but once he knows their worth his friendship knows no bounds. He is grateful to old friends and is interested in many unprinted charities. His reputation for disliking extreme cleanliness is largely a myth. It grew, no doubt, from the fact that he is rather careless at times in his manner of dress and is not particular whose shirt he borrows.

■ His highly publicized affection for spirits has a certain element of truth in it. Even at that it has been overdone. When he feels the need of stimulants he rarely gives way to it during his work. Sometimes a year or more goes by without so much as the smell of a beverage assailing those famous dilated nostrils. Oftentimes when he is bored he will feign inebriation to rid himself of the offending party.

He is well proportioned physically and is in fit condition externally but he is not really a strong man. He is easily susceptible to colds. His vices are quite ordinary and not half so bad as he would lead one to believe, or as his enemies would have you think. He is somewhat embarrassed by his virtues and gives the impression of being ashamed of them. He is cordial only to intimate friends and to those who work with him; to strangers he is, at times, inexcusably rude. He does not take himself seriously.

He professes a kind of easy contempt for his calling but is appreciative of its financial remuneration. He paints exceedingly well. He has a curious way of accenting words.

He can look half his age one day and twice his age the next. He is slightly gray. His hands are rather in discord with the rest of his person. They are large and rough with sensitive fingers and stubby fingernails that are hardly ever manicured. When meditating he usually toys playfully with his nose.

He has made as much money as anyone in his profession but he lets it slip away through various unknown channels. He is a chap whom most men like and most women hate. When he wants to be, he is as gentle and tender as a woman—that is greatly evident in his attentions to his wife. He can be a grumbling scoundrel or a charming gentleman. He can look like a tramp or like a fashion plate, or like a king. He is a Magnifico of the Middle Ages, transposed by a supreme and happy gesture to the screen of to-day.

Not on speaking terms

BY GEORGE MILBURN

■ Old Doctor Rittenhouse and his wife lived under the same roof for thirty years without speaking to each other. Their house was the big white one on the southern edge of town. It was built with wooden turrets and leaded glass windows in the fashion of the '90's. It had a broad lawn with an iron picket fence all around and a cast iron nigger boy for a hitching post at the front gate.

Dr. Rittenhouse had built the big home when he first came out to the territory to establish his practice. Then he went back to Ohio and married his sweetheart and brought her along.

The story went that they had been living in the new house about a year when, one morning at breakfast, they had words about the way the coffee was boiled.

"I hope I won't have to speak about it again," said Dr. Rittenhouse to let his wife know that the argument was at an end.

Mrs. Rittenhouse was angry, so she picked up her cup and let the doctor have the lukewarm coffee, straight in his face.

Dr. Rittenhouse took his napkin and began wiping the grounds out of his eyes. "I hope I won't have to speak about it again," he had said, and those were the last words that ever passed between the two. From then on until death parted them they lived in opposite parts of the big white house, and neither spoke to acknowledge the other's existence.

Mrs. Rittenhouse was a woman with the grand manner. She drove a phaeton hitched to a team of pacing geldings around town. Daily she would drive up in front of the postoffice and hail some passing youngster. "Laddie, run in and get my mail," she would command. And usually the small boy would be too surprised to do anything but comply. Mrs. Rittenhouse bore herself proudly, and she said nothing that would contribute to the gossip about the strange life that she and the doctor led.

■ She was a woman who expected her commands to be obeyed, and she was so domineering, she had a hard time keeping a servant. The niggers came and went at the Rittenhouse place. They were the ones who kept the rumors afloat. A nigger girl who had worked in the Rittenhouse kitchen told her next employer, "You can just feel the hate in that house. Some of it come from old doctor, but most of it come from his wife. Just pure old hate thicknin' the air. I sho' doan like a place where all that hatin' is goin' on." *(Continued on page 92)*

When Tilden quits tennis

BY JACK KOFOED

■ The fact that William T. Tilden 2nd was ruled ineligible for the Davis Cup competition was the second most sensational development of the tennis year. The fact that he won at Wimbledon was the first. His last-minute reinstatement was the third. It should be remembered here that it was precisely when Tilden—adding to Maurice McLaughlin's power—let loose his destructive intensity upon his startled opponents, that the game of tennis at last became one of the more virile national sports. A national tennis tournament now takes as much out of a man's physical and nervous resources as would be demanded by any of the other major sports.

For several seasons America had to be content with a second place in world tennis. While France developed Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra, and Brugnon, our own veterans were wearing down like old rubber heels, and it did not seem that there were any younger men capable of bringing about America's rejuvenation on the courts.

The Wimbledon championship, which is the most important in the world, was won by Tilden, with another American, Wilmer Allison, as his opponent in the final round. Even though Tilden's mannerisms and temperament have denied him such popularity as Bobby Jones enjoys, most of us were glad he won. There was that welcome touch of drama which all sports need, in the sight of this lanky old champion scrambling to the top of the heap several years after his athletic obituary had been written.

Despite which, tennis enthusiasts were not deceived. Tilden, who has been our foremost star for so long, has slipped, and will probably slip still more within the next year or two, unless he defies the eternal laws regarding aging athletes. Bill won at Wimbledon because Allison beat Cochet, a task that had always proved too big a one for the American champion. After that job had been accomplished for him, it was not too difficult for him to eliminate the slim and very tired Texan in the final round.

■ America is still looking for a successor to Tilden, which is like trying to unearth a heavyweight fighter as good as Dempsey. When Tilden's long, dark and rather petulant face disappears from competition there is not likely to be another immediately to take its place.

Francis Hunter, our number two man, is almost as old as Tilden, which means that one can not expect much of him, either. In future he can manage his Westchester County newspapers and not be bothered too much with the troubles that rest on the shoulders of Davis Cup members. So we must look to the young men, just as we do in other sports.

John Hope Doeg was ranked third in the national list last year. He is one of those brawny six-footers with blond hair and a natural marcel.

Doeg now has the most powerful service in the world, but he also has certain fundamental weaknesses that will probably keep him from getting far. His knowledge of footwork is scant and he has no forehand drive. Because of the unreliability of his ground strokes he is extremely vulnerable against a player with a good driving attack, and his volleying also leaves much to be desired. Doeg is a nephew of May Sutton Bundy, and ought to have tennis in his blood.

George Lott is a better possibility. He is the best volleyer since Vincent Richards and has a troublesome twist service. During the past year he has developed a stronger all-court game, but his backhand, though much more effective as a scoring shot, is still treacherous. The boy from the machine-gunned thoroughfares of Chicago is sensitive and highly strung. There are times when he can rise to greater heights than any other player on earth with the exception of Cochet.

■ Until this past season John Van Ryn was just a good tennis player. He had no great weakness and no great strength and attracted about as much attention as an average-looking girl surrounded by movie stars. His ace in the hole has always been his forehand drive, a flat shot of low trajectory. But this summer he has raised his game several notches. He has learned to vary his shots and outmanœuvre his adversaries. There is even more to his improvement, for Van Ryn has caught a touch of the competitive spirit, that intangible something that distinguishes genius from talent.

Fritz Mercur is now a good court man, with a beautiful forehand and an awkward backhand slice, but I can not imagine him as a successor to Tilden. He is as full of guile as the heathen Chinee, but his service is only of moderate pace and he is erratic on smashing. Number seven is Wilmer Allison, and of all the American players he is the most promising. He is excellently grounded in the fundamentals, and as long as he has been playing tennis has had an extremely well-rounded repertoire of strokes.

Prior to this year he suffered from two flaws, lack of endurance and of self-confidence. Allison is one of those thin and sunburned Texans. He had been baked so long in the dry heat of the southern plains that the humid northern summers took something out of him. He found himself not up to five-set matches. But it now seems that campaigning has hardened him. Certainly he no longer wilts under the strain, and his victories have given him the sureness which he lacked heretofore.

Unlike Van Ryn and Lott, who have gone very nearly as far as they are likely to go, the Texan seems only now to have hit his stride. The convincing manner in which he smothered the incomparable Cochet demonstrates that pretty clearly.

But it is his volleying that stamps him as a really great player in the making. His overhead work is reminiscent of Borotra and Richards. It is so deadly that when an opponent lifts the ball seven feet off the ground while Allison is entrenched at the net, he might as well consider the point lost.

Tilden has hopes that his nineteen-year-old protégé, Junior Coen, will some day be champion of the world. The wily Tilden has had a lot of other hopes in his tempestuous career, (becoming a great actor, for instance) but many of them have not been realized. This is probably another hope that will be cast aside. Coen is a little fellow with excellent timing, but even though he has been given plenty of European experience during the past winter, his poor overhead game and moderate volleying ability have not improved.

R. Berkley Bell, another Texan, has a sort of circuit-rider severity of purpose. He has not missed a day's practice since he was a child, but is handicapped by a not overly strong physique. Bell has a good chop and excellent control, but the days when you could chop your way into the tennis Hall of Fame have passed.

The tenth man on the national ranking list is Gregory Mangin. He has the color and fireworks to make an interesting champion. Occasionally he executes the most amazing shots, but can be as erratic as an unbroken mustang carrying a saddle for the first time. Mangin is a good volleyer and has a fine service, but is not any too strong on his ground strokes.

■ Of the ranking ten, then, only Wilmer Allison seems to measure up to the possibilities of a future Tilden. There is another youngster, the twenty-year-old Frank X. Shields, who has all the potentialities, but Shields does not appear to take the game seriously. This may be because he is at an age when diversions may seem much more important to him than long, dusty hours of practice. If he does practice, though, and gets down to the real hard business that success in any sport demands, the boy will probably go a greater distance than any of the others. He has a sound, all-around game with no real weakness.

I have talked of another Tilden only in the sense of playing ability. We are not likely to see another such figure on the courts—a man combining the most intense dramatic spirit and indomitable will with the temperament of a prima donna and an egotism that is almost superb in its simplicity. Whether you like Tilden or not, you must admit that he has shared the spotlight with no one—that Cochet and Lacoste and Johnston were colorless figures in comparison, even when they defeated him.

If the victor of Wimbledon is not a good actor on the stage or screen, he is more than adequate on the courts. Tennis is not a game that has the theatrical possibilities of prize-fighting or football, but Tilden nevertheless made an intense *(Continued on page 90)*

FRANCIS HUNTER • WILLIAM TILDEN

JOHN VAN RYN • WILMER ALLISON

FRITZ MERCUR

GEORGE LOTT • JOHN DOEG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. & A.

America's seven great ranking lawn tennis stars

Tilden, King of the Courts and six pretenders to his crown who will perform at Forest Hills in September

Bobby Jones worship in England

BY BERNARD DARWIN

■ For the last few months, in England we have been passing through a severe attack of Bobby worship in this country, which has never been equalled perhaps since the days of W. G. Grace.

Years ago, when that greatest of all cricketers was at his zenith, crowds used to assemble at the railway stations merely to see him passing through on his way north from Gloucester to smash the Yorkshire or Lancashire bowlers. One admirer at Sheffield, who bowled the champion a ball at the nets and by mischance had two teeth knocked out for his pains, remarked proudly "never mind—the big 'un did it!"

I do not know that we have quite yet reached that pitch in the case of Mr. Bobby Jones but we have approached it. Some weeks before the American team sailed for England I received, from one ingenuous golf secretary, a letter begging me to hint that his was a course that the great man would appreciate "because we are all so anxious to see him play." I was besieged with enquires as to whether he was going to play at another course and when I declared on my honour that I had not the faintest notion, nobody believed me and thought I was keeping him to myself.

As soon as he got here the great tide of his popularity began to surge ever higher. The American team landed on a Tuesday evening and on the morning of that day a friend told me, under pledges of inviolable secrecy and with the admission that he himself was breaking a similar pledge, that Bobby and his men were to play at Addington next day. It reminded me of the ancient days of the prize ring when the scene of the battle was kept secret for fear of interfering magistrates. Before one great combat Dan Mendoza the famous Jew fighter was stationed by the road, in a green coat and riding a white horse, to "give the office to intending onlookers."

As I live near Addington and belong to the club it seemed to me I might venture to go there and so duly set off there next morning with an agreeable sensation of romance and mystery.

I arrived there to find two gigantic policemen at the gate leading to the course. They did not however bar my progress. They let me through, saying merely "That's Jones—'im in the brown." The secret had been well kept and there, sure enough, was Bobby looking rather cold in a brown leather waistcoat playing before a mere handful of adoring onlookers. Never was there such a good chance of a close-up. The whole American team was there. So was Mr. Douglas Fairbanks with Leo Diegel. Did anybody look at them? Not one single soul. There were no film fans on the course that day. The four-ball in which Bobby was playing drew everybody and even Diegel's putting attitude could not exact the passing tribute of a smile.

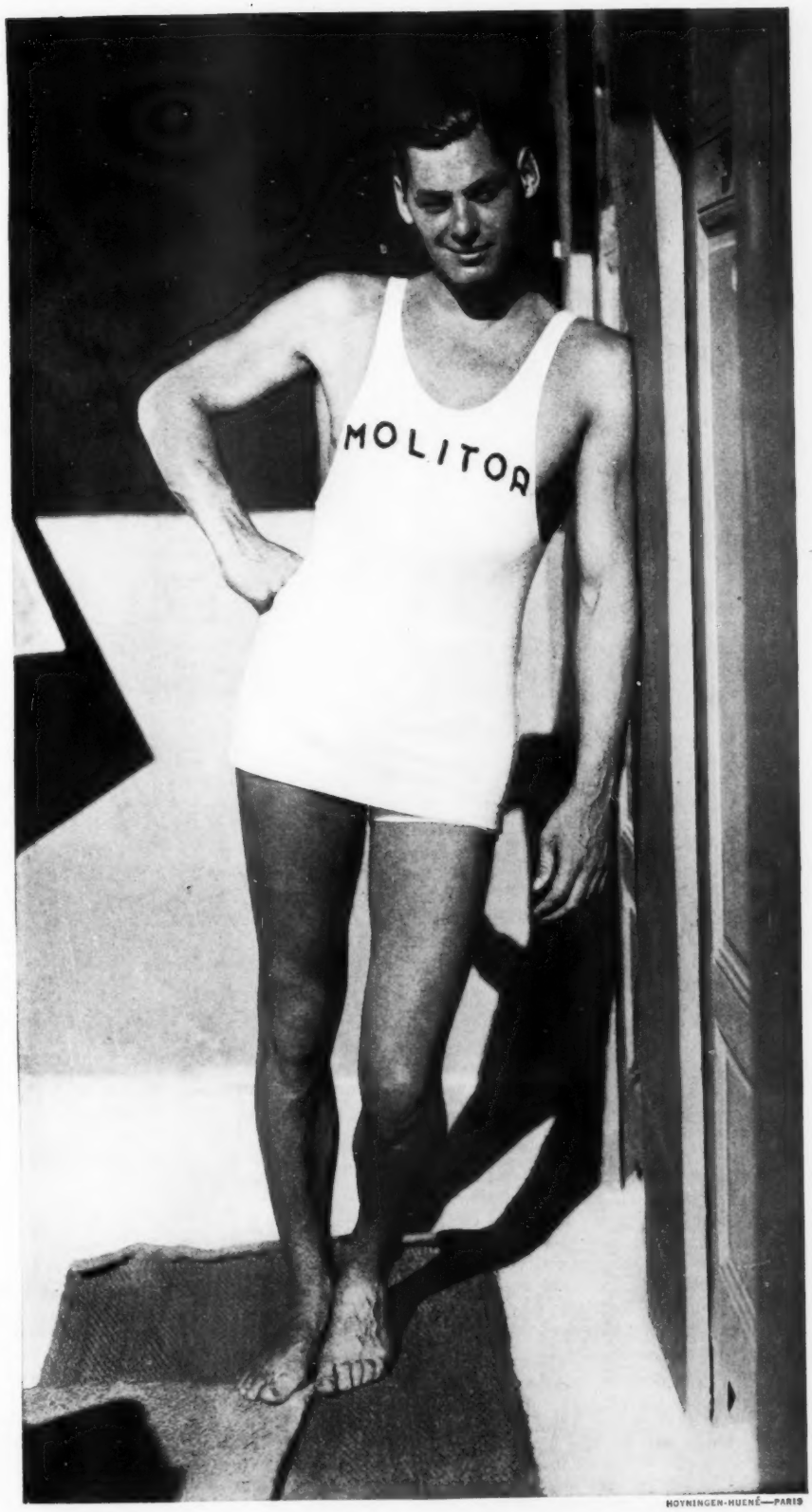
Bobby Jones might be as great a golfer as he is and yet not compel a quarter of this frantic admiration. It is the utter ease with which he produces such inevitable results that is the supreme magnet. It used to be said in the days when he was sometimes beaten, that his wonderful rhythm inspired his adversaries to play better than they knew how. However that may be it certainly makes them look laborious and second rate by comparison. Two comments were made to me that morning at Addington and both were illuminating. An old and experienced golfer not given to enthusiasm said "It is just like a schoolmaster taking out his pupils." A young lady whom I had brought with me said "I knew I was going to see the best golfer in the world but I never thought it could be like this." That is just it. Until you have seen Bobby Jones play you do not know that golf can be played like that. When you have seen him you wonder why on earth you are so foolish as ever to try to play again yourself, and you want to watch nobody else.

The first official event was the Walker Cup match at Sandwich. The great golf, and overwhelming victory, of the American team is old news by now and need not be recapitulated but what is worth mentioning is the dog-like devotion with which the bulk of the crowd followed the great man. He and Dr. Willing won their foursome by "the length of the street." They gained so substantial a lead in the first few holes that it was really all over but the shouting. The same remark applies to his single against Mr. Roger Wethered. After the first nine holes, which were hard fought, Bobby went away like a streak of lightning and had gained such a lead—seven holes—by luncheon time that the match had not a kick of life left in it. Yet in each of these cases the crowd was much more concerned to see Bobby hit the ball than to watch some really close and exciting match between ordinary mortals. That was what they had come for and the rest might go hang.

■ After that to St. Andrews, and the same thing happened there. Whenever Bobby went out for a practice round the onlookers were waiting patiently three deep half an hour before hand, round the first teeing ground. When he played in a four-ball match with Miss Wethered as his partner, I think the shops must have shut their doors and I am sure the scarlet gowned students of the University conveniently forgot some of their lectures. It is an old story by this time and must have crossed the Atlantic, but still I may perhaps risk retelling of one adoring lady. She came upon a friend of mine who was acting as fore caddie in one of Bobby's matches and said, "Excuse me but is that Mr. Jones's ball?" "Madam", answered my friend with a full sense of his responsibility, "It is." "Then," said the lady in trembling hope, "Do you think I could just pick it up and hold it for a *(Continued on page 98)*

In 9 holes of golf, putting causes us such emotions as:

REGRET, RAGE, FEAR, RAPTURE, IMPATIENCE, PRIDE, CURIOSITY,

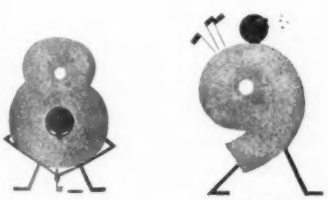


HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ—PARIS

Johnny Weissmuller

A champion swimmer whose prowess has earned him the title of the "Prince of Waves"

• Johnny Weissmuller is perhaps the greatest aquatic star that the world of sport has ever seen. At the time of his recent retirement from amateur competition, he was the undefeated speed champion of swimming. He is the possessor of five first place Olympic Games' Medals, has won over fifty national championships, and with but few exceptions, holds all the free-style world's records. Under the instruction of the veteran Coach William Bachrach, Weissmuller, as a member of the Illinois Athletic Club, rose to the dominance of the amateur aquatic world, and brought the American crawl stroke to a point of power and perfection which it is difficult to believe will ever be surpassed. This photograph was taken at the fashionable Molitor pool in Paris



A. D. SNIFFEN

THOUGHT, AND, FINALLY, SATISFACTION

Errors of the contract experts

BY GEORGE REITH

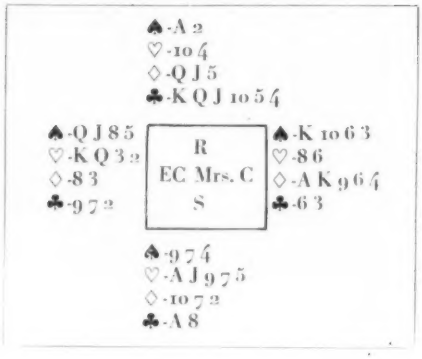
In which it is shown how deviations from the accepted principles of bidding cause heavy losses

■ Most players of Auction Bridge, or of Contract, are fallible. They make mistakes. Particularly do they make mistakes in their bidding. It should, however, comfort them to know that all the experts make mistakes as well. Not many mistakes, of course, but still mistakes. It is, humanly speaking, impossible always to bid the right suit or to bid exactly the right number of tricks. In duplicate tournaments, at the Cavendish Club or the Knickerbocker Whist Club, experts are constantly falling down on their bidding. Few bridge players are better known or more widely accepted as authorities than Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson of New York. They are great players and great authorities. Recently, at the Knickerbocker Whist Club, Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson challenged Howard Schenken and myself to a series of nine sessions at Contract. Each hand, as played, was placed on the duplicate board so that it could later be recorded and analyzed. With a few breaks of good fortune, Mr. Schenken and I were able to win the match by the narrowest of margins—less than 500 points. Some of the hands that were unsuccessfully bid were extremely interesting. In the following hands, I have indicated Mr. Schenken by the letter S and myself by the letter R.

■ Though opportunities for defensive bidding, in this contest, were rarely overlooked, it was noteworthy that until the very last rubber of the last session no penalty greater than 600 points was collected by either side. This extraordinary result indicated very accurate valuations and tactics by both sides, for the subsequent analyses of the hands also showed that comparatively few games were missed by underbidding.

The bidding methods of both sides were based upon what we call Approach and Forcing principles and though neither side was willing to admit defeat as to the minor controversial points of variation in tactics, the results apparently demonstrated the deadly accuracy of the two major principles of bidding. In fact, except for occasional failures to bid slams, it was only when relapses from these principles occurred (usually for mistaken reasons of strategy), that costly errors were committed.

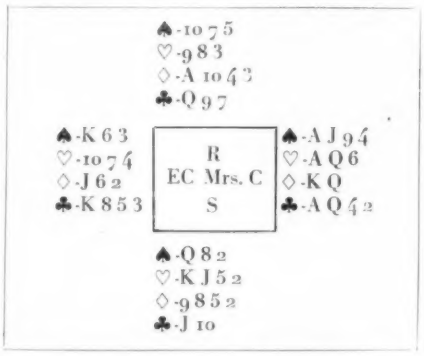
Following are a few examples showing some of the serious "swings" in this friendly contest.



A weak opening bid misleads partner:

R. and S., No Game. 35 on score. E.C., and Mrs. C., Game in.

The bidding: S. (dealer), 1 Heart. (We require a minimum of 2½ quick tricks for an opening bid. This hand is short). E.C., Pass. R., 3 Clubs. (This "forcing bid" is predicated on the expected 2½ quick tricks in partner's hand which would indicate that four Clubs with 100 honors could be made). Mrs. C., Pass. S., 3 Hearts (forced response). E.C., Pass. R., 4 Clubs. All pass and the contract is set one trick. Of course, 2 No Trumps could have been made but I felt justified in my effort to score the Club honors.

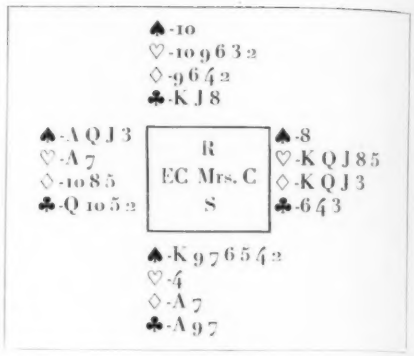


Incorrect opening bid and failure of partner, to keep the bidding open, loses game:

R. and S., Game in. E.C. and Mrs. C., No Game.

The bidding: R. (dealer), Pass. Mrs. C., 1 Spade. (This hand, by almost any standard, should be opened with 2 No Trumps.) S., Pass. E.C., Pass. (This, too, seems to me an underbid. The bidding should be kept open with a bid of 1 No Trump.) All pass, with the somewhat disastrous result that a game was lost when it could perfectly well have been made as the result of either a no trump opening bid, or a slight sign of encouragement from the bidder's partner.

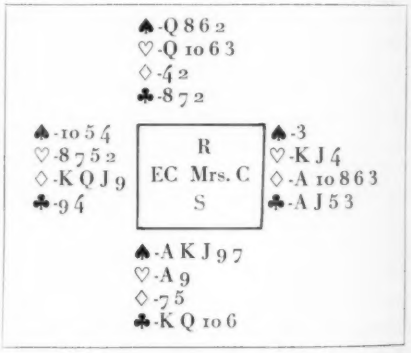
The next is an example of Psychic bidding, that is, a bid to shut out another.



Strategic opening bid befogs the continuation and loses game:

Both sides, No Game; but each has a partial score.

The bidding: E.C. (dealer), 2 No Trumps. (This shut-out with insufficient values is an effort to prevent the adversaries from arriving at a game contract but, as so frequently happens, it proves to be a boomerang.) R., Pass. Mrs. C., 3 Hearts. S., 3 Spades. E.C., Double. All pass. It would seem as if S. had stepped into a trap but he only suffers to the extent of one trick, while, had E.C. made the correct opening bid of 1 Spade, a game contract at 3 No Trumps would have been arrived at and made.



■ Bad raise causes partner to bid for game which cannot be made:

R. and S., No Game. E.C. and Mrs. C., Game in.

The bidding: S. (dealer), 1 Spade. E.C., Pass. R., 2 Spades. (This raise was intended in part to shut out Mrs. C. It succeeded but it also had the effect of causing the opening bidder to re-bid at once for game. The hand should pass, though, if there were just a trifle higher total of honor values, a bid of 1 No Trump would be tactically justified to keep the bidding open. Our minimum No Trump responses should imply just that.) Mrs. C., Pass. S., 4 Spades, and the result is down one trick, or only 3 Spades. *(Continued on page 86)*

The Well-Dressed Woman on horseback

Nowhere does a woman's appearance count as much as in the hunting field and the show ring

▪ The etiquette of riding clothes is as old as riding itself. Pink coats, for example, are supposed to be a superstitious relic of Druid priests and it is as bad form for a woman to wear white breeches as it is for her to eat with a knife. For hacking, tweed coats and soft felt hats are worn, and pigskin or string gloves, jodhpurs, gaiters or brown boots, soft shirts or turtle-neck sweaters are correct. For formal riding or hunting, one wears a beautifully tailored side habit or a black coat and fawn or buff breeches, bowler or topper, black boots, a stock properly tied, and white chamois gloves. The breeches and coat of an astride habit should never match. With a side-saddle habit, skirt and coat may either match, or as in a hacking habit, be of different materials and shades. The girl at the center who is hacking is wearing a brown tweed coat and buff jodhpurs, a soft hat and a yellow turtle-neck sweater; from Abercrombie & Fitch. The other two women are hunting. The one at the left who rides astride is wearing a black coat, a black and white checked vest, fawn breeches, a bowler hat and black boots; from Alfred Nelson. The lady at the right is wearing a well-fitting side saddle habit of dark blue herringbone whipcord; from Nardi

Gliders and sailplanes for the air sailor

Airplanes without motors and a brief note on the very fine art of gliding, soaring and sailplaning

■ Since the time of the ancients man has dreamed of flying on outstretched wings like a bird. The airplane has been able to satisfy but partially this yearning, for the airplane is, at best, a grossly mechanical substitute—powerful, noisy, hurried. But now, with no artificial power whatsoever, man may soar across mountains and valleys, sail down rivers and far out to sea, cling to the tip of a cloud and cruise for hours or hover motionless in the air like a hawk ready to swoop—easily, silently, majestically.

Motorless flight is enabling humans to learn what birds know about the air, to discover and utilize the numberless invisible currents that ebb and flow through the boundless spaces above, to realize that the tricky gusts, squalls and cloud formations which airmen used to dread are actually useful aids.

Variously known as gliding, soaring and sailplaning, motorless flight is exactly what the name implies: flight in a plane unequipped with mechanical power. Many virtues recommend it. It is remarkably inexpensive, almost entirely (under proper auspices) free from hazard, an excellent method of mastering the fundamentals of power flight and a superlative sport.

Roughly, motorless flight divides into three classes: common gliding, in which the glider is launched from an elevation and coasts down hill a few feet above the contour of the ground; towed flight, in which the glider is towed by an automobile or motor boat and which, actually, is a form of power flight, and soaring, or sailplaning, in which the sailplane is launched into the air by manpower, slingshot fashion, and continues its flight at an altitude higher than the point of take-off. Common gliding and towed flight are elementary and preliminary to soaring flight.

The possibilities of the latter are almost unlimited. Already an endurance record of more than fifteen hours has been established. Altitudes in excess of 2,500 feet have been attained, straight line distances of over 100 miles have been covered—all these records with the vagaries of the upper air virtually undetermined.

The principles of soaring flight, the most advanced stage of gliding, briefly, are these: after plane and pilot are launched, it devolves on the pilot to take fullest and most cunning advantage of the various ascending currents which fill the invisible upper air. For instance, a wind blows in from the sea. At the shore line it meets a sloping hill, which deflects it upwards. It continues this rising path a considerable distance above the top of the hill before it flattens out and continues on its way. The sailplane pilot manoeuvers his plane into this ascending wind and is carried upward by it. When he has passed out of the current at, perhaps, several hundred feet greater altitude than he entered it, he glides around in a wide circle and steers into it again—and it again carries him aloft. As long as the pilot is able to find favorable ascending winds he may remain in the air indefinitely. He must, on the other hand, take care to avoid unfavorable currents.

■ There is another form of rising air current which the sailplane pilot may utilize to his advantage. It is known as the "thermal current." To illustrate, a hot sun beats down on a green lawn and an adjoining cement tennis court. The lawn, moist and protected, remains cool. The cement heats rapidly and sends aloft a column of hot air. This is a thermal current. Powerful thermal currents exist in almost every part of the country, many of them yet to be discovered and charted.

Needless to say, to search out and take advantage of these favorable air currents requires skill and study. The yachtsman may at least discover his winds by their effect on the water's surface or the sails of his boat. The sailplane pilot's only recourse is to his own sensitive perception and an intelligent knowledge of the terrain below.

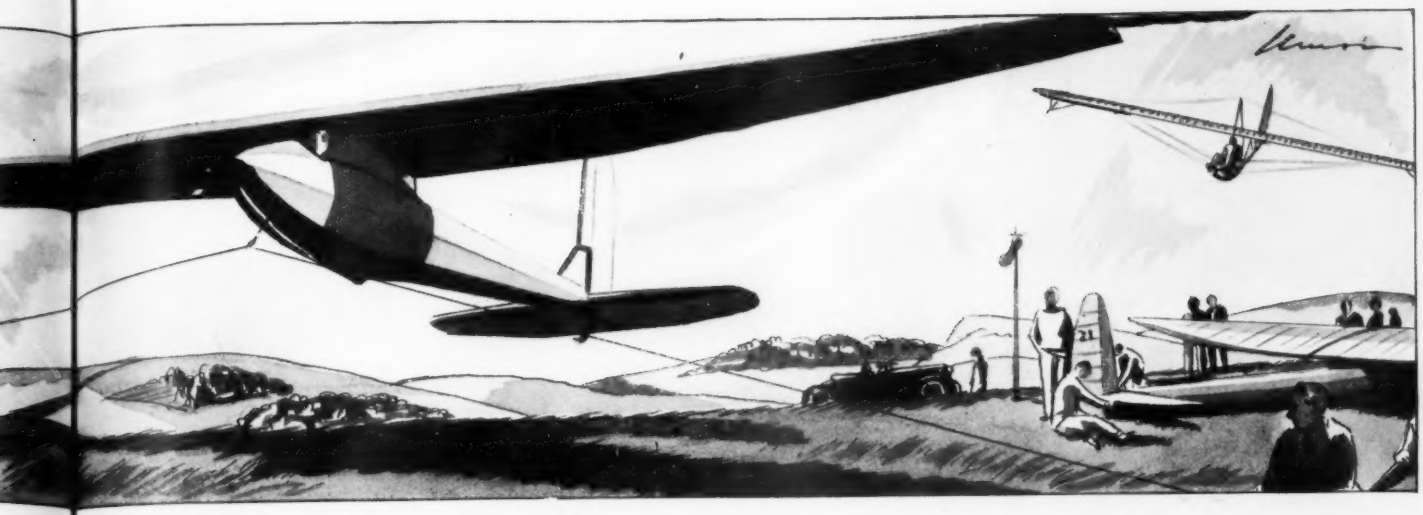
Gliders, of all types, are exceedingly light craft of large wing area and lightly loaded. They are almost literally "light as a feather." Some of the preliminary types weigh less than their pilots, with the average weight about 175 pounds. Sailplanes have greater wing area and are heavier, running as high as 300 pounds. Construction is of wood or metal, with fabric covering. Monoplane types predominate.

Foremost among American gliders and sailplanes are those constructed by Hawley Bowlus, of San Diego. The Bowlus Albatross sailplane holds the unofficial world's record for sustained flight and has demonstrated its air-worthiness in many notable flights, including the experiments carried out by Colonel Lindbergh. The Bowlus primary types have also proved their capabilities.

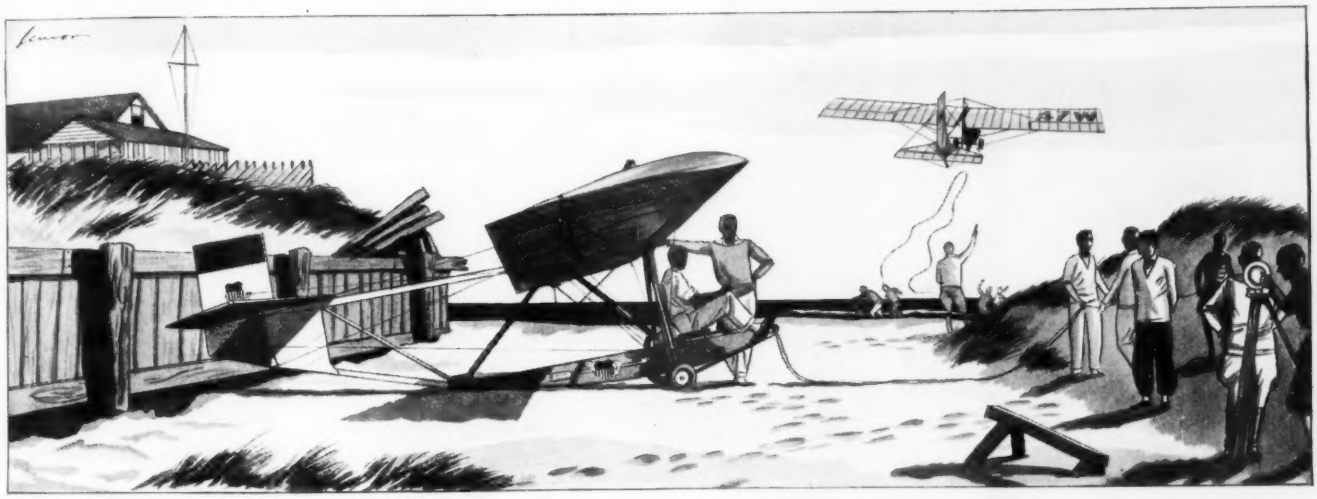
Alexander, Cessna, Waco, Detroit Gull, Heath and McGill are all names identified with successful gliders, the first four being the products of established airplane manufacturers. Baker-McMillen offer a development of the German Darmstadt soarer, a highly successful foreign sailplane, as well as training types. An amphibion glider designed by William Van Dusen, of San Diego (which, by the way, vies with Cape Cod as America's leading gliding stronghold) holds intriguing possibilities for sport as it can be flown from either land or water or towed behind a power boat in much the same fashion as an aquaplane.

■ Glider prices vary over a wide scale. Of the primary types, the Cessna sells for $398, Bowlus for $550, Alexander for $375, Detroit Gull for $435, Waco for $385. The McGill, a secondary type for advanced training, is priced at $495. The Bowlus Albatross sailplane is $900 and the Baker-McMillen Condor soarer is $1,500. The Heath Supersoarer, a biplane type, is $575. All prices are quoted at the factory.

Surely the possibilities of soaring offer a challenge to wits and skill that the true sportsman who finds a new thrill in pitting himself against unknown and invisible forces of nature will be hard pressed to resist. Surely, too, it offers the younger generation an opportunity to spread wings inexpensively and safely and get the feel of the air.



BOWLUS ALBATROSS SAILPLANE ▪ McGILL GLIDER AT LEFT ▪ WACO GLIDER AT RIGHT



DETROIT GULL GLIDER ON THE GROUND ▪ ALEXANDER PRIMARY GLIDER IN THE AIR

▪ In the foreground of the panel at the top of the page extending across the facing page is shown a Bowlus Albatross about to be launched into the air. The Albatross is one of the more advanced types of sailplanes and is adapted to soaring flight. It holds the unofficial world's record for sustained flight, and it was in one of these that Colonel Charles Lindbergh made his experiments in motorless flight. The price is $900 at factory

▪ Again, in the background of the panel at the top of this page extending across the opposite page, the glider at the extreme left and on the opposite page is the McGill glider. It is of the secondary type of gliders for advanced training and is priced at $495. At the right in the background, or rather in the air, is a Waco primary glider, generally launched from an elevation, coasting down a hill. Its price is $385 at the factory

▪ In the foreground of the panel directly above is shown a Detroit Gull glider, a primary type selling for $435. In the background of the same panel is an Alexander primary glider shown just after launching. This, one of the lower-priced gliders, sells for $375. Directly at the right is shown a Van Dusen Amphibion glider over water. It can be launched from the land, or from the water with the help of a fast motor speed boat

THE VAN DUSEN AMPHIBION GLIDER OVER WATER

For the well-dressed man

Eight outfits, outlining the indispensables of a man's wardrobe for this autumn and winter

1 An evening tailcoat is obligatory at formal evening affairs in town **2** A dinner jacket is correct only at informal evening parties **3** A cutaway is required at day weddings and receptions in town **4** A dark blue overcoat serves formally and informally for day and evening **5** A dark, double-breasted suit is smart in town **6** In a medium tone, a single-breasted suit is good in town and country **7** Light topcoats are worn in town and country **8** Dark grey flannel trousers with odd tweed jackets are fashionable for the country

1 FORMAL EVENING

2 INFORMAL EVENING

3 FORMAL DAY

4 TOWN DRESS

5 TOWN DRESS

6 TOWN AND COUNTRY

7 TOWN DRESS

8 COUNTRY DRESS

Formal soup par excellence!

Your choice . . . Every Soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

CONSOMMÉ

. . . served jellied or hot

Whether you elect to enjoy this Consommé daintily jellied or as a bracing, hot, invigorating liquid, you will detect in it, either way, the fine French hand of Campbell's famous chefs. Such a subtle blending requires genius! It graces the most exquisite table. Amber-clear broth of choice beef, with deft flavoring of carrots, celery, parsley, onion and seasonings. 12 cents a can.

•

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

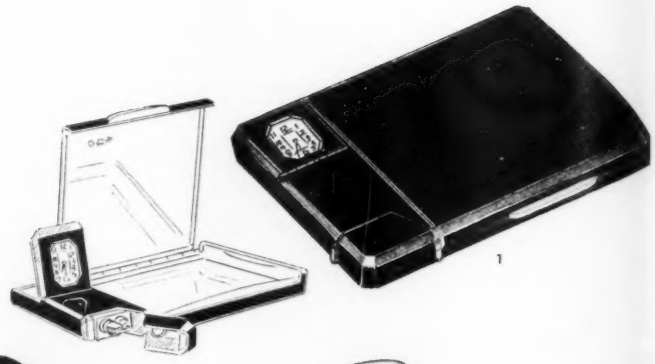
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Consommé Jellied

To contents of can of Campbell's Consommé add one and one-half level teaspoonfuls of granulated gelatine, heating the soup until the gelatine is dissolved. Chill in a refrigerator for at least three hours . . . Serve in cooled bouillon cups.

Our London Letter

Novelties from London and Paris shops that can be bought from their New York branch shops



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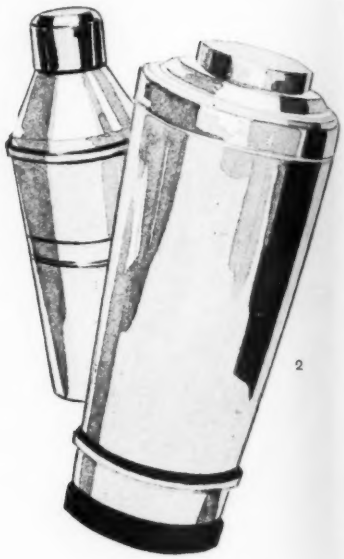

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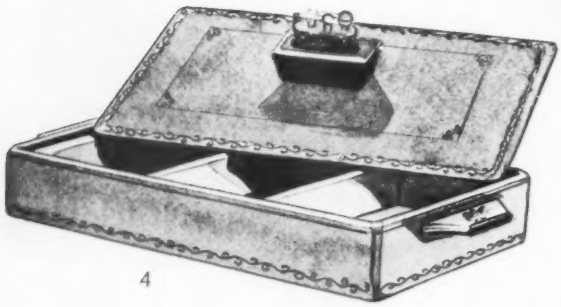

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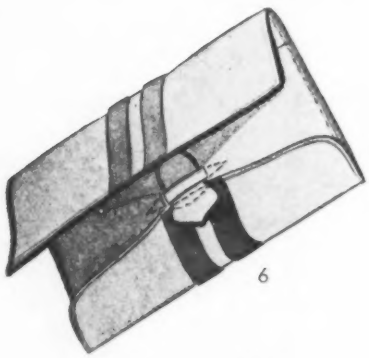

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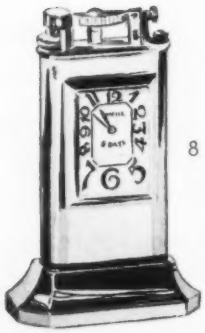

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1 A black lacquer cigarette case for evening use that combines a watch and a lighter with the case. One sketch shows the case open—the other closed. This is from Alfred Dunhill

2 A tiny beverage shaker and another with a black base that discloses a chamber for a new cooling preparation; both from Hermés

3 The popular little divided-case watch is now made part of a set including cigarette case and lighter—all in black lacquer with a white metal and enamel design; from Hermés

4 An attractive cigarette tray, divided into three compartments for as many brands of cigarettes. It is finished in tooled leather and the top is fitted at its center with a slotted back to hold a lighter; from Alfred Dunhill

5 This is a new alarm clock for travelers. The alligator leather case is about six inches long and when closed looks very much like a well-known camera; this is from Hermés

6 A tan pigskin wallet and billfold for a man. The applied stripes are also leather, in club colours. These are made to order in whatever colours a man chooses. This is from Hermés

7 A soft leather carry-all bag, made in several sizes. A narrow strap, through slots at the top of the bag—drawstring fashion—is secured by a small padlock, as shown; from Hermés

8 A combined clock and lighter—Dunhill

Gorham presents "THE HUNT CLUB"

The distinguished new 1931 Sterling inspired by the traditional elegance of the Hunt Breakfast

The New "Hunt Club" Sterling is as smart for the intimate dinner as for the most formal entertaining. Dinner knife and fork and tablespoon shown.

Coming home after the hunt at Harford—Harry I. Nicholas, M. F. H., in the lead.

Masters of these Famous Hunts

Harford . . . Middleburg
Norfolk . . . Onwentsia

. . . are now using the "Hunt Club" Sterling in their beautiful country estates

Gorham artists designed this beautiful punch bowl as a trophy for the Autumn race meeting of the fashionable Harford Hunt at Monkton, Maryland.

IN the sparkling elegance of the Hunt Breakfast, Gorham artists have found inspiration for this suave distinguished new Sterling—the "Hunt Club."

Already, masters of the smartest hunts in America are using the "Hunt Club" pattern in entertaining at their magnificent country estates.

Among these renowned sportsmen-hosts are Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., Joint Master of Fox Hounds of the famed Harford Hunt—Daniel C. Sands, Esq., Master of Middleburg—Henry G. Vaughan, Esq., Master of Norfolk—Austin N. Niblack, Esq., Master of the Onwentsia Hunt.

Like the ceremonial of the hunt, Gorham's new "Hunt Club" is in the high tradition, inheriting from the elegance of silver created in the days of great manors and princely hospitality. Yet its clear, cool simplicity of line is as unimpeachably modern as the smart men and women who today ride to hounds.

When you see the "Hunt Club" Sterling at your own jeweler's, you will appreciate the elegance of decorative detail—notice in each lovely line the mark of the master . . . in subtle, long curve of knife handle . . . lovely contour of spoon bowl . . . delicate fluting of stem.

Yet Gorham's "Hunt Club" is quite within your means, for a complete service for eight may be bought for only $227. Beautiful hollow ware to match is also moderately priced. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

Your own jeweler will gladly give you a beautifully illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing all the popular pieces in the new 1931 Gorham Sterling. Or send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Dept. J-3, Providence, R. I.

Name_____

Address_____

GORHAM

Tired men and business women

(Continued from page 48)

Detroit May 9
Mrs. Martin Shayer
850 Madison Ave New York City
ETHEL IS WORKING WITH BAGGS AND COMPANY STOP FEEL THIS IS A MISTAKE STOP PLEASE USE YOUR INFLUENCE WITH HER TO PERSUADE HER TO RESIGN
Henry Downe Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit

New York May 10
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
WOULD GLADLY DO SO BUT AM WORKING FOR BAGGS AND COMPANY MYSELF AND ETHEL IS MY BOSS
Agatha Shayer

New York May 17
Dwight Gamble
Clift Hotel San Francisco
BAGGS AND COMPANY ARE PESTERING ME TO PAY MY BILL CAN YOU LET ME HAVE A CHEQUE
Helen

San Francisco May 18
Mrs Dwight Gamble
370 East Seventy Second Street New York City
OUT OF THE QUESTION DEAR SO SORRY YOU MUST STALL
Dwight

New York May 19
Mrs Henry Downe
Baggs and Company Fifth Avenue New York City
HAVE YOU ANY INFLUENCE WITH FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT OF YOUR FIRM THEY ARE WORRYING ME ABOUT BILL
Helen Gamble

New York May 19
Mrs Dwight Gamble
370 East Seventy Second Street New York City
COME DOWN TOMORROW MORNING MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE SOMETHING
Ethel Downe

San Francisco May 20
Mrs Dwight Gamble
370 East Seventy Second Street New York City
CAN PAY BAGGS AND COMPANY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS MONTHLY ASK IF ARRANGEMENT ACCEPTABLE
Dwight

New York May 21
Dwight Gamble
Clift Hotel San Francisco
EVERYTHING SATISFACTORILY ARRANGED AM WORKING FOR BAGGS AND COMPANY MY SALARY CREDITED AGAINST BILL
Helen

Detroit May 25
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
HAVE LOST MY JOB OF ASSISTANT VICE PRESIDENT CAN YOU LEND ME SOME MONEY
Henry

New York May 26
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
CAN MAKE YOU SAME ALLOWANCE YOU MADE ME
Ethel

New York May 28
Mrs Martin Shayer
% Baggs and Company New York City
WHAT ABOUT DINING WITH ME ONE NIGHT THIS IS STILL OUR HOME WHY NOT GIVE UP YOUR WORK FOR ONE EVENING
Martin

New York May 28
Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
CERTAINLY DARLING BUT NOT AT HOME STOP WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME TO BANQUET GIVEN BY BAGGS AND COMPANY WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT COMMODORE HOTEL
Agatha

New York May 29
Mrs Martin Shayer
% Baggs and Company New York City
IN A WORD COMMA NO
Martin

Detroit June 5
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
DESPERATELY HARD UP WOULD BE THANKFUL FOR ANYTHING YOU CAN SPARE
Henry

New York June 5
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
YOU HAVE YOUR ALLOWANCE WHICH IS ALL I CAN AFFORD
Ethel

San Francisco June 8
Mrs Dwight Gamble
370 East Seventy Second Street New York City
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT NOW MADE EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS LAST WEEK SO HOW ABOUT QUITTING BAGGS AND COMPANY
Dwight

New York June 9
Dwight Gamble
Clift Hotel San Francisco
SHALL NEVER QUIT BIG BUSINESS MUCH TOO FASCINATING
Helen

Chicago June 15
Mrs Martin Shayer
%Baggs and Company New York City
CAN YOU MANAGE TO LEAVE YOUR JOB FOR JULY AND AUGUST WE CAN TAKE CHEAP HOLIDAY IN MAINE
Martin

New York June 15
Martin Shayer
850 Madison Avenue New York City
NO DARLING BUT BAGGS AND COMPANY ARE SENDING ME ON BUYING TRIP TO PARIS WILL TAKE YOU ALONG
Agatha

Detroit June 20
Mrs Henry Downe
823 Park Avenue New York City
THINGS HOPELESS HERE SHALL BE IN NEW YORK SUNDAY
Henry

New York June 20
Henry Downe
Book-Cadillac Hotel Detroit
HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO START WORK AT BAGGS AND COMPANY MONDAY UNDER ME
Ethel

You've got a great story!

(Continued from page 57)

meet a Southern girl.

THE DIRECTOR: *Might* is right! Ha! Ha! No joke intended. He *does* meet a Southern girl—and *what* a girl!

THE WRITER: Oh! A vamp? I had a nice vamp here somewhere—(*He begins to fumble with his notes.*)

THE DIRECTOR: I get you. You mean she just *looks* like a vamp. Down deep she's got a heart of gold. Why, of course! *She's* the *Fighting Coquette!*

THE WRITER: Th—that's right!

THE DIRECTOR: I'll say it is. You have her flirt with the boy and he bawls hell out of her—thinks she's like the girl up North. That hurts her.

THE WRITER (*Weakly*) Sure! She's sensitive.

THE DIRECTOR: Sensitive! Say, listen, you've got a great character there—probably greater than Anna Christie! You see, when the boy bawls her out for being a coquette she's so hurt that she decides to save his life.

THE WRITER: N—naturally. But—I don't quite get it. What's the menace?

THE DIRECTOR: Why, he's a spy, isn't he?

THE WRITER: Oh, yes—I—we almost forgot.

THE DIRECTOR: He's carrying false dispatches. He wants to get caught so the Confederates will get his papers and fall into the Yankee trap.

THE WRITER (*Whose mind has now become a piece of frazzled carbon paper*):—into the trap.

THE DIRECTOR: You said it. And get the angle! She's trying to save him, and he's trying to get caught. That's great! Now, then!

THE WRITER (*Muttering*): Now, then.

THE DIRECTOR: You play that situation for comedy till the Rebels nab him and line him up to be shot.

THE WRITER (*A whisper*):—shot.

THE DIRECTOR: The girl is at the window with her Southern boy-friend. We shoot over their backs as the firing squad leads the boy to the garden wall. How's that for suspense?

THE WRITER (*Barely exhaling*): Suspense.

THE DIRECTOR: You're right. Then you have the Southern boy pull the curtains closed so the girl can't see. There's a moment's pause and then—*WHAM—O!*

THE WRITER: Wham—o!

THE DIRECTOR: The shots ring out! The girl falls sobbing into the Southerner's arms, and our hero—

THE WRITER (*Forgetting himself*): Is dead!

THE DIRECTOR: Ha! Ha! You old fox! You mean the audience *thinks* he's dead, but you can't fool me. Dead, nothing! Those shots we heard weren't the firing squad at all!

THE WRITER: No?

THE DIRECTOR: *No* is right! They were the Yankee rescue party!

THE WRITER: I—

THE DIRECTOR: Don't tell me! The Southerner flings open the curtains—you show the end of the fight below in the garden, and then right into a quick finish. Boy! Girl! Clinch! It's immense! Charlie, I congratulate you. You don't mind my calling you Charlie, do you?

THE WRITER (*Wearily*): Why not? My name is George.

A visit to H. G. Wells

(Continued from page 63)

Dey ain't no use. You done fohgits it when you die."

A group of men pulled on the rope. Suddenly three others in ministerial garb rushed forward.

"Stop, stop!" cried one. "Why do you hang this man when there are twenty lawyers among you?"

H. L. Mencken turned to the negro. "We have decided to give you your choice between death and living in Baltimore," he said softly.

"Pull dat rope," commanded the negro. "Oh, death wheah am dy sting?"

"If we give you a pardon—what would you do with it?" the men asked.

"Ah'd keep it, suh—to show mah five childern."

"Are you married?"

"Not yit."

"Do you understand the nature of the love life?" a bachelor asked.

"No, suh—dat's why dey's hangin' me."

"You will agree with us that you are not fit to live?"

"Yes, suh. Ah's jist like otheh peopul—an' Adam."

"Never mind Adam. We understand that you have traveled all over the world, and that you best know where a man of your abysmal ignorance would be happiest; where you would meet people far more ignorant than yourself; where you could live to a respected and sedate old age, and discuss art with scenario writers, medicine with chiropractors, literature with female movie stars, and heaven with lawyers and murderers."

The spokesman paused while the negro adjusted the rope in a more comfortable position about his neck. He then resumed, "We realize to the very fullest extent, my dear fellow, that if you happen to choose the town we have already chosen for you, it will be very lonely at first, that you will be there perhaps many months before you meet the best people—that is, those as intelligent as yourself. But life is a precious boon, even though it springs nonchalantly in the wombs of women who do not desire it. So we feel that even unto the most ignorant of mankind, we are but doing our full duty under the laws and constitution of our beloved United States, where some men are crazy enough to think that all men are born equal."

Another dreadful pause followed. The spokesman shouted, "We give you ten seconds in which to make your choice."

The negro yelled, "Ah's made it."

"Name the place."

"Hollywood, California."

A shout went up from hundreds of throats.

"And, do you know," Mr. Wells is quoted as having said, "I believe those fellows would have hung that negro had he picked the wrong town."

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Luxurious Transportation

A tale from the Arabian Nights relates how the Sultan's son, Prince Houssain, secured for a fabulous sum the Magic Carpet which transported its owner wherever he might command

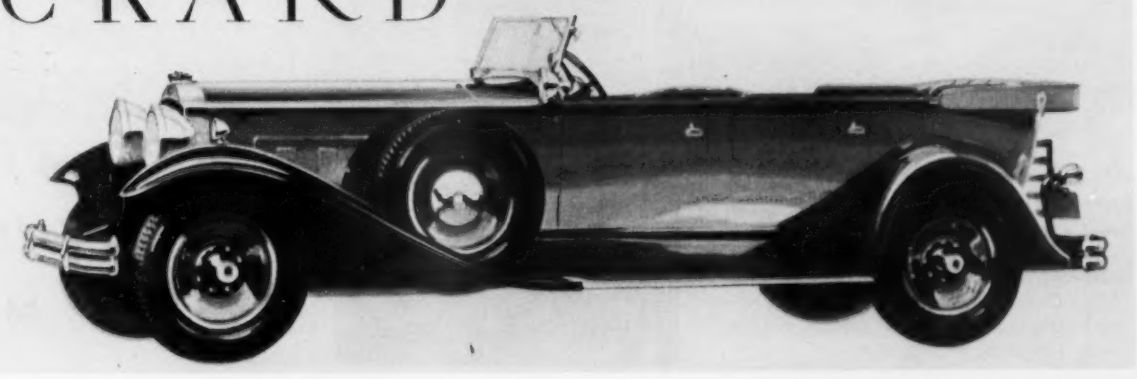
* * *

Throughout the centuries—since before the dawn of history—man's imagination has ever conjured up new and more luxurious modes of travel. But it has remained for the last thirty years to provide a vehicle so silent, swift, luxurious and beautiful that the modern reality surpasses the most miraculous flights of fancy the ancients knew.

Today the man of moderate means may easily own a finer personal conveyance than kings and emperors, with half the world their slaves, could command in ages past—finer than wealth could buy even a generation ago. Packard, after thirty years, has made today's most luxurious transportation available to all who appreciate the finest—who know that in the end it is the best investment.

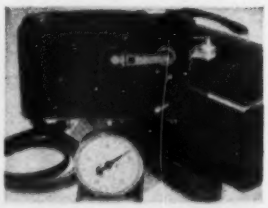
For Packard builds nothing less than a Packard. And its world-wide reputation for supremacy has created a demand which makes the *price* of excellence now but little more than that of mediocrity. While long life and unchanging design make Packard *ownership* cost *no* more.

PACKARD



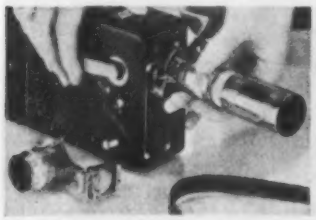
A Wonderful New Movie Camera

THAT TAKES BLACK AND WHITE, KODACOLOR AND TELEPHOTO MOVIES



Weighs only 3 lbs. 11½ ozs.

Interchangeable Lenses—



It's a matter of seconds to slip one lens off and another on the new Model K Ciné-Kodak. Takes *f*.3.5, *f*.1.9, and *f*.4.5 (long-focus) lenses.

Half Speed—

Pressing a handy button automatically reduces the speed from 16 exposures per second (normal) to 8 per second. A big advantage in dull light.

YOU'LL call it marvelous . . . nothing less! This new Ciné-Kodak Model K is all you can ask any home movie camera to be . . . yet hardly larger than a novel.

Two features of the new Model K give it this wide range of use . . . interchangeability of lenses, and half-speed operation at the press of a button.

For ordinary use, the *f*.3.5 lens is completely satisfactory. But instantly interchangeable with the *f*.3.5 is the faster, more versatile, *f*.1.9 lens. The *f*.1.9 is required for Kodacolor, home movies in color.

Still a third lens, fitting the Model K, is the *f*.4.5 long-focus for telephoto effects.

The half-speed feature gives each picture a longer exposure, a great help in overcoming poor light.

The capacity of the Model K is 100 feet, though 50-foot reels may be used. Its spring motor is crank-wound.

The Model K is richly finished in beautiful leathers—black, brown, blue and gray—and is sold in a combination carrying case with room for extra film, Ciné-Kodak Filter Outfit, and long-focus lens. Equipped with *f*.1.9 lens, the camera weighs only 3 pounds, 11½ ounces.

For Distance-Telephoto Effect

The *f*.4.5 long-focus lens gives a telephoto effect by enlarging the image to three times the usual width and height.

Takes Movies in Full Color—

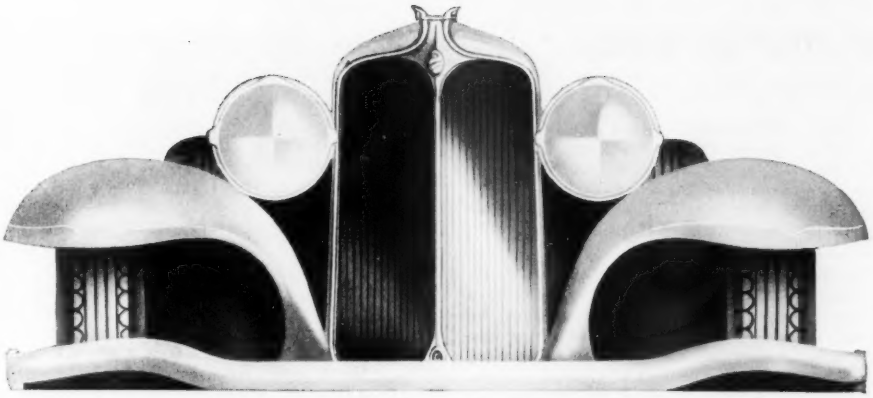
Model K with *f*.1.9 lens takes movies in full, natural color when used with Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film. As easy to make as movies in black and white.

Your Ciné-Kodak dealer is now showing, in addition to the Model K, the new Model M Ciné-Kodak. Equipped with *f*.3.5 lens only. The lightest camera taking 100 feet of 16 mm. film. It is finished in black only with carrying case to match.

Model K with *f*.3.5 lens is $110, with case . . . with *f*.1.9 lens, $150 with case. Long-focus lens for telephoto effect and Kodacolor Filter are sold as accessories. Model M, with case, is priced at only $75. Complete outfits — Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector, and Screen — as low as $143. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Ciné-Kodak

MODEL K

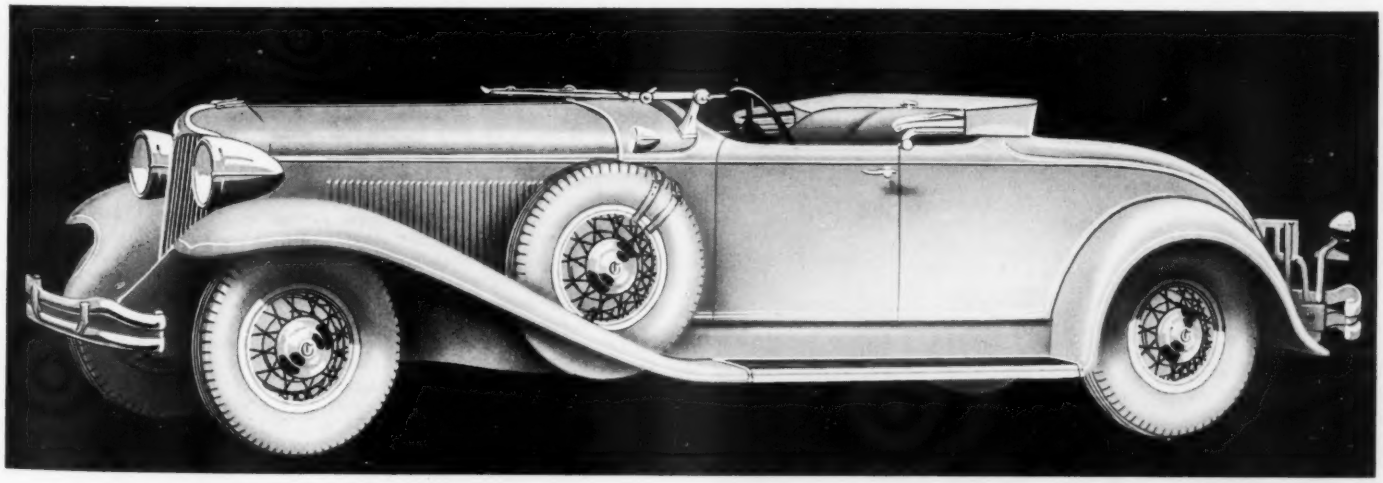


CHRYSLER

NEW STRAIGHT

EIGHTS

Two Straight Eights of spectacular power and speed . . . Eights that introduce new degrees of flexibility and smoothness . . . Eights of dynamic modern beauty and smartness . . . Eights so low they fairly hug the ground, yet with no sacrifice of inside roominess . . . Eights with Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift, providing *two* high-gear speed ranges . . . Eights with Chrysler weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes . . . Eights engineered, built and appointed with most exacting care and precision . . . Eights that set new records in value . . . Eights every motoring enthusiast should lose no time seeing and driving.



CHRYSLER EIGHT

A Straight Eight of silky, flashing speed. Designed, like its companion car, with extremely low center of gravity. Multi-Range four-speed transmission. Chrysler internal hydraulic brakes. Four moderately-priced body styles: Royal Sedan; Convertible Coupe; Coupe with rumble seat; Roadster (Illustrated).

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT

A sumptuous Straight Eight of breath-taking power and speed ability. Beautiful beyond words. Built to the finest standards in every detail. Offered in four magnificent body styles: Close-Coupled Five-Passenger Sedan; Seven-Passenger Sedan; Sedan-Limousine; Five-Passenger Sedan.

Rules for murderesses

(Continued from page 61)

the scene an unusual flavor of indelicacy by stripping herself stark naked before she commenced the slaughter.

This orgiastic touch does not appear, of course, in the case for the State, but it is a favorite legend, always related when the tale of the crime is told. It is even set down in print, as if it were an accepted fact, by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the novelist of the supernatural and the *macabre*. And this not in a novel, but in his memoirs—from his recollections of newspaper days.

No lover appeared on Miss Borden's even most distant horizon. The jury promptly acquitted her, amid the ecstatic applause of hundreds of persons, who were content with the simple assertion that "a woman couldn't do such a thing". The lady retired to a life of affluence; to a pleasant villa, to theatre parties, motor-cars and improving travel. And after thirty-five years of this agreeable existence, she passed on, as serenely, and as little troubled by horrific visions, I have no doubt, as any of the rest of us.

A woman couldn't do such a thing! How often that is said, even by persons who have heard all that happened that night in Mr. Snyder's bed-chamber, when Mrs. Snyder entered with the picture-cord and the window-weight.

4. *If you commit murder for insurance money, or for mere pleasure, make it wholesale. Never stop at one.*

The person who kills some one obscure individual, who does it quietly, and with moderate civility, is in a rather perilous position. Perilous, that is, for a murderer. There are about three chances in a hundred that he may be executed.

It is the wholesale poisoner, or the shockingly cruel and unusual murderer, who attracts the sob-sisters and sob-brothers of the yellow press; causes quack alienists to rally to her defence like buzzards around a carcass; invites the windiest oratory and the most unmitigated flap-doodle from her attorneys; and finally, if she be convicted at all, makes thousands of persons, with very soft hearts, and even softer heads, move heaven and earth, slander the living and vilify the dead, in order to save her precious body alive.

Here is Mrs. Lydia Sherman of New Jersey and Connecticut. Her husband came home one evening and was greeted with an affectionate kiss. He was also welcomed with a drink—a "sling" of some kind—into which she had slyly tilted some arsenic. She had made one or two earlier efforts, but had been balked in her endeavors. This time her patience was crowned by success: Mr. Sherman died two days later, "suffering dreadful agonies". She was put on trial, and for no reason that is apparent—except the inalienable right of the American wife to kill her husband—got off with a second-degree sentence, and a term in prison.

In her first marriage she had been the wife of Policeman Struck of New York. Him she removed by putting arsenic in his gruel. A few months later she decided that two of her children were encumbrances, and she had recourse to more gruel. Her son, George, had painters' colic, she became "discouraged" about him, and put arsenic in his tea. Ann Eliza had chills and fever—and Ann Eliza died in manner like her brother George.

Mrs. Struck then married a retired mariner named Hurlbut. He had $10,000 and other property, and he unwisely made a will in favor of his wife. Soon afterward, arsenic seems to have been present in some cider drunk by old Mr. Hurlbut, and his widow and heiress was free to contract her third and last matrimonial alliance, the one with Mr. Sherman. In all, she acknowledged that she was responsible for the deaths of three husbands and eight children—some of whom were step-children.

"Of course," some one will say, "she was insane."

There is really no "of course" about it. She was perfectly well aware of what she was doing; and was careful to be furtive, and to try to avoid detection. She never acted on an "irresistible impulse" to kill these people; there was never a time when she could not have controlled herself, if she had been observed. The deaths of these persons brought her profit, or they relieved her of care and annoyance. The qualities of selfishness and callous disregard for others—qualities present in all of us, to some degree—were developed in her to an unusual extent, and she slew as you or I would kill a mosquito, or as some folk will club an egret to death for its feathers, or shoot a sea-gull *pour le sport*.

Still more distinguished was Sarah Jane Robinson of Massachusetts, who also illustrates the fact that the poisoner, when discovered, is usually no greenhorn at the business. One or two successes always create boldness, and she proceeds upon her career.

Mrs. Robinson did not confine her efforts to her immediate family, but went farther afield. In her enthusiasm for insurance, and in her skill with arsenic, she is generally supposed to have included in her attentions a brother-in-law, a sister, a nephew, and even her landlord. These, added to her husband, her son, and her daughter, brought her total score up to at least seven persons. When it came to allowing a lady—"an American mother"—to perish, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts proved as soft as the rest, and Mrs. Robinson was permitted to retire to prison, and to loud and sanctimonious professions of religion.

In the same State, Miss Jane Toppan, "dear Aunt Jane", arose to a brief but disturbing fame. Miss Toppan, whose real name was Honora Kelly—not all of New England's sins stem from Plymouth Rock—was a nurse. She was much in demand for her warm-hearted, motherly, big-bosomed, and gracious presence—simply beaming with health, and good spirits; the very personification of healing. It is not surprising if death sometimes follows the arrival of a nurse: we do not call in these helpers for trivial ailments. Yet death seemed to follow, in strange and perplexing forms, when dear Aunt Jane was around. And when investigations began, the startled physicians and officers were suddenly aware that they had pried the lid off a section

(Continued on page 90)

In defense of shyness

(Continued from page 65)

claim "Please don't get up!". Having said this, you will reflect that Mrs. Simpson had no idea of getting out of her deck chair for such a worm as you: and you will be mortified by this reflection. Do not, therefore, adopt or even adapt the phrases of your elders. Above all do not break into conversations. It may well be that the Primavera is a picture painted, not by Cimabue, but by Botticelli. But it is not for you, when others attribute the painting to an earlier artist, either to interfere or to correct. A slight pursing of the lips is all that you may allow yourself. The only justification for being shy is to be shy to all the people all the time. You must avoid being pert to governesses and polite to bishops. But if you are always shy, people will end by imagining that you have a modest nature: and that, since it will flatter their own self-esteem, will make you extremely popular. Only when you have become popular can you afford to be interesting, intelligent or impressive. It is a great mistake to endeavour to awake admiration before you have stilled envy, it is only when people have started by ignoring the young that they end by liking the young. It may be a comfort to you therefore to consider that it is an excellent thing, at first, to be regarded as being of no importance. You can hide behind your chair.

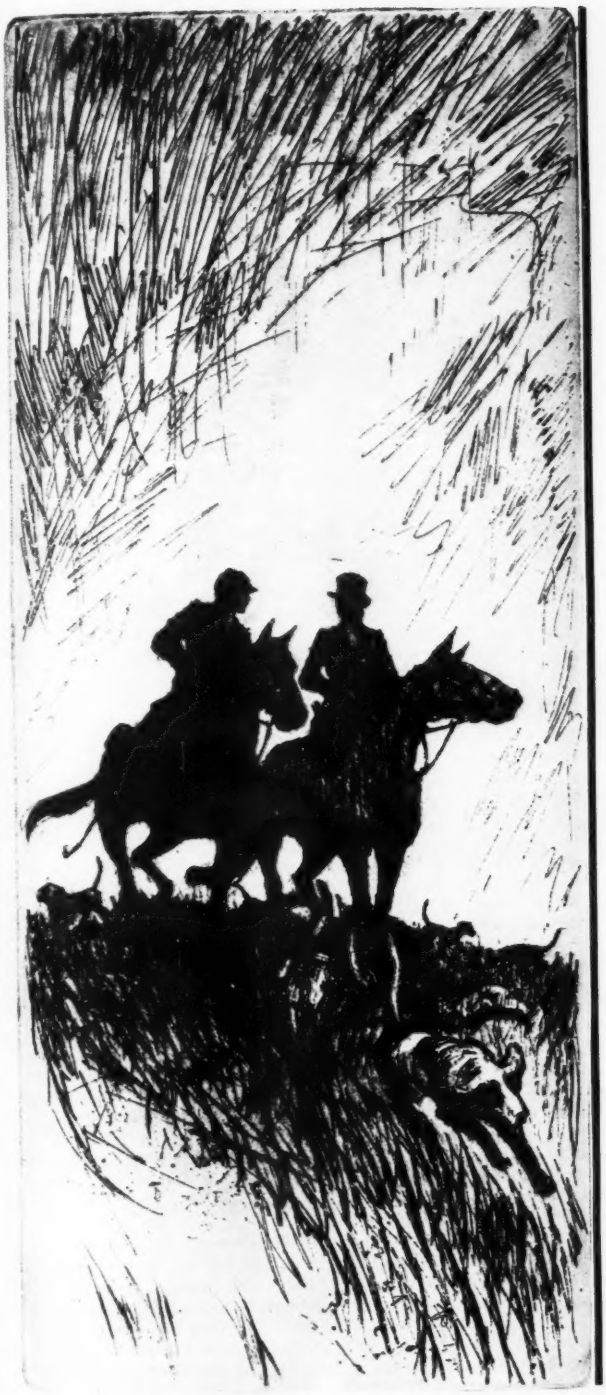
There are certain more practical hints which I should wish to furnish to the youthful shy. It is essential, for instance, to have quite clear in your mind what are to be the opening words which you will address to your hostess. Unless you have prepared these words, other words may come skipping into their place, and instead of saying "How are you, Mrs. Simpson? It was too kind of you to let me come," you will say, "Your butler has got the largest carbuncle I have ever seen." Then there is that business about the palm of the hand. When I was a young man women wore long kid gloves which were particularly sensitive to any humidity of the palm. "POP!" they went as one shook hands, and they came away stickily after the explosion. Today, this particular terror is diminished. It is a fact, however, that damp palms are things that go with shyness. My own palm, at the age of eighteen, was as firm and dry as the desert of Takla Makan. But at the slightest menace of a hostess it became moist, and at the thought of that impending kid glove this moisture oozed. I am sorry to become unpleasant about it, but my sufferings were so acute that I wish to impart to others the cure which I discovered. It was called "Papier Poudré" and took the form of a neat little book of which the pages were tissue paper, backed by a thin layer of powder. By passing successive sheets of this paper, one at a time, over the palm of the hand all moisture disappeared.

Then there was that business about saying goodbye. I became quite good at what we might call "set" good-byes, the ones, that is for which I was prepared in advance. It was the unexpected greetings and farewells that I failed, for so long, to manage. The meeting with one's school-master in Regent Street. The few minutes conversation,—the terror of how to get away. One cannot swing round on those occasions and walk off briskly in the opposite direction. The dodge is to begin to move while still speaking. "Well, don't forget to ring me up", one says—walking backwards and away from the man, "Central 4689", one shouts at a receding figure. Having thus increased the distance between your school-master and yourself, it is possible without abruptness to turn round and walk down Regent Street. But there must in all such cases be an interval in which, while still facing him, you walk, like the Lord Chamberlain, away.

I mention this point in social difficulty since it is illustrative of a method which has cured me of the malady and rendered me a sturdy, though amiable, lump of self-assurance. It is only when the unexpected happens that I today am shy. I then,—for why deny it?,—lose my head. I blush and wobble and my throat becomes slightly dry. Generally, however, it is the expected which happens in life, and for the expected I am now magnificently prepared. It is a question of industry and experience. It is also a question of forethought. One should be prepared for all eventualities. One should be prepared, for instance, for one's hostess to ask after one's grandfather when the only honest answer to such a question is that one's grandfather is dead. An awkward pause will follow, and one should have ready some quip or quotation by which that pause can be filled. If taken unawares one may stumble: but if fore-armed one can play with the situation as Rubinstein with his submerged sevenths. But then, to do this, one must already be middle aged. And I for one would rather be shy, to the point even of shaking hands with the butler, than be middle aged.

Then there are those of course who are shy for life. Such people suffer the pangs both of bashfulness and of being no longer very young. This malady is one that at times afflicts successful writers. Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb were shy: Mr. E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf are shy to the point even of appearing rude: I have seen Mr. Lytton Strachey hiding in agony behind a door, Mr. Arnold Bennett struck dumb, Mr. Sassoon writhing, Mr. Hugh Walpole (yes, even Mr. Hugh Walpole) dither. And yet other writers are not shy. I should not describe Mr. Sinclair Lewis as a shy man, nor have I often observed the blush of shame mantling in the cheek either of Michael Arlen or Philip Guedalla. One never can tell.

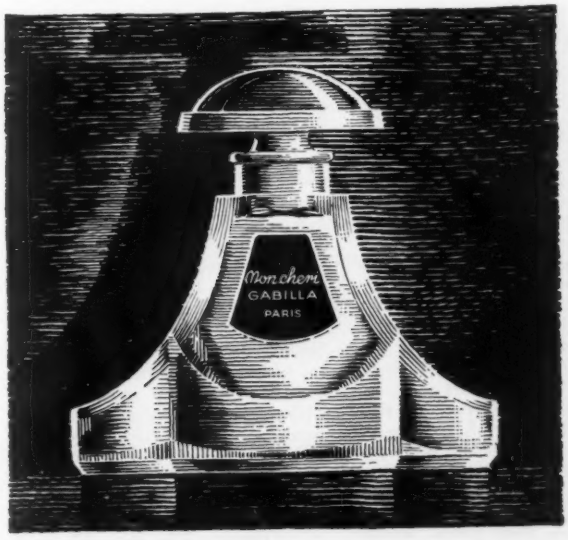
Perhaps shyness is a purely Anglo-Saxon failing. I doubt whether even the tenderest of the Roman poets, whether Virgil even, was shy. Horace, as we know, was one large lump of bounce. Nor was Dante shy—disagreeable was Dante, but never shy. Ah, yes,—there is Racine. He at least was so shy that he ran away and hid himself at Port Royal. But then Racine, as M. Lemaître has remarked, stands apart. Yes, I think shyness is an Anglo-Saxon quality. And as such it should be honoured as a bond between the English-speaking nations.



They will talk of the chase as far as the elms, where the horses drink, and where his margin of honours for the day will take a little tumble.

gabilla
paris

In times of confidence is there always a little untold? Else, whence individuality?



Mon cheri

Parfum de Gabilla • Paris

The John Riddell Murder Case

(Continued from page 52)

extr'ordin'ry—yes, here it is—to be sure—" His eager fingers flipped the pages. "It's unthinkable, senseless, like black magic and sorcery and thaumaturgy. It's downright demented—still, it must be true—" He slammed shut the book. "We'd better have a look at once."

Vance took a portable telephone from his pocket, and lifted the mother-of-pearl receiver.

"Hallo, Markham*, old dear," he began brightly. "Charmin' mornin', what?—Oh, nothin' particular. Just called to say there's been a bit of an ugly business at John Riddell's, and I'm dropping up to make a few observations *in situ criminis*. Thought perhaps you and the Sergeant?—splendid! Suppose you pick me up here at once. Right-ho!"

"For God's sake, Vance," I burst, "what is the meaning of that statement which you read?"

"I beg of you, old dear," Vance protested with a quizzical smile. "Middle-Broadway Winchell is a most difficult language.* Coptic and Assyrian and Sanskrit are Abecedarian beside it. However, let me give you the literal translation of a few phrases." He opened the dictionary and adjusted his monocle. "*Tome solon*, n.: fiction referee; novel and poetry arbiter; current Mencken. *Verb-and-adjective garage*, n.: book mausoleum; reading asylum. *Fold up*, v.: to close down; bump off; go pfffft . . . not precisely Harvardian; but such, alas, are the idiosyncrasies of the modern Broadwayans."

"It doesn't seem to make sense to me," I sighed.

"But properly translated, old dear, it makes fiendish sense. Put into English, it reads: '*John Riddell . . . book reviewer . . . will meet his death . . . in his library . . . at nine o'clock this morning . . .*'"

"God Almighty!" I breathed.

* * * *

The John Riddell library, located on the second floor of a rambling brownstone house, was similar to any other library in which an elderly victim might be found murdered. The grey light of early morning suffused the dusty room as we entered, revealing a depressing and gloomy retreat. On all sides the high bookshelves were crammed with volumes of every shape and description: Histories, romances, biographies; poems, geographies, cookbooks, philosophies; books of adventure, books of sex-hygiene, books on etiquette, hooked rugs, early Byzantine plumbing, and the care and culture of aard-varks; all the best sellers of the past season, covered with draping spider webs and almost hidden beneath drifts of grey dust.

And yet, as Vance fitted a *Régie* in his long jet cigarette holder and commenced to move slowly about this dank chamber of horrors, it became apparent that a curious and perverted system dominated the sinister library. Indeed, we all felt an uncanny sense of awe at this grim accuracy with which the books had been arranged. Side by side on a shelf near the door, for example, were André Maurois and E. Barrington; Dr. Joseph Collins and Elinor Glyn; Bruce Barton and the fictionization of Cecil de Mille's "The Ten Commandments" by Jeanie MacPherson. Along the mantel over the fireplace rested the works of Sinclair Lewis, supported by two book-rocks named Nathan and Mencken. The fireplace itself had been constructed entirely of the ponderous volumes of Theodore Dreiser, piled patiently one on top of another; and the woodbox beside it was filled with assorted thin shavings by Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers and Chic Sale, ready to be burned. In the large section at the left of this fireplace, labeled "Ernest Hemingway," were to be found Morley Callaghan, W. R. Burnett, and Dorothy Parker. The section at the right, on the other hand, was given over entirely to all the authors named Wyndham Lewis. Another section, devoted to the confessional novels by ex-wives, ex-husbands, ex-mistresses and the rest, was simply marked with the general term "Ex-Author." Still another section, labeled "Your Choice for $.35", contained "Two Black Crows in the A. E. F.", "The Story of Philosophy (marked down from $5.00)", "Wolf Solent", Trader Horn's last couple of books, Erskine's "Adam and Eve", and the collected works of Carl Van Vechten. Across the room the novels by Du Bose Heyward, Julia Peterkin and Roark Bradford were segregated in a special "Colored Section". The 587 war books that followed "All Quiet on the Western Front" were confined in a sound-proof safe; one wobbly leg of a table was supported by the works of Bernarr MacFadden; and a long chute, labeled "Edgar Wallace", led in a straight line from the door to the desk and thence out the window. The works of Richard Halliburton, on the other hand, were carefully located in a little room just off the main library, marked "Ladies."

At first glance the gaunt mausoleum seemed to be devoid of any clues. The large fireplace, to be sure, was littered with cigarette-butts, the paper jackets of several recent novels, and the charred fragment of a letter bearing only the cryptic words "Dear Sir: Under separate cover we are mailing you a copy of—" At the Southern end of the room was a massive flat-topped desk, upon the fresh blotter of which the signature "lleddiR nhoJ", apparently Welsh, was visible where it had recently been blotted by an unseen hand. The floor was covered by a worn mulberry-colored carpet; and over this threadbare surface a faint but definite trail of bloody foot-prints led from the fireplace toward the locked French windows, thence to the center table, thence twice around the library in the form of a figure '8', and thence to the grandfather's clock, where they abruptly disappeared. The remainder of the room was devoted to the usual run

(Continued on page 93)

* John F.-X. Markham, the District Attorney, and Sergeant Ernest Heath of the Homicide Bureau. These honest, capable but uninspired police officers had accompanied Vance on all his previous cases, where their unique habit of hitting invariably upon the wrong clues had more than once assisted the reader in discovering the real culprit.

* Vance was an avid student of Winchell, which he could speak fluently; and he had translated many earlier fragments into English.

"Yosians, let's go!"

(Continued from page 46)

and spirit of the Yosian brotherhood. The scene was typically Yosian: the high cliffs towering above us, the call of birds mingled with the honk of automobile horns, the tang of burning brakes on the Fort Lee hill, the gentle Sunday breezes with their familiar burden of gasoline and fresh tar. In as simple language as I could muster, I explained the purpose of our Order. "We are met here," I stated, "to get back to Nature, to mingle with our furred and feathered cousins, to plumb the fascinating mysteries of the birds and bees and flowerlets."

As I finished speaking, there was a profound silence. No one stirred in that vast pavilion. As a matter of fact, the eager members of our group, unable to control their enthusiasm, were already halfway up the hill. I managed to catch up with them at the top, slightly out of breath from running for the trolley; and we set out upon our Nature Ramble at last.

Never have I seen the countryside so beautiful. As we walked, our bright eyes spied out the gay blossoms of the golden-rod and inkberry, while our ears were lulled by the call of Maryland yellow-throats, robins, phoebes, oven-birds and French horns with their plaintive *oo-ee-uh-ee* sounding directly behind us now and then as we progressed down the middle of the road.

In the green twilight of maples by the roadside, where cool water seeped out of a broken drain-pipe and spilled down ancient ledges of mica-schist over green mailed marcantia, bryum moss and beds of jewelweed to a large sewer at the foot of the hill, we halted for lunch. It was an ideal spot for the noon-day repast, with its cool shade filled with the notes of the native wood-thrush chanting of Paradise, and a large Hot Dog Stand nearby where we might partake of native refreshments garnered in this mystic glade.

In order to hold our lunch in true Yosian style, I had decided to build a large camp-fire about which we could have our sing-song, toast marshmallows, and cook the wild fowl which several of our energetic Yosians had discovered roosting in a nearby yard, inside some chicken wire. Like a real nature-lover, of course, I determined to avoid the use of matches, and kindle my fire Indian-fashion by means of rubbing sticks; but after rubbing a couple of sticks for nearly an hour, I found that I had raised two large water-blisters on the palms of my hands. In this emergency, I decided to resort to up-to-date devices.

It happened that in choosing the location for my fire, I had selected a sheltered space at the foot of a Socony gasoline pump, which not only seemed gay and festive in its bright autumnal coloring, but also provided some slight shelter from the driving rain which had been increasing since the outset of our hike. After building a little pyramid of sticks, branches, and part of the counter of the Hot Dog Stand (which I removed, pixie-like, quite unknown to the proprietor), I simply inverted the hose from the pump and thrust the nozzle into the center of the fire. Then while several helpful members of our Order held a match to the pyre, I began to turn the handle of the pump and feed gasoline into the mounting flames. I am not sure what went wrong at this point; but it was several hours before we had stamped out the last smouldering embers of the former Hot Dog Stand and lowered the charred proprietor and several scattered Yosians from where they had been blown into the tops of surrounding trees.

Fortunately the increasing downpour of rain had extinguished most of the sparks in our clothes; and with typical Yosian fortitude we continued on our Ramble. It was well that we did so. Scarcely had we progressed five hundred feet when a rare Caroline yellow-billed cuckoo flew out of a nearby hemlock, uttering its native call and flirting its tail teasingly as it darted down the road before us. Instantly our group of bird-lovers were on their hands and knees, creeping slowly after it, while I wormed my way cautiously in front, now and then imitating its native call "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" and flirting my tail. As we prowled down the road, a tall individual in a blue uniform with brass buttons emerged suddenly from the bushes and stared at us with an expression of amazement.

"Sssh!" I whispered, placing my finger to my lip. "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

He gazed from me to the group of Yosians on their hands and knees behind me, and then nodded comprehendingly.

"Cuckoo!" I repeated, assuming that he must be a bird-lover himself.

"Cuckoo!" he echoed with an understanding smile, crouching down beside me and beckoning the group to follow us. In silence our little party wormed its way down the road, occasionally uttering the native woodnote of our feathered quarry and flirting our tails; and presently we found ourselves in an enclosure before an attractive grey-stone house, surrounded by high walls and men with rifles walking around on top of them. Here our guide urged the members of our group to spend the night, claiming in response to their inquiries that the place was practically lousy with cuckoos and they would have no trouble finding all they wanted. After ushering each member into a pleasant room upholstered with thick pads and containing a high barred window, more or less in the modern manner, the guide took me by the arm and introduced me to an elderly gentleman, evidently in charge of the establishment.

"My dear fellow," said this elderly gentleman, shaking my hand warmly, "on behalf of the state of New Jersey, I want to congratulate you on bringing in the largest flock of cuckoos that it has been our good fortune to gather together in years. You and Sergeant Oberholtz deserve the thanks of every citizen in this community."

After this pleasant encounter with the elderly gentleman, I set out again for New York alone, well pleased with my reception and confident that our first Nature Ramble had been more than successful. There is only one thing that worries me. So far, none of the other Yosians have returned to the city. I wonder what is keeping them?

PRESIDENT EIGHT STATE VICTORIA FOR FIVE

On the 136-inch wheelbase, affording abundant legroom. World Champion 122-horsepower engine. Safety glass throughout. Price $2350, at the factory. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard. Bumpers and spare tires extra

Actual unretouched photograph

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THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
South Bend, Indiana

The World Champion PRESIDENT · · *The World Famous* COMMANDER

Berlin on the loose

(Continued from page 35)

draught served in enormous goblets, too, is obtainable, and there are countless places where the froth-topped beverage, blonde or brunette, mild or potent, domestic or imported, is the feature. In the Friedrichstrasse, centre of commerce, there are any number of beer palaces like Spatenbräu, with its world-plastered trade-mark; and in the new West End it is the Kurfürstendamm that harbors the big percentage.

If the month be June, however, and the skies loom thick with stars, it is not within such haunts as these the German quaffs his hops, but in the cool, fresh fragrance, say, of Grünewald, under the moonlit trees. Or it may, perchance, be Wannsee—network of pine-edged waters—in the garden of the Swedish pavilions or the Haus am See. Or Kadou, across the lake. Or at Hasenherde's "Neue Welt," that lies to the south and is famed for its Bockbier jollities. But I rant perhaps too loudly of beer, too long on suds-washed taverns. Time passes and if we would sound the city's night life, it is better to hasten. To repeat, the choice is no meagre one.

I name you first the Residenz Casino—or "Resi" as it is affectionately known to Berliners—not as the gayest of the city's dance haunts, but as the gayest of the world's. For here, in an age of pseudo joys and hollow chuckles, is a home that really rings with honest merriment. It is crowded, inaccessible, unstylish. But—rarest of things rare—it is a genuine and unfaked supper club. Its leading feature is of course the "telephones" and post-office, by which messages, verbal and otherwise, not to mention perfume, compacts, cigars, liqueurs, *etc. etc.*, are transmitted from table to table—to the ladies. There is no lack of fair ones at "Resi"—the girls outnumbering the boys four to one—and the prices are anything but high.

For doggy razzle-dazzle, I suggest the Cascade, a recent bloom whose spot of dance floor is pack-jammed and whose band (complete with megaphones) serves Yankee and German jazz. Evening get-up is of course favored and the pop of vintage corks is frequent through a haze of smoke, balloons, and paper snow-balls. For this is Berlin's smartest supper house and such, as you know, is the current mode of spending a smart evening—which means anywhere from midnight till 3 a.m. Still another is the Casanova, best known perhaps of all, for it is huge and new and calls itself the finest cabaret in Europe. But it fails, alas! to typify Berlin. Indeed, it might be New York, Paris, or even London. There is the Königin, too, whose jovial chief, Herr Heinroth, will greet you at its portals with a beaming smile and low salaam; and again you will be given a chance to fling more "snow-balls" to the crash of more cymbals and chuckle of more saxophones. For the Königin makes merry till the night is well worn away.

Yet these are not all, by any means. There are other halls—and many—in this city's golden west. For example, the Femina, lavish and modern, with a maze of rooms and, as at "Resi", tables equipped with "telephones"; the Tscherkess, of Caucasian tang, where a four-piece band plays Russian and gipsy strains, in a silk-swathed, dim-lit nook; the Kakadu, with its dazzling bar; and the Ambassadors and Barbarina, both of which have a Montmartre atmosphere. For real late diversion there are, of course, the "Kuka" that opens at three in the morning and caters to artists, bar-girls, journalists, and waiters; the Künstler Ecke, a snug little hole, full of carven figures and dim lights, where a blind man plays the piano with a far-off smile; and the Kaffee Roland, whose hours are from 3:00 till 6:00 a.m.—a hangout of the "wanted,"—in another part of town. For it is not only the West End that houses nocturnal fiesta. Not by a long shot. You will glimpse it, in Berlin, in whatever direction you gaze.

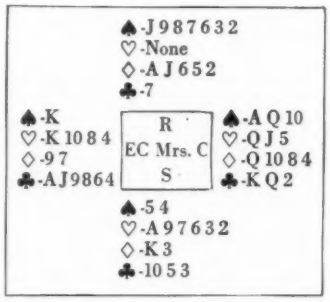
Of course you have heard of Kempinski. The name is a justly famous one. So too Haus Vaterland, which stands in a class by itself and boasts beneath the same roof eight separate and different restaurants. There are orchestras here, as well, that blow and fiddle tunes all the way from Texas to Stamboul in a daze of staircases and fountains, while in the Grinzing Room there are fresh wine on tap and a troupe of girls who dance a "laundress ballet." Next comes a Bavarian tavern in the Alps, with thunder and lightning and alpenglow. There are a Wild West Bar, as well, that puts on a Cowboy act, an Italian inn, overlooking the bay of Naples—a background familiar to all frequenters of New York speakeasies—a Turkish *café*, a Spanish *bodega*, and an all-too-real Rhine *terrasse*, not to forget its giant Palm room, which gives vaudeville from eleven o'clock on.

But we forget the Alkazar—"Palais de Danse" of yesteryear—that flaunts a wine garden and concourse of comely maidens, the Bonbonnière, with its semi-nude revues, the Jockey, Dschungel, and those other halls—Wien-Berlin and Weisse Maus. Of still plainer fabric is the Englischerhof, of once-a-week galas and a tin-pan orchestra: the Palais des Centrums, or "P.D.C."; the Krug Zum Grünen Kranze—that occupies a cellar but politely forbids the Charleston; and the "Mexico", just round the corner, whose *clientèle* hails from the waterfront and whose specialties are noodle soup and lager.

And still these are by no means all. Far from it, indeed. For in Berlin—*Die Weltstadt*—lurk places by the score, the like of which you will not find in London or Paris; bars and dance halls of a nature unknown in the Land of the Free. Thus, I mark you El Dorado, with its "Daisy Bar" and fewer females than it seems at first glance; the Mikado and Johnny's Night Club; the Tropen—Terrassen Zauberflöte, and "64", in the Alte Jakobstrasse; are resorts of a similar patronage. Besides, the skies of Lichtenberg already fill with rose. No longer is it ripe for frolic. Another morrow dawns. Another day of rush and hustle; of "speed" and "new ideas." For Berlin works as well as it plays.

Errors of the contract experts

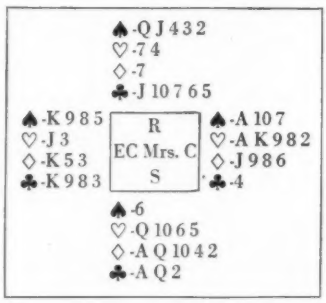
(Continued from page 72)



Failure to show irregular character of hand causes disastrous double:

Both sides, Game in.

The bidding: R. (dealer), Pass. Mrs. C., 1 No Trump. S., Pass. E.C., 2 No Trumps. (This is dangerous. In the "Approach" method, hands of such irregular character should always be indicated. The proper response was 2 Clubs, since there is not quite sufficient strength for a forcing bid of 3 Clubs.) R., 3 Spades (This is a speculative effort with the expectation of being doubled). Mrs. C., Double; and all Pass. (After her partner's bid of 2 No Trumps, there was no reason for Mrs. C. to suspect that he held a 1-2-4-6 distribution of cards and that his hand would therefore offer little defense against the adversaries' Spade contract.) She opened the Queen of Hearts and the doubled contract was fulfilled by R. and S., while Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson could have made four No Trumps without difficulty.



Failure to protect, after making a bid based entirely upon distributional values, causes a disastrous double:

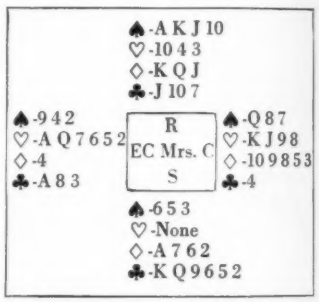
R. and S., No Game. E.C. and Mrs. C., Game in.

The bidding: S. (dealer), 1 Diamond. E.C., Pass. R., 1 Spade. (Though this take-out is based almost entirely upon distributional values, I believe it justifiable.) Mrs. C., 2 Hearts. S., Double. All pass and the contract, game, and rubber are won. Inasmuch as any take-out in a suit implies, in our system, at least one high-card trick, R. should, after the double, have bid 3 Clubs or 2 No Trumps to correct the misinformation previously given by him.

Bidding an unbiddable suit and lying low to penalize adversaries cause penalty and loss of game:

Both sides Game In.

The bidding: E.C., Pass. R., 1 Spade (Has less than 2½ quick tricks and is therefore not a sound opening bid but is close, and strong in *probable* tricks). Mrs. C., 2 Clubs. S., Pass. E.C., Pass (Should have bid 2 No Trumps, but preferred to pass strategically in anticipation of a doubling situation). R., 2 Spades. Mrs. C., 3 Hearts (This is not a biddable suit and such bids are likely to invite trouble. Her correct continuation was the Informatory Double, or "Challenge", as the usage is at the Knickerbocker Whist Club). S., Pass. E.C., 4 Hearts. R., Pass. Mrs. C., Pass. S., Double, and contract is set one trick, whereas, but for the two misinformative bids, a game at No Trumps could probably have been made by Mr. and Mrs. C.



Overlooking a fine conventional bid results in a penalty and loss of game:

Both sides Game In.

The bidding: R. (dealer), 1 Spade. Mrs. C., Pass. S., 2 Clubs. E.C., 2 Hearts. R., Pass. Mrs. C., Pass. S., 3 Spades. (The proper bid here is 3 Hearts. This bid could not be misinterpreted as a slam invitation, inasmuch as S. had not made a forcing bid on the first round. The jump bid in Spades is now very confusing and while his partner should perhaps have suspected that the Spade support is not too potent, the bid is very hard to read.) E.C., Pass. R., 4 Spades. Down two tricks, while there is game at Clubs.

This series demonstrated the greater opportunities for errors in bidding—as only four or five serious errors in play occurred.

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heartbreak. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

*"She was sleeping * * *
All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * * "*

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.

"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS,* * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

***Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Catarrhalis (catarrh), and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).**

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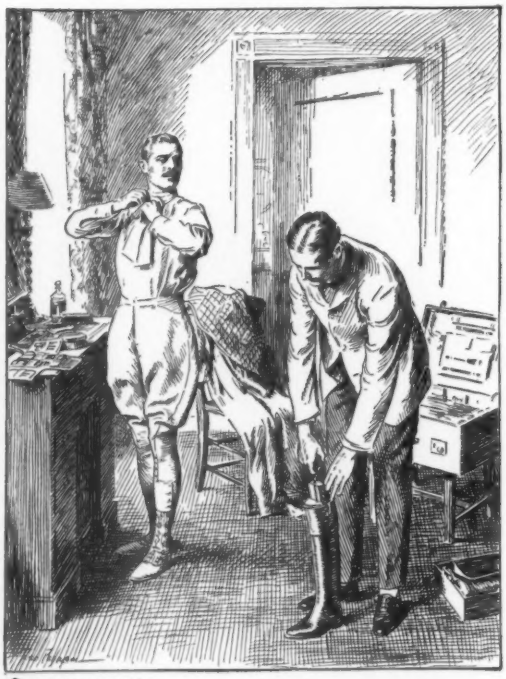

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Clothes for the Horseman

Complete Equipment for the Hunt

Send for "A Wardrobe for
HUNTING & BEAGLING"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Hollywood epizooty

(Continued from page 45)

the blues singer, and in the movies necessity is the mother of publicity.

Schenck conceived the cogent idea of a betrothal to Clara Bow. After all, Clara wouldn't be bothered by one betrothal more or less. Coincidence saw to it that Clara was in the club Richman when Schenck was fired with the inspiration. Introductions were easy and everything went serenely until la Bow began taking the thing to heart.

The Bow-Richman engagement is already front page history, thanks to the prospective groom who discussed freely with the press the cost of jewelry and clothing he had bought for his tempestuous fiancée.

Lotus Thompson was another fair artiste who took a desperate fling at fame and missed it by a pair of legs.

Lotus threw a harmless acid on her legs and went to a hospital. She allowed herself to be interviewed and photographed, and the story she told the news hounds brought forth many a guffaw in the cinema wilderness.

Her legs were "too beautiful," she told them, and casting directors would not look at her face. She wanted to be a dramatic actress, and she was hanged if she would go on working because of her nether perfections only.

She was presented with columns of notice but her aspirations met with defeat. Though Hollywood is built upon illusion it does not relish a too obvious masquerade.

The virus of exhibitionism does not stop with personalities. It has injected itself into the local architecture. Stores and restaurants are housed in such fantasia as mammoth ice cream freezers, derby hats, ice cream cones, windmills, shoes, mushrooms, and icebergs. It is a common occurrence for drug stores, meat markets and hot dog stands to have gala opening nights. Beams from arc-lights pierce the skies, movie gals delight the eyes and orchestras provide ear entertainment while masters of ceremony extol the virtues of sauerkraut and bologney.

There is a climax to everything, especially in Hollywood—which brings us to the wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque.

These two popular film players announced their wedding date. Miss Banky was under contract to producer Sam Goldwyn, who concluded that this event was a production matter, and that he would supervise the nuptial ceremony.

The wedding took place at a Beverly Hills church, preceded by much trumpeting. Ropes and police controlled crowds as at a theatre opening.

Guests arrived in afternoon coats, dinner jackets, golf knickers and sport clothes. Famous stars acted as ushers and performed their tasks like movie ushers minus the uniforms. Tom Mix, whose monogram adorns his every property from fountain pen to palace, arrived in a stage coach to the delight of awed and ah-ed spectators.

In the church, Sam Goldwyn gave away the bride, who is not related to him. The ceremony over, principals and guests retired to a reception at a nearby hotel.

The reception was one that could have happened only in Hollywood. The predominant decorative note was orchids—dozens of them. Dozens of orchids rented from a florist. When eager feminine hands began grabbing them Sam Goldwyn nervously scooped the bunch into a table cloth and had them safely put out of reach.

On the tables were huge roast turkeys rented from a rotisserie. Luscious, tempting and juicy brown they were.

A guest, turning to the lady at his side, naïvely stuck a knife into one and asked which part she preferred. Goldwyn's eyes suddenly lit upon the vandal. He rose with outstretched hands and cried:

"My God! Don't do that—they have to be returned at five o'clock!"

Five-o'clock

(Continued from page 39)

cured hand was lifted in protest—"and what's this?" She drew out a small photograph, a snapshot of a rather pretty young woman. "Is she—is that your fiancée?"

"No, I have no fiancée. That is a girl," he explained slowly, "whom I was very fond of when I was a young boy . . . about eighteen, I think." His voice held a hint of melancholy. "She died—tragically—years ago. I should like to tell you about it, sometime." His face was pointed, but not too pointed, with grief, as though he would have liked to spare her the sorrow that was, inevitably, his. But there was no answering sympathy in the girl's eyes as he met them.

"You say she died—years ago?"

"Yes . . . about nine years ago."

Her voice was curiously cold, almost without inflection. "How very interesting, then, that she should be wearing in this picture exactly the same dress that I myself bought at Louiseboulanger last week!"

She put a ten-*franc* note on the table, and stood up. "This is to pay for my tea. American girls, as you may discover some day, don't like to be deceived by foreigners . . . and anyway, I never could stand a man who doesn't tell the truth!"

She was gone, in a small protest of silk and expensive perfume. For several minutes, Lucien did not move. Then he paid for both teas with the ten-*franc* note, picked up his hat and went slowly into the street.

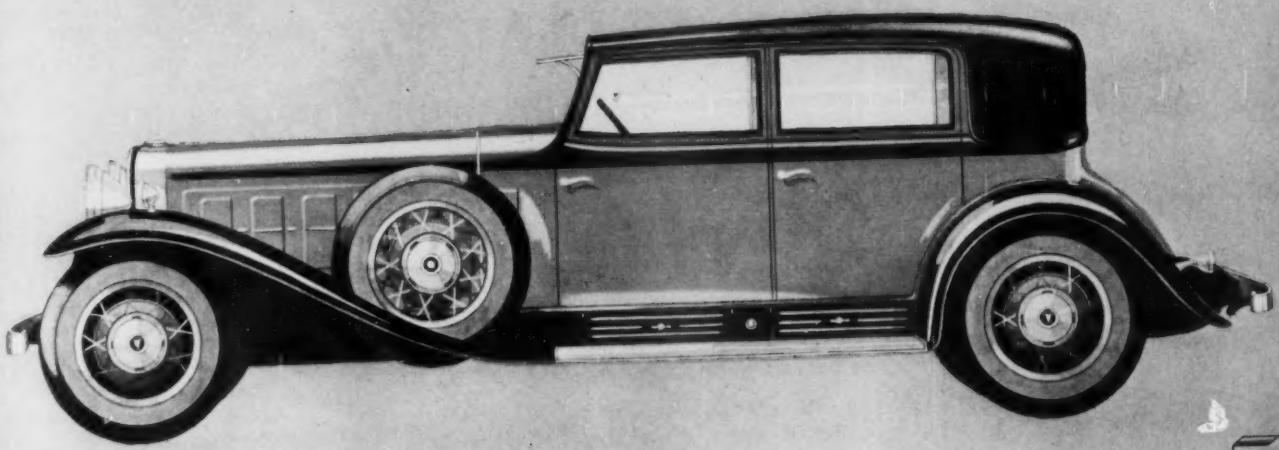
He walked to the nearest post-office, where he asked for paper and string, and made up a small package. Then, pen in hand, he stood thoughtfully before a blank sheet of paper on the writing-stand before him. Finally, he wrote:

"To the gentleman whose pocket I picked in the doorway of 423 Boulevard Haussmann:

Monsieur,

I return to you, intact, the wallet I stole from you yesterday. It has not brought me the best of luck."

The note was unsigned.



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In the Cadillac V-16, personal preferences, affecting even the major features of styling, may have free and distinctive expression . . . The bodies are of many types, custom-built and elaborately finished, and all highly individualized

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

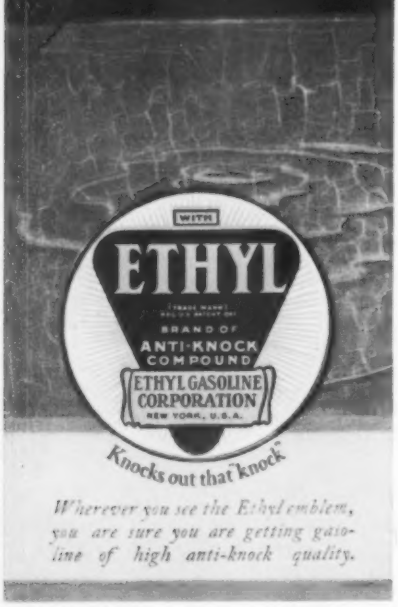
CONTROL

THE graceful crane depends on its perfect control. And motoring, to be safe, easy and pleasant, depends on the same thing.

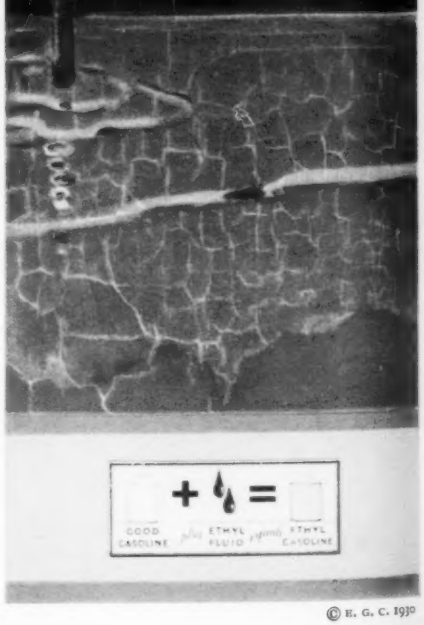
Better control is just what Ethyl Gasoline means in any car. That's because the Ethyl anti-knock compound it contains, speeds pick-up, sharpens engine response, develops an extra reserve of alert, always dependable power.

Ethyl is needed by the new high-compression cars. Their engines were designed for fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock quality.

But Ethyl will improve the performance of *any* car. Try a tankful in heavy traffic where *control* means everything. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem, you are sure you are getting gasoline of high anti-knock quality.



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ETHYL GASOLINE

THE NEW HATS *for the* FALL SEASON

The snap-brim *Stadium* is a correct hat for spectator wear . . . The newest color is Teakwood . . . a dark brown that is as autumnal as the falling leaves . . . The *Deerin*, a camel's hair felt, is light and comfortable . . . in new pastel mixtures for the fall season . . . Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York . . . manufacturers of . . . Flanul Felts, Hodshon, Berg, Berg Crest and Sunfast Hats.

. . FLANUL FELTS . .

(A HODSHON-BERG PRODUCT)

For Sale at B. ALTMAN & CO., Fifth Avenue, New York, and Other Exclusive Shops Throughout the Country

Are you Bored with the World?

Probably just with your corner of it!

MOORISH ROOM OF THE FRANCE

STEP across "the longest gangplank in the world," from the heart of Manhattan to the gayety of Paris afloat . . . a crowd too sophisticated to take anything seriously, unless it's the chef ∞∞ France all the way . . . the grace and splendour of the decorations . . . the luxury of the cabins . . . English speaking stewards who anticipate every wish . . . beverages that need no birth certificates for authentication . . . manned by French seamen whose ancestors tamed the Atlantic before Columbus ∞∞ Calling at Plymouth for London . . . a few hours later Havre, down the gangplank to a covered pier . . . a waiting express . . . three hours, Paris, the city of a thousand moods . . . the Riviera, smartest coast that ever hung above an Autumn sea . . . Morocco and the Sahara, the winter capital of modern sunworshippers ∞∞ Isn't your boredom melting at the very thought?

Three 30-day Mediterranean-Sahara cruises . . the "Barbary Land Tours" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia with their famous 46 "Transat" hotels . . . the freedom of independent travel with unlimited stopovers . . . a ship that is the last word in luxury and chic.

"FRANCE", Jan. 10 . . . Feb. 14 . . . Mar. 20

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write to 19 State St., New York

Rules for murderesses

(Continued from page 82)

of Hell into which none of them had ever peered.

With a few exclamations, the cover was quickly replaced; Aunt Jane was put in an insane asylum, and the greater part of her history remains unknown to this day. Except to a very few, it was never known. To the established facts, which account for four or five poisonings, a great many robberies, and one case of arson, there is added, in legend and gossip, the tale of an enormous list of murders—ten, twenty, forty—which may or may not have any foundation in fact. A nurse's opportunities are many, yet the popular tendency is always to exaggerate.

Of Mrs. Gunness, beloved and perpetual heroine of the Sunday newspapers, and of her Indiana "murder farm", it is unnecessary to speak. Nearly everybody in America has heard of her, and her wondrous success in tempting middle-aged Scandinavians and Teutons into putting all their bank deposits into their pockets, and joining her in her rural home: object, matrimony. And of how these trusting gentlemen thereupon vanished from human sight, never to be met with again, until the exhumations began.

Mrs. Gunness never came into conflict with the law. She vanished. She may have died. If she had been arrested, I have no manner of doubt that she could have found a lawyer unscrupulous enough to befoul the characters of all her victims, and represent her as a lamb of innocence.

Mrs. Bathsheba Spooner, in the days when Burgoyne's soldiers were still wandering over New England, not only plotted to have her Josiah thrown down the well, so that she might marry her young lover, but even called to her aid a pair of red-coated soldiers of King George. She died miserably, although she pleaded, and truthfully, that she was with child.

More than a century after the death of Bathsheba Spooner, the same plea —of pregnancy—was made in behalf of Mary Rogers of Vermont. Now it was a false plea, although scandal asserts that her jailers had connived to make it true. Mrs. Rogers was a prime example of the folly of defying Rule One. Hers was a pastoral and rural murder, as befits the Green Mountain State. She besought her husband to recline on the greensward, and put his head in her lap. She had a new game to show him—so she said—something which involved a noose of stout twine. It was placed around the neck—so. And then, after Mistress Mary had the noose properly adjusted, her lover stepped out from behind the old sycamore—where he had been lurking—and tightened the noose, to the great and final inconvenience of Mr. Rogers.

The tender hearted of Vermont did everything to induce the Governor to spare this lady any severe punishment. They filled suitcases full of petitions, to which were attached thousands of names. But, for once, their efforts failed. The Governor could not forget that lover, behind the tree. And Mary Rogers, who, unlike her namesake in the days of Poe, was not fair of face, perished as tragically as she.

The editor's uneasy chair

(Continued from page 29)

years and as his work is known to a million or two people it was just about time for *Vanity Fair* to come crashing through with its belated discovery.

I like sports, and I like to read about them, but the sports writers of today are dreary creatures at best. They know their facts, but they present them in a drab and colourless way. With the exception of Grantland Rice, Bill McGeehan, Paul Gallico and Heywood Broun, they are certainly a sad crew. How dreary the reports of the Open Golf Championship! How lacking in colour the stories of the trial yacht races at Newport!

In Gallico's *Vanity Fair* article, entitled *In This Corner* there were paragraphs so colourful, diverting, original and graphic that they might have sprung from the pens of P. G. Wodehouse, Ring Lardner or Jack London; and even—with a change or two in idiom—from the pens of Smollett or Swift.

I congratulate you on detecting the Gallico's gallic spirit.

EDWARD SIGSBY HARRISON

When Tilden quits tennis

(Continued from page 68)

drama of it. He clothed tennis with a glamour that it never had before.

Should Allison or Shields or one of the others succeed him as American champion, it is inconceivable that they will bring his tense excitement with them. They may become as great players in a mechanical sense—though even this is doubtful—but it is almost a certainty that they will not turn the courts of Forest Hills and Wimbledon into Roman Arenas with the crowds hanging breathlessly on the results of their efforts.

It is likely that we will wait several more years for Bill Tilden's successor. Moreover, he is still a thoroughly capable champion in his own right, and when the National singles championship starts at Forest Hills on September 6, Tilden will loom like Carnera among the bantam-weights, unless Cochet comes over to trump his ace. If only Americans are entered Big Bill will be a favorite at prohibitive odds. Last year young Shields gave him a desperate time of it, and both Van Ryn and Doeg pushed him to the limit, but Tilden is at his best under those conditions. Hazarding guesses on how far the youngsters will go is foolish. However, I look to see Allison continue the splendid tennis he has shown so far this year.

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Gentlemen, on guard!

(Continued from page 41)

in Spain, which lost its last glamorous duelist in the person of the great liberal novelist, Blasco Ibáñez.

The duel, with all its tragic, comic and unexpected aspects, has been well exploited in literature and particularly in the theatre. Melodrama has thrived on it. First, the *Duels Célèbres* by Brantôme. Cyrano de Bergerac, The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After, the Lady of Monsaureau are merely tales of the cloak and sword. There are plenty of duels in Hamlet and in nearly all the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists.

One of the most beautiful duels in literature is to be found in Balzac's *The Wild-Ass's Skin*.

A story of de Maupassant entitled *The Coward* also centers about a duel. A timid man who never thought that he would be called upon to fight finds himself obliged through chivalry to defend the honor of a woman he does not even know. His friends congratulate him on his courage, and he feels very proud of the strength of which he suddenly feels capable. But in the night he is awakened by fear. He feels that he will show weakness on the field of honor, incur the ridicule of everyone and be disgraced forever. So reason is overthrown by fear, by the most foolish of fears—cowardice—and he blows out his brains.

O, marvellous Deus ex Machina! How many dramas, how many plays could never have been concluded without a duel!

In his comedies, Eugène Labiche has often made fun of the duel. "There are injuries which can only be washed away in blood." And he allows good bourgeois to challenge each other. They rarely ever get as far as the field of honor, but if they do, it is understood that no one is to be killed, nor even wounded, except in fun. Also one can even come, if it is raining, with an umbrella in one's hand. "We crossed blades . . . my adversary made a movement . . . and I plunged my sword into him . . . but not in the heart . . . in the rump. He had turned around." Sometimes in these comedies the conditions governing a duel are terribly Mexican. "I refuse to be dictated to," says Legrainard in *La Main Lestes;* "I am the offended one, which gives me the right to choose my weapons. I have chosen to duel with glasses of milk into one of which I have myself grated the heads of seventy-two matches. The one who chooses this glass will end his life in horrible, slow convulsions."

Many amateur fencers, elderly retired generals, and fencing masters were certain that dueling would come back into fashion after the War. It did not come back. It has almost disappeared, even among the student corps at Heidelberg. It has been forbidden by Mussolini in Fascist Italy, and in France other sports have taken its place. The young men of our generation have fought too much to begin again killing each other off in twos. Democracy has given the death thrust to dueling. Today a man may, without disgrace refuse to accept a challenge. He need only address himself to the courts, or answer as did one ancient philosopher when challenged by a gladiator: "I am not yet tired of living."

Not on speaking terms

(Continued from page 67)

Old Dr. Rittenhouse, in later years, inherited property back in Ohio that gave him an independent income. He began deliberately to neglect and discourage his practice.

Once Bob Pearson, who was new in town, went on a coyote hunt with some of the boys. He got jostled out of the wagon he was riding in and fell on his head. As soon as he got back to town he went up to Dr. Rittenhouse.

"Doc," he said, "I've got something tore loose inside me."

"Well, I'll tell you what you do," Dr. Rittenhouse said in a mock-sympathetic tone, "you go get you a bottle of glue and drink it and see if that doesn't fix you up."

One Sunday evening Dr. Rittenhouse came into the Economy Drug Store and called Bill Hartshorne, the prescription clerk, over to one side. "Bill," he said, "I want the prettiest box of chocolates you've got in the house. Tomorrow is my thirty-first wedding anniversary, and I been thinking about it lately, and I've decided that it was about time my old woman and I got back on speaking terms again."

A little before noon the next day, Earl Abernathy, the mortician, got a frantic telephone call from the nigger cook at the Rittenhouse place. He got into his convertible ambulance-hearse and hurried out there. The nigger cook let him in at a side door and took him into a bedroom where Mrs. Rittenhouse was lying propped up on some pillows, her face pale and drawn. There was a half-empty box of chocolates on the table beside the bed.

Earl Abernathy gasped.

Mrs. Rittenhouse began speaking in a faint voice, "You were called to get the doctor's body," she said. "You'll find it over there in his bedroom on the other side of the house."

Earl Abernathy said, "Mrs. Rittenhouse ain't you sick too?"

Mrs. Rittenhouse said, "Yes, I'm poisoned. Dr. Rittenhouse gave me this box of poisoned chocolates this morning. It was just a case of which one got the other one first, so I slipped strychnine in the sugar for his coffee this morning."

Earl Abernathy said, "Well, you better let me rush you to a hospital."

"No, leave me alone to die," said Mrs. Rittenhouse, "and go attend to the doctor's body. You'll need the hearse for it."

They buried old Dr. Rittenhouse the next day. Mrs. Rittenhouse got all right after the funeral. Analysis of the chocolates failed to reveal any trace of poison. There was talk of prosecuting her, but that was dropped. She was a white-haired old woman and she had such a grand manner.

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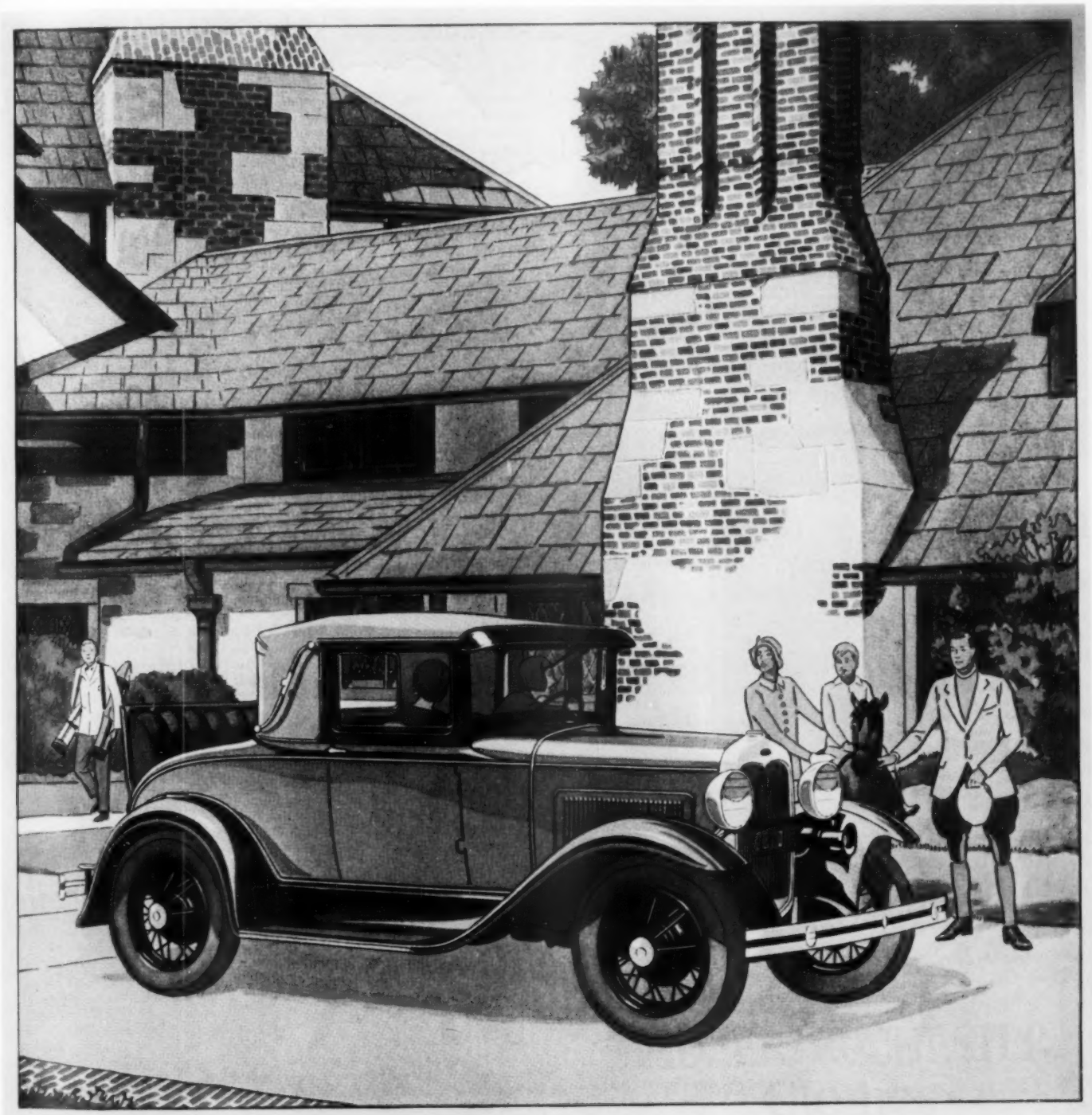

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FATIMA

The John Riddell Murder Case

(Continued from page 84)

of telltale evidence invariably to be found on the scene of a murder: the small Egyptian scarab, the assorted finger-prints of various sizes, the blood-stained ivory paper-cutter, a torn handkerchief with the initials "J. R.", a coiled adder, and a little bearded man in a turban who walked rapidly out of the wood-box, dusting his hands, disappeared up the chimney, and was never seen again.

For the moment Sergeant Heath had been busying himself with a minute observation of the bloody foot-prints on the carpet. Now he rose and faced us triumphantly.

"I got this case sewed up in a bag," he announced cheerfully. "Look at them prints—if you get close, you'll notice that they have the marks of a rubber-soled shoe, with crossings like a checker-board on the sole and round spots on the heel."

"Quite right, Sergeant." Vance had become very grave and serious. "But if we may judge by the shape of the sole, they were made *by the left foot only*. I beg of you to look at the corpse."

"My God, Vance!" uttered Markham.

With a shudder of horror we turned to stare where Philo Vance pointed. Near the fireplace at the northern end of this den of death stood a low wicker reading chair, its right arm fashioned somewhat crudely into a book-rest. On this table-arm was a deep saucer containing the thick stub of a candle, which was almost surrounded by smoky wax drippings. And slumped in this chair, his bearded chin sunk forward on the purple folds of his plush dressing gown and his legs comfortably crossed, as in sleep, we beheld the body of John Riddell.

Riddell appeared at first glance to be a man of indeterminate age. His face was youngish: the nose was small and pointed, the hair receding, the right eyebrow elevated in a perpetual surprised arc, and a long white beard descended from his chin almost to his waist, and was fastened behind each ear with a loop of black elastic. One limp hand still clutched a book which lay upside down upon his lap; and between the thumb and forefinger of the other was held a cigarette, from which a single column of bluish smoke rose ominously into the murky atmosphere of that gloomy retreat. (I thought little of this fact at the time; but, though seemingly trivial, it was to prove of the most sinister significance before many hours had passed.)

But what drew our horrified eyes in one direction was the extended legs of the corpse. On John Riddell's right foot was a rubber-soled tennis shoe. *His left shoe was missing.*

"'Pon my soul," Vance murmured, "there's more to this case than meets the eye. It isn't a rebus: it's an involved mathematical formula, filled with moduli, infinitesimals, quantics, faciends, derivatives and coefficients—"

There was a sharp knock on the door, and Patrolman Snitkin thrust in his head.

"Beggin' your pardon," he whispered, "Doc Doremus has just arrived to examine the body."

Doctor Emanuel Doremus, the Medical Examiner of New York, was a thin nervous man with a jaunty air, who blinked at the company, threw his hat and coat onto a chair, and shook hands briskly.

"Well, well," he said, viewing the inert body in the chair, "you fellows certainly do keep me busy with your murders." Without waiting for an answer to this pleasantry, he stepped forward and peered indifferently at the corpse. "Tst! tst! tst! A plain case of *rigor mortis*." He struck Riddell's knee-cap sharply with the side of his hand, then lifted the eyelids and let them fall. "The congealing of the post-anterior muscles in the axillary fold of the vivarium is very typical; very, very typical." With a professional gesture, he placed a small thermometer under Riddell's tongue, tapped the chest of the corpse with his knuckles, and bent the head forward and backward slowly. Then he stooped to one knee, lifted the right arm and let it fall with a thud.

"Now say 'Ah'," he ordered.

"Ah," said the corpse.

Dr. Doremus removed the thermometer briskly, glanced at it, and shook his head. "The diagnosis is acceleratum hohohum," he explained. "That position of the jaws extended in a wide yawn, for instance, as well as the fact that both feet are asleep, is entirely characteristic of these cases. *The patient died of acute boredom!*"

For a moment we stared at each other in horror.

"Bored to death!" echoed Heath incredulously.

"In his own library?" uttered Markham. "Surely that is impossible!"

"On the contrary, Markham, old dear, nothing could be more logical!"

We all turned in surprise at Vance's astonishing statement. He fitted a *Régie* in his long jet holder, and returned our stare calmly.

"We all know that poor old Riddell was surrounded by all the best-sellers of the past year," he began quietly. "Any one of these authors might have been capable of accomplishing the fatal deed. Our problem is merely to discover which one bored him to death. If we could learn what author was facing Riddell last when those jaws opened wide in their last yawn," he explained, "I am convinced we should be a lot forrader in our investigation."

He glanced at the surrounding authors, waiting to be grilled for evidence: Jim Tully, and Will Rogers, and Sherwood Anderson, and W. R. Burnett, and Calvin Coolidge, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Richard Halliburton, and Will Durant, and Theodore Dreiser, and Beverly Nichols, and Rudy Valée.

"Y'know, Markham," said Vance slowly, *"I am convinced the secret to this whole dreadful business lies right here in this library!"*

* * *

But whether Vance's grim prediction was correct, and whether his subsequent investigation, one by one, of all the parody portraits of authors revealed the missing clue at last will only be revealed in *The John Riddell Murder Case, Scribners: New York; $2.00 net.* Order your copy now! (*Adv.*)

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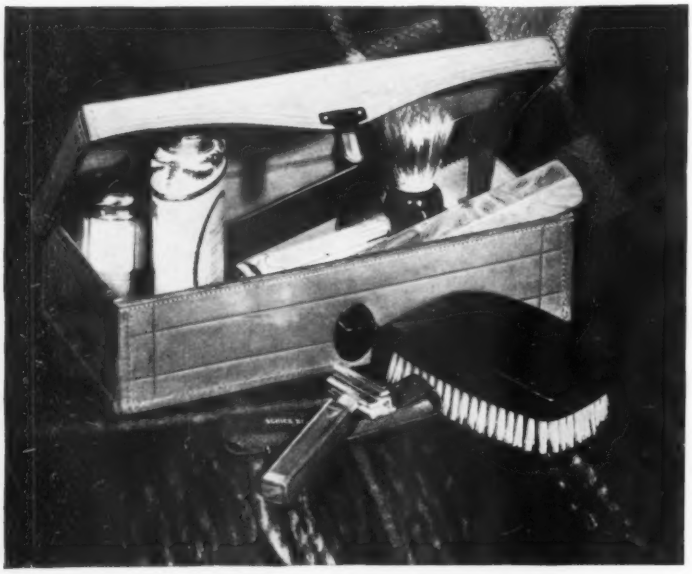

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The dear divorced

(Continued from page 51)

you may frankly and amusingly disclose the more interesting aspects of ex-cousin-in-law Polly's romance with the tennis professional in Palm Beach, or the bucket shop activities of ex-brother-in-law Wilfred. The great social charm of the divorced often lies in the fact that they know so much—and Now It Can Be Told.

It is absurd to say, as many do, that a divorcé is a social liability. The modern scene needs just that touch of colour and character this very type of individual provides, and his duty to society is great.

The well bred divorced man can be depended on to be wittily disillusioned, to give parties, and to be available for others. He differs radically from the bona fide bachelor in that, having once married, it is assumed by the ladies to whom this fact might be of importance that he has no congenital objections to marrying again.

A peculiar and very engaging phenomenon of the divorced is the post-marital metamorphosis. This is the means divorced people employ to demonstrate to the world at large that they have emerged from the cocoon of marriage and are at last free to express their real personalities: If Percival drank in the Old Days, he now refuses obstinately to touch a drop; if he and his wife were inveterate bridge players he will not play a single hand; if he was a gay Lothario he becomes serious minded and stays at home to "read a book"; and if he was a faithful husband he now begins to hit all the higher and brighter spots.

In the same way, Lorinda does her little *volte face*. She no longer suffers from those awful headaches, she gains or loses pounds according to her requirements, recovers her girlish enthusiasm, and takes up or gives up golf. She swears that she will never marry, "that it is too much fun being free," and she assumes an attitude of gentle cynicism, of wistful indifference that is most becoming and which incidentally does not frighten away any of her more eligible suitors.

And both Percival and Lorinda economize. Percival resigns from two of his twenty clubs; Lorinda plays one instead of five cent bridge, and buys her gowns on Madison instead of Fifth Avenue. For she does not wish it thought that she took any more alimony than the bare necessities of living required, nor does Percival want people to think he did not do "all he could for Lorinda."

When, contrary to their repeated avowals never to remarry, the divorced do so, the death-blow is usually dealt to the Divorce Agreeable. Under the jealous influence of their successors—Lorinda and Percival's hitherto charming relationship is all too likely to be transformed into a Divorce Disagreeable.

This is where the children step in and save the situation. No handbook on divorce would be complete without a word about these "innocent victims" upon whom, the psychologists claim, the disrupted home has such disastrous effects.

But these eminent scholars, like the decriers of divorce, have not observed that the Divorce Agreeable, from the child's point of view, contains benefits far in excess of those he enjoyed in the once united home. In six months spent with father, alternated by six months spent with mother, he generally sees more of his separated parents than he ever saw of them in all the days when they were together. For the parents outdo themselves, while the child is with them, to secure a majority hold on his affections.

Sooner or later the child is bound to enter into the spirit of this wholesome rivalry. He proceeds to play his father and mother against each other. This means that he never allows either parent to suspect which one he really prefers. When he is with mother (or father) he speaks of his father (or mother) as the paragon of all virtues who commands obedience by a prodigious generosity in the matter of toys and trips to the movies. This puts it up to mother (or father) to do still better.

When either parent remarries, the child's position which he himself regards as something of a sinecure, becomes impregnable. With no chance of a reconciliation possible he may safely try to effect one. He asks his step-mother whom he calls "Auntie" why his mother and father can't both come to his birthday party (if successful this plan avoids a duplication of gifts). He tells his mother, when he is with her again, that "Auntie" is so sweet, and to his new "Uncle", he explains what a good sport father is. So the child plays this mixed foursome, and when possible all eight grandparents and the servants in both houses against each other—to his own material advantage, of course. He reaps the privilege of a child of the divorced: He always gets his own way. He learns, moreover, certain secrets which, later in life, will bring him success and a brilliant social career—compromise, diplomacy, self preservation, egotism and good manners.

And all the while he is adding to the permanency and the glory of the institution of Divorce, breathing new life into its etiquette and its subtle code of ethics, for he is the emotional link which binds the divorced to each other until death do them part.

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Low tide on the Potomac

(Continued from page 34)

van, who deserved a Cabinet post for his Administrative experience and electioneering ability, was turned down largely because of his Catholic affiliations. Even Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who had been the Joan of Arc of Hoover's Prohibition army in the Holy War of 1928, was euchred out of command of Prohibition enforcement and walked the plank into private life.

This slaughter of the innocents left the President exposed to the hostility of the Party leaders who had tried to head him off at the Kansas City Convention and to the advice of his well-meaning friends. It is difficult to say which has proved more dangerous: the good advice of Secretary Wilbur or the hearty hostility of Hiram Johnson, devourer of Presidents, who could, if propitiated, have delivered the California delegation in 1932. Certainly, Mr. Hoover has selected his enemies most unwisely. They now—politically speaking—include George Moses, Senator Watson, Robinson of Indiana, Borah, Nick Longworth—old party warhorses who delight in the part of planting Senatorial bandilleras in the flanks of the Presidential bull.

Accordingly, Hoover's party leadership has become progressively weaker as his charges have become wilder. His nomination of Judge Parker for the Supreme Court led to a humiliating rejection by the Senate—humiliating because the President threw every ounce of leadership he possessed into the fight for Parker's confirmation. His veto of the Spanish War Veterans Bill was contemptuously overridden by Congress, in a vote which aligned his Party squarely against the somewhat Pecksniffian though entirely sound criteria he advanced against the measure. His veto of the World War Veterans Bill—an unsound and unwholesome political measure—led to further Party opposition, when a pocket veto was entirely within his power, to prevent a legalized raid from endangering the Treasury surplus and to save the Party's face at the polls.

In short, the President, as a politician, is in the position of a general who has squandered his ammunition in a lot of small skirmishes and finds himself with empty cassions on the eve of a general engagement. The Congressional elections are at hand and the real problem of the Party and of its titular leader is to keep from losing control of Congress.

It is for this reason that the observers on the breakwater are crying that the tide has turned. Matters could not possibly be worse for Mr. Hoover, they argue, therefore they are bound to improve. The President's vetoes of the pension grabs have won for him public support. His determination to force through the London Treaty appeals to the popular love of a good dogfight. For the American people will support and follow a fighter where they will laugh at a philosopher who relies upon chemically pure intentions and the critique of pure reason to win acceptance for his policies. There are already signs that the economic depression is passing. If the stock market goes "long" before November and if employment and business improve, there is a chance that the "Party of Prosperity" will pull itself together, swallow its intestine animosities and disappoint the defeatists by a little practical pre-election politics. If this proves to be the case, Herbert Hoover will be the luckiest President who ever entered the White House. For by the rules of the game he is licked. If he has nerve enough to throw the rules away and to stage a good fight for the benefit of the electorate, his Administration will look less like a noble experiment and more like what you can get on prescription from the doctor.

Hitherto, "poor Mr. Hoover" has not been much of a fighter. Now, like the proverbial Turk, he has begun his defence at the point where a less tenacious leader would surrender. To the consternation of the Senate and the pleasure of the public, he has begun to hit back. A thin streak of popularity is creeping up the political estuary in the direction of the White House. He has just discovered that politics is the art of making and holding friendships. In the second week of July, he suddenly came to life and began one of the most intelligent, adroit and amusing campaigns for the ratification of a treaty the country has seen since the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was floated through the Senate on a sea of champagne. And since the Senate passed the Treaty, Mr. Hoover has been left holding the center of the stage.

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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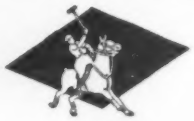

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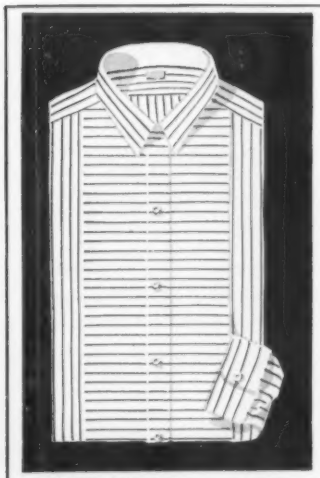

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Bobby Jones worship in England

(Continued from page 70)

moment?" Hero-worship surely cannot go further than that.

Once or twice in matches which he won, in the end, comfortably enough, he looked as if he were going to give himself a lot of unnecessary trouble by dropping his game for a hole or two after gaining a valuable lead. There were three matches in which he came perilously near to defeat, those against Cyril Tolley, Harrison Johnston and George Voigt. Against Johnston he was four up with five to play and then he was taken to the very last hole and had to hole an uncommonly gallant putt or goodness knows what might have befallen him, for he looked at that moment a shaken man and Johnston, having come up from behind, was full of fire. Against Tolley in a match in which the "breaks" had been, I think, a little in his favour he had to hole a putt of eight feet or so to halve the 17th and prevent his enemy from being dormy. Against Voigt, he had again to hole a man's putt—twelve feet,—to save himself.

I don't think I ever saw three such crucial putts so bravely tackled in all my life and they went straight home to the hearts of the worshipping crowd.

If Bobby had sometimes seemed anxious and ill at ease; had seemed in fact quite human on his way to the final in the Amateur, what a contrast when he had got there and had thirty-six holes before him in which to break the other fellow's heart. After a single exhibition of nervousness at the first where he missed his pitch, he settled down to such a precision of striking as I have never seen. He seemed to be playing like a man in a lovely, unending dream. Only the fact that he missed some holable putts made one realise that he was really awake. He missed them, as one imagined, just because he was clinging so closely to the par score of the course that he would run no kind of risk to beat it. At times I thought that he positively did not want to break that interminable sequence of par fours by doing a brilliant but unsymmetrical three. He was playing "according to plan" and the putts all seemed to fit in with his plan.

It was an astonishing exhibition and if we have sometimes wondered how Bobby mowed down one fine player after another in the American Championship by such margins as 8 and 7 or 10 and 8, we shall not wonder any more. We have now seen the Juggernaut in action.

Lastly I come to the open Championship at Hoylake and this was one of the bravest wins in Bobby's career because he started without any real confidence in himself and I think he never acquired it. The old Scottish saying about golf "It's aye fechtin' against ye" was true of Bobby; he was always fighting against himself as well as against his enemies and he triumphed over both. He never could play the first three holes properly, never at least until the last round and then after beginning well he suddenly and mysteriously took a seven at the eighth hole from a position where any one of our Victorian grandmothers, armed with a croquet mallet, could probably have got a five. Thus there was always some sort of mill stone round his neck and yet look at his score—three over an average of four for four rounds of a course which was called 6,800 yards and was in reality very, very nearly 7,000 yards long. It was a great effort and it took it out of him prodigally. He was thoroughly exhausted when his round was over and he had moreover an agonising wait of it before he knew he had won.

Bobby was a very tired and overwrought man that night and yet he played a match for charity next day near Birmingham and won it. Moreover three days later he played for the Professional Golfer's Benevolent Fund, a match at Oxhey with Braid, Ray and Vardon. This is Ray's course and it is a long and testing one. Ray has been there a great number of years and has once done a 65. Bobby had never seen it before and he holed it in 66.

What a man!

Has the theatre a future?

(Continued from page 36)

mystifying. Yet its every incident was fascinating to the attendance, and the manager told me that coolies were pawning their rickshaws for money with which to buy tickets. In Cairo I explained to my dragoman that as a student of the Drama I wished to see an Egyptian show in order to compare the Arab stage to that of Broadway. He took me to the Theatre Triomph, where I found photographs of Al Jolson ("All Johnson" on the billboards) in *Le Feu Chantant*, a whispering daguerreotype whose every whine and posture was Californian. Two thousand fezzed or turbaned Egyptians sat, entertained by Mr. Jolson's tin-types, shouting their approbation in outlandish bravoes. In Alexandria, the home-town of Thais, Hypatia and Cleopatra, the heroines of its theatres were Marion Davies, Mary Pickford and Jetta Goudal.

Is the American Drama dead when its heart beats so vigorously in the jungles of Singapore, the deserts of Egypt, and in the sidewalks of New York, bestowing civilization upon pagan communities? It is, rather, renewed and refreshed, bigger, better and cheaper than ever before, thanks to the cameras. In time the fastidious portion of the public, deprived of personal drama, will concentrate upon the talking pictures and by the influence of its good taste will discipline the gaucheries of their infancy and bring them up to the Broadway standard. Such institutions as the Theatre Guild will then bestow their taste and talents upon the Movies instead of their present out-moded line. Meantime, as you hear melancholy bells tolling the sunset of the Stage, he consoled by the information that the Cinema will resurrect it and set it, freer than ever, to fly heavenward. There will always be shows in theatres and no one will ever have to hunger for dramatic recreation.

Sermons in cats

(Continued from page 58)

hundreds of yards. As things are, one is able, at the risk of a few scratches, to grab the combatants by the scruffs of their necks and drag them, still writhing and spitting, apart. What would happen if the newly wedded pair were allowed to go on fighting to the bitter end I do not know and have never had the scientific curiosity or the strength of mind to try to find out. I suspect that, contrary to what happened in Hamlet's family, the wedding baked meats would soon be serving for a funeral. I have always prevented this tragical consummation by simply shutting up the bride in a room by herself and leaving the bridegroom for a few hours to languish outside the door. He does not languish dumbly; but for a long time there is no answer, save an occasional hiss or growl, to his melancholy cries of love. When, finally, the bride begins replying in tones as soft and yearning as his own, the door may be opened. The bridegroom darts in and is received, not with tooth and claw as on the former occasion, but with demonstrated affection.

At first sight there would seem, in this specimen of feline behaviour, no special "message" for humanity. But appearances are deceptive; the lids under which civilized people live are so thick and so profusely sculptured with mythological ornaments, that it is difficult to recognize the fact, so much insisted upon by Mr. D. H. Lawrence in his novels and stories, that there is almost always a mingling of hate with the passion of love and that young girls very often feel (in spite of their sentiments and even their desires) a real abhorrence of the fact of physical love. Unlidded, the cats make manifest this ordinarily obscure mystery of human nature. After witnessing a cats' wedding no young novelist can rest content with the falsehood and banalities which pass, in current fiction, for descriptions of love.

Time passes and, their honeymoon over, the cats begin to tell us things about humanity which even the lid of civilization cannot conceal in the world of men. They tell us, what, alas, we already know, that husbands soon tire of their wives, particularly when they are expecting or nursing families; that the essence of maleness is the love of adventure and infidelity; that guilty consciences and good resolutions are the psychological symptoms of that disease which spasmodically affects practically every male between the ages of eighteen and sixty—the disease called "the morning after". No man has ever dared to manifest his boredom so insolently as does a Siamese tom-cat, when he yawns in the face of his amorously importunate wife. No man has ever dared to proclaim his illicit amours so frankly as this same tom caterwauling on the tiles. And how slinkingly—no man was ever so abject—he returns next day to the conjugal basket by the fire!

It is impossible for me in the space at my disposal to enumerate all the human truths which a pair of cats can reveal or confirm. I will cite only one more of the innumerable sermons in cats which my memory holds—an acted sermon which, by its ludicrous pantomime, vividly brought home to me the most saddening peculiarity of our human nature: its irreducible solitariness. The circumstances were these. My she-cat, by now a wife of long standing and several times a mother, was passing through one of her occasional phases of amorousness. Her husband, now in the prime of life and parading that sleepy arrogance which is the characteristic of the mature and conquering male (he was now the feline equivalent of some herculean and handsome officer of the Guards), refused to have anything to do with her. When the opportunity came he escaped and spent the next twenty-four hours upon the tiles. Left to herself, the wife went wandering disconsolately about the house, as though in search of a vanished happiness, faintly and plaintively mewing to herself in a voice and with a manner that reminded one irresistibly of Mélisande in Debussy's opera. "*Je ne suis pas heureuse ici*," she seemed to be saying. And, poor little beast, she wasn't. But, like her big sisters and brothers of the human world, she had to bear her unhappiness in solitude, uncomprehended, unconsoled. For in spite of language, in spite of intelligence and intuition and sympathy, one can never really communicate anything to anybody. The essential substance of every thought and feeling remains uncommunicable, locked up in the impenetrable strong-room of the individual soul and body. Our life is a sentence of perpetual solitary confinement. This mournful truth was overwhelmingly borne in on me as I watched the abandoned and love-sick cat as she walked unhappily round my room. "*Je ne suis pas heureuse ici*," she kept mewing, "*je ne suis pas heureuse ici*." And her expressive black tail would switch the air in a tragical gesture of despair. But each time it twitched, hop-la! from under the armchair, from behind the bookcase, wherever he happened to be hiding at the moment, out jumped her only son (the only one, that is, we had not given away), jumped like a ludicrous toy tiger, all claws out, on to the moving tail. The tail, the tragical, despairingly gesticulating tail, was for him the most irresistible of playthings. The patience of the mother was angelical. There was never a rebuke or a punitive reprisal; when the child became too intolerable, she just moved away; that was all. And meanwhile, all the time, she went on mewing, plaintively, despairingly. "*Je ne suis pas heureuse ici, je ne suis pas heureuse ici.*" It was heart-breaking. The more so as the antics of the kitten were so extraordinarily ludicrous. It was as though a slap-stick comedian had broken in on the lamentations of Mélisande—not mischievously, not wittingly, for there was not the smallest intention to hurt in the little cat's performance, but simply from lack of comprehension. Each was alone serving his life-sentence of solitary confinement. There was no communication from cell to cell. Absolutely no communication. These sermons in cats can be exceedingly depressing.

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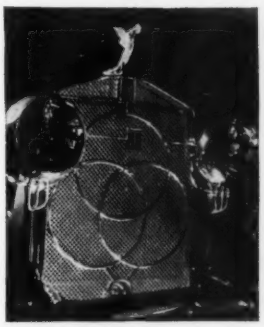

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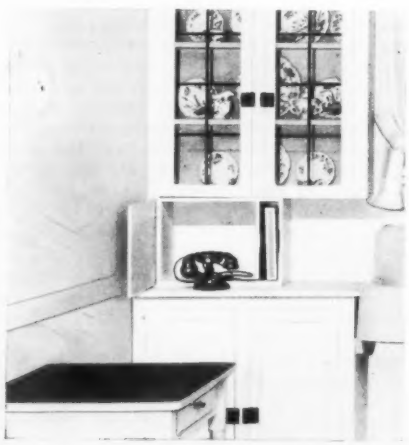

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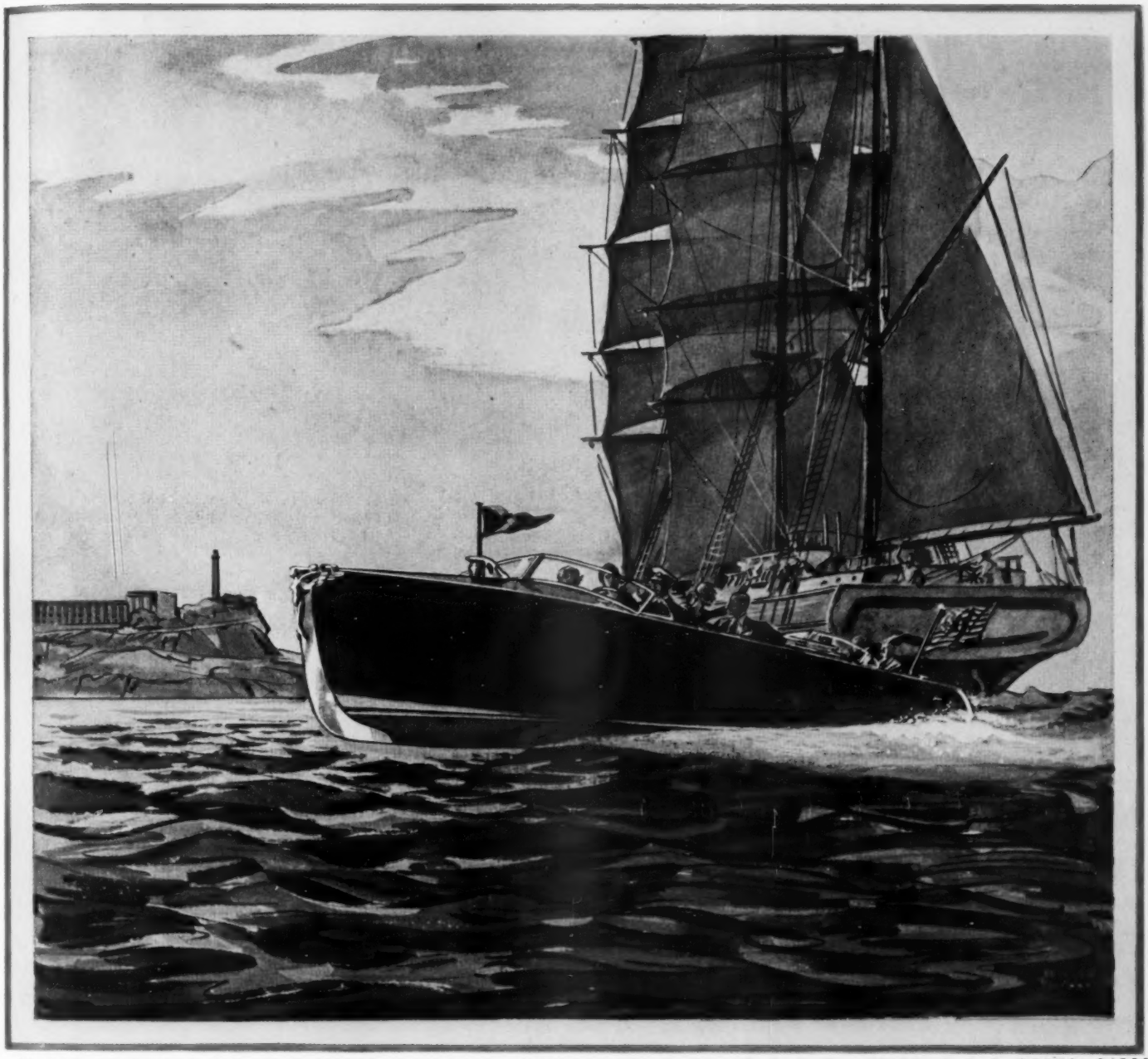

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